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THREE PLAYS BY M. DOUGLAS FLATTERY

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ANNIE LAURIE :: THE SUBTERFUGE
THE CONSPIRATORS



BOSTON
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
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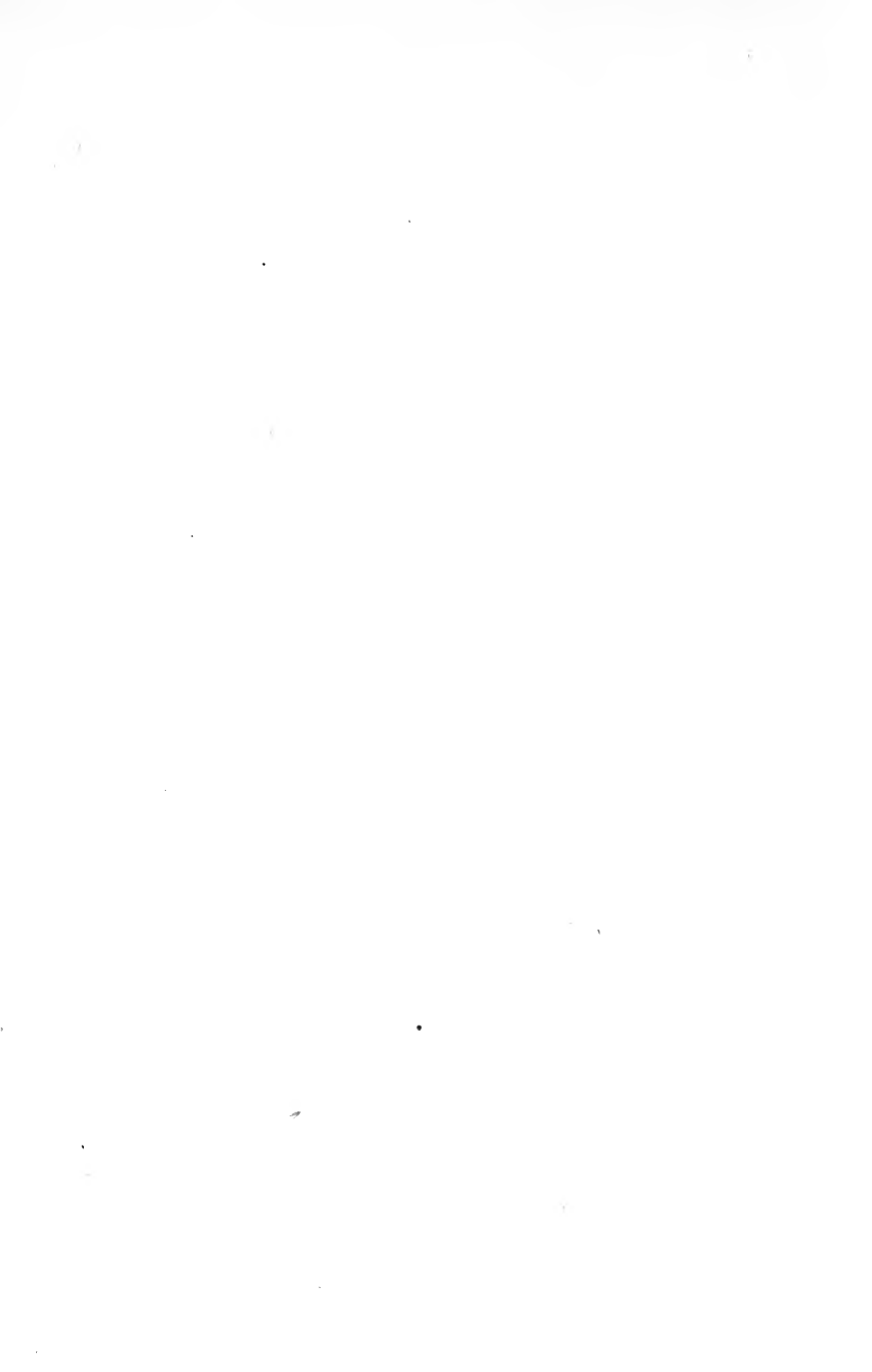
M. DOUGLAS FLATTERY

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ANNIE LAURIE

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS AND FIVE SCENES

CAST OF CHARACTERS

[Original production August 9, 1909, Orpheum Theatre, Boston]

ROBERT REID, a soldier of fortune	<i>Charles F. Miller</i>
LORD GREENOCK, a powerful but dissipated nobleman	<i>Walter Walker</i>
ICHABOD BOUNCE, an outlawed preacher	<i>Edwin Holland</i>
MACKAY, a captain of Scots Musketeers	<i>Wyrley Birch</i>
TAMMY ROBINSON, Lord Greenock's factotum	<i>Harry English</i>
LORD MCINTYRE, Privy Councillor, friend of Greenock	<i>John Meehan</i>
EARL DUMBARTON, King James's favorite and Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish Army	<i>Wm. Mason</i>
LORD CHANCELLOR	<i>Paul Linton</i>
LORD CLAVERHOUSE	<i>George Wellington</i>
GENERAL DALZIEL	<i>Andrew Dalton</i>
SERGEANT WEYMSS HAY, Scots Musketeers	<i>J. Francis Sullivan</i>
THE BUTLER, at Maxwelton Castle	<i>Walter James</i>
HUBERT MCGEE, a soldier	<i>Stanley Graves</i>
SIR THOMAS CAMPBELL	<i>John MacNeil</i>
ANNIE LAURIE, of Maxwelton	<i>Edna Bruns</i>
HILDA LOVAT, her friend	<i>Mary Sanders</i>
MARGARET, Lord Greenock's housekeeper	<i>Katherine Clinton</i>
LADY MARY, Annie's great-aunt	<i>Rose Morison</i>
JEANNIE, the cook at Maxwelton	<i>Hazele Burgess</i>
SARAH, the maid at Maxwelton Castle	<i>Jeannette Briggs</i>
PRIVY COUNCILLORS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, ETC.	

ACT I.

[*Castle of Maxwellton near Edinburgh. Time 1668—Evening. The left of stage shows part of interior of dining room, lighted by candles (or candelabra). Right, the lawn outside Castle is shown.*]

[*Discover* LADY MARY and BUTLER. LADY MARY is reading a letter.]

LADY MARY. God keep us from harm. I wish my brother would come home and live peacefully for his few remaining days.

BUTLER. The master was never one to rest easily when the sword was clashing and the guns roaring. Any news, my lady?

LADY MARY. Yes, none too good. The preacher Bounce, who is in hiding on the moor, has come from Holland to get the names of the Lords and gentry to a petition.

BUTLER. What's that?

LADY MARY. A paper—a letter inviting William of Orange to invade England and drive James from the throne.

BUTLER. Oh! Oh! More war and bloodshed.

LADY MARY. Yes, I'm afraid so, but I have no more kin to lose in battle, none but Annie Laurie remaining.

BUTLER. You need not fear the battle, my lady, but the raid.

LADY MARY. Yes, yes, we all suffer in such times. But enough. The preacher will be here to-night if he can avoid the patrol, and as my brother recommends him to my care we must show him what hospitality we can.

[*ICHABOD enters Right, and looking apprehensively about steals to the door and knocks.* LADY MARY

and BUTLER, who have been busying themselves in the room, seem startled.]

BUTLER. Ho there! What want ye at this hour? Who are ye?

ICHABOD. A friend in distress.

BUTLER. Gang awa wi ye, or I'll set the dogs on ye.

ICHABOD. Open quick. There is danger about. I have a message for your lady.

BUTLER. Your name?

ICHABOD. Never mind my name. I come from the laird, her brother.

LADY MARY. It must be the preacher. Open.

[BUTLER draws the bolt. Enter ICHABOD. TAMMY is seen peeping from behind a tree up stage Right. He beckons to someone off, and man enters.]

TAMMY. The game is in the cover. Mount your nag and go as if the divvle was after you. Tell his lordship to send the soldiers and I'll meet him at the Tolbooth to get the warrant. *(Exit.)* Off with ye.

LADY MARY. Well, sir. Your business?

ICHABOD. To crave hospitality for a few days and get your support for the good cause.

LADY MARY. The good cause?

ICHABOD. Aye, my lady. The good and holy cause of Kirk and covenant. The traitor James Stuart will surely be driven into the sea, and good friends must all help.

LADY MARY. God save us, sir! I have nothing to do with such things. My age and sex must be my excuse.

ICHABOD. Nor age nor sex will excuse you on the day of Judgment. Your duty to God and Country calls on you. Your station makes it necessary for you to take a stand with good people or with the Usurper.

LADY MARY. Stay here, sir, and enjoy food, drink, and bed until you can travel but I like not those papers.

ICHABOD. I have tasted neither food nor drink since yesterday at sunrise, but I touch not refreshment under your roof until you declare yourself. *(Staggers and grasps chair for support.)*

LADY MARY. Are you ill?

ICHABOD. Not ill, just weak for lack of food and drink.

BUTLER. Here, take this. It will set you up. Nothing like a wee drop of brandy to—

ICHABOD (*Knocks silver cup from his hand*). Brandy, do you say? Get thee behind me, Satan.

BUTLER. You gommeral. I'd like to throw you out with my lady's permission.

LADY MARY. Begone, James. (*Exit BUTLER Left, scowling at ICHABOD.*)

ICHABOD. My lady, your good brother in Holland is dying and craves to get back to his own land to rest his weary bones. He is outlawed by James and can hope for pardon only when William is on the throne. Will you do nothing to help him?

LADY MARY. What can I do? I am an old woman and helpless.

ICHABOD. See, here is the petition to the good William. Over one hundred nobles and gentry have signed. Your name will show where your heart is and will do no harm.

LADY MARY. But if you should be discovered and captured, what would become of us?

ICHABOD. No fear of that. The whole country is disaffected. The Council which misgoverns the country while James is carousing in London has made every man discontented with their search warrants and torture. No man's home is sacred, no woman's virtue secure, but vengeance approacheth.

LADY MARY. Hush! Even the servants are not safe. What are your plans?

ICHABOD. To hide here with your permission for three days, when a boat will await me to take me on board a schooner for the Continent. These names will decide William. Inside three months he will be in London with an army, and James will be a fugitive or dead.

LADY MARY. Oh for a few years of peace and quiet!

ICHABOD. There will be no peace while James reigns. Will you sign?

LADY MARY. I suppose I must, but I fear I know not what.

[*She signs. ICHABOD takes paper, folds it carefully and hides it in his clothing.*]

LADY MARY (*touches gong. Enter BUTLER Left.*) Show Master Bounce a room in the west tower, and lay an extra plate. Dinner will be served when you are ready, sir.

ICHABOD. You won't have long to wait for me, my lady, because I am about famished. (*Exit Left, following BUTLER.*)

LADY MARY. I fear me I have done wrong in signing that paper. (*Leans her head on her hand and table. Enter ANNIE Left.*)

ANNIE. Grannie, are you ill? Can't I get something for you? (*Puts her arms around LADY MARY.*)

LADY MARY. My love, not ill, only weary and worried.

ANNIE. What worries you, grannie? Share it with me. That will lessen the burden.

LADY MARY. The preacher Bounce, whom your uncle wrote about, has arrived and he brings talk of war and plunder and raiding. Oh, God of Peace, why do you permit it?

ANNIE. Well, dear, it can't hurt us very much. If the armies come this way we'll stay shut up in our old castle until they pass by.

LADY MARY. Impossible, my child. They swarm the land like locusts and devour everything; and leave nothing but destruction and ruin behind them. Friend and foe suffer alike. But enough, we must prepare for dinner.

ANNIE. Is the preacher to dine with us?

LADY MARY. Yes, dear, and run now and tell the cook not to use any brandy in her sauce for the plum pudding.

ANNIE. No *sauce*, Auntie!

LADY MARY. No *brandy*, dear. The preacher is a fanatic and would choke if he knew his food were flavored with whiskey or brandy.

ANNIE. (*Laughing*). I'm afraid cook will refuse to

give us any dinner at all when she hears that her beautiful pudding is to be spoilt with unflavored sauce. (*Exit Left.*)

[*Enter BUTLER and MAID, Left.*]

LADY MARY. Serve dinner in fifteen minutes, James. (*Exit Left.*)

BUTLER. (*Right of table, who has heard same.*) Yes, my lady, but it's a pity to spoil the plum pudding for the sake of that fule preacher.

MAID. (*At Left of table.*) Who's a-goin' to spoil the plum puddin'? Air ye daft?

BUTLER. I'm na daft, but the cook will be daft when my lady tells her there's to be nae brandy on the puddin' for fear of hurtin' the susceptibeelities o' the meenister.

MAID. I hae ma doots about a wee drap o' brandy hurtin' his *what-you-may-ca'-it*. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter COOK, who places pudding on sideboard.*]

BUTLER. Weel, Jeannie, ma girl, I'm thinkin' that the best pairt o' your plum puddin' will be missin' at the dinner.

COOK. (*Up Center of table.*) Ye're talkin', John, but I don't get much o' your meanin'. I'm thinkin' that that's the best plum puddin' I ever made, and a' it needs is a wee drap o' brandy to gie it a flavor that will reach your shoe-straps.

BUTLER. (*Facing sideboard and talking over his shoulder.*) Ho! ho! brandy, is it? And don't ye ken that the leddies decided not to have even a thimbleful? 'Tis an abomination in the eyes of the gude mon frae Holland, and would choke him. (*Exit.*)

COOK. And I hope it *will* choke the gommeral! To think of my beautiful puddin', which took me a week to make, should be spoilt. (*Takes pudding up, smells it rapturously, and puts it down with a sigh. Then takes up a large jar of brandy, and takes out the cork.*) Ah! here is the stuff to mak' it perfect. I'll put on just a wee drappie—they'll never know.

[*Pours a cupful of brandy on the pudding and exit Left. Enter BUTLER.*]

BUTLER. I'm thinkin' a glassful will na hurt the meenister, and 'twill help the pudding.

[*Pours a glassful of brandy on the pudding. Exit. Enter MAID stealthily.*]

MAID. (*Up at sideboard*). Och! I canna rest at the thocht o' the graund pudding being spoilt. The meenister will never ken a little.

[*Pours a glassful of brandy on the pudding and spills more of it in her haste, and then exit. Enter LADY MARY and BUTLER, Left.*]

LADY MARY. Lack-a-day, that a lady of the house of Maxwellton should have to creep round her own castle like a malefactor, and be afraid to entertain whatever guest she chooses—whether from Castle or Kirk. If those bloodthirsty lairds knew that the preacher were here, they'd hang him from our own doorpost before morning, and maybe give us poor ladies a turn in the cells of Edinburgh Castle. (*She proceeds to arrange the table*). Ah! here's the pudding. Faith! 'twill be of poor flavor without a little good brandy. But if Master Ichabod found the taste of brandy on his food, he'd choke. Well, though, 'tis a pity not to have a little, just to take the taste of the pot off it.

[*BUTLER laughs and exit. She pours some brandy on pudding and exit. Enter ANNIE, Left.*]

ANNIE. Oh, dear me! I'm afraid I'm going to do something dreadful, but cook is so angry about her pudding not being flavored, that I'm going to put just a spoonful of brandy on it.

[*Goes Right Center, pours some brandy from jar, and spills a lot on the pudding, in her nervousness when she hears someone approaching. Enter LADY MARY and ICHABOD, followed by BUTLER and MAID. They sit down to the table and ICHABOD asks the blessing.*]

ICHABOD. (*At back of table, unctiously.*) Bless ye the food which we eat to sustain our bodies in the fight against the cursed usurper. And bless the drink—the aqua pura—sent by a beneficent Providence to moisten our lips, and

help us to resist the cursed firewater, invented by Satan for our especial temptation. I thank thee, O Father, that this devil's drink has never passed my lips. So keep me and all of us, Amen.

[LADY MARY, ANNIE, BUTLER AND MAID *all show signs of embarrassment. Dinner is served, and dishes are passed. During dialogue, a patrol of the Royal Scots headed by MAC KAY enters by right of stage. MAC KAY is accompanied by his young friend, ROBERT REED, and by SERGEANT WEYMSS, second in command.*]

MAC KAY. Sergeant, where tarries that loitering lubber who was to have joined us on the march?

SERGEANT. You mean the macer, sir?

MAC KAY. Ay, he has the Council's warrant for this dirty work.

SERGEANT. That must be he yonder by the ruins.
(*Goes up Right.*)

ROBERT. He with the rapier and feather! He looks like a gentleman, but he seems to watch us.

[*Enter LORD GREENOCK, with his cape pushed up over the lower part of his face and his hat pulled down to conceal his eyes. He is partly intoxicated.*]

MAC KAY. So ho! sir, good-even to ye! You are late abroad to-night!

GREENOCK. At your service, sir.

MAC KAY. For King or for Covenant, sir?

GREENOCK. Tush! that's an old-fashioned test. You should have asked (*Whispering.*) for James II or William of Orange.

MAC KAY. Hush! my Lord Greenock!

GREENOCK. Right, by Jove!

MAC KAY. By my body, it seems strange to see a Privy Councillor of His Majesty roving about like a night-hawk.

GREENOCK. I am the best judge of my own actions.

MAC KAY. (*Proudly.*) Your business, my lord?

GREENOCK. You will take particular care of the young lady—bosh—I mean the old one. They must not escape,

or you shall answer to the Council. Comprenez-vous? The young lady of Maxwellton?

MAC KAY. Too well, my lord. (LORD GREENOCK *exit Right*. MAC KAY *joins* ROBERT).

MAC KAY. Curse the libertine! Will he make me his cat's paw? By Heavens! He deserves a slash on the helmet for casting his eyes on a noble lady as he would on a bona roba. (To SERGEANT.) Sergeant, surround the house.

[*Soldiers are placed by Weymss.*]

SERGEANT. (*Speaking in a loud whisper.*) Attention! No. 1. You stand guard here. Remainder, Left Turn, March!

[*Exit Left behind dinning room.*]

ROBERT. What said he, MacKay? Did he speak of Mistress Laurie?

MAC KAY. Yes, and to this purpose: that on the peril of our beards, the ladies must not escape—especially the fair Annie. He is a deep intriguer, and the devil only knows what he is hatching against the girl.

ROBERT. 'Sdeath, assure me of this, and I will follow him, and brain him with my pike.

MAC KAY. (*Catching him by left arm.*) Hush! Hush! lad, these words are dangerous. You are still a young soldier. (*Laughs*). Had you trailed a pike under Henry de la Tour or old Marshal Crecy, like me, you would have learnt to value a girl's tears and a granddam's groans at the same ransom. But, begad, I would give my helmet full of gold had this cursed duty fallen on someone else.

[*Walks up center and off Left.*]

LADY MARY. And how left ye our friends?

ICHABOD. Well and strong, my Lady, and living in hope of soon striking the accursed James.

ANNIE. Oh! dear me! Are we to see more bloodshed?

ICHABOD. Ay, and it shall flow like a river, until the sins of the idolaters are washed away.

ANNIE. Why can't people live in peace?

ICHABOD. There shall be no peace while the scarlet

woman is in ascendant. Yea, verily, I shall soon help to smite the dogs hip and thigh.

ANNIE. But, reverend sir, your mission is one of peace and goodwill, and it seems ill-becoming to hear words of vengeance from one of your cloth. (*The pudding is served by BUTLER. Enter ROBERT and MACKAY as before.*)

ROBERT. Eh, MacKay, you were not wont to be backward!

MACKAY. Never when bullets or blades are to be encountered! But to worry a crazy old preacher, and harry the house and barony of an ancient and honourable lady—by all the devils, it is not work for men of honour.

[*Both come down, ROBERT Left of MACKAY.*]

ROBERT. And Mistress Annie is a close friend and gossip of your fiancée, Mistress Lovat.

MACKAY. 'Tis true! And my fairy Hilda, will give me many a tongue-wagging for this night's work.

ROBERT. (*Bitterly.*) Well, I have that advantage over you, MacKay, in that I am homeless and friendless—a nameless volunteer, uncaring and uncared for.

MACKAY. Don't get a fit of the blues, old man.

ROBERT. I have trailed this pike for five years.

MACKAY. Yes, and promotion seems to have overlooked you, although you have fought well and bled too. But, cheer up! If this rascal of Orange unfurls his banner among us, we shall have fighting—ay, faith, to which the race of Dunbar and the sack of Dundee will be deemed child's play. And, hark! my boy. I trailed a pike for four long years under Turin on many a bloody field ere I obtained my colors and then I thought my fortune was made—but I am still a poor lieutenant.

ROBERT. But your commission gives you rank and standing, and enables you to meet the girl you love on an equal footing.

MACKAY. Art in love, Robert, lad? I knew it not.

ROBERT. Yes, years ago, when I was page to the fair and good Countess Dumbarton, I played at children's games with, and lost my heart to, a girl of high degree,

who is now a toast in camp and Court. She is a fitting mate for the highest in the land—while I am a poor, private soldier.

[*Cross Right, sits on stump of tree.*]

MACKAY. (*With foot on seat.*) Well, you will need to harden your heart to-night, my lad, for if aught in Scotland will make a man swerve from his duty, it is the flashing eye and ruddy lip of fair Annie Laurie. The beauty of her person is equalled only by the winning grace of her manner. Hast seen her, lad?

ROBERT. (*With vivacity.*) A thousand times!

MACKAY. And spoken to her?

ROBERT. Alas! no:—at least not these five years since I left the service of the Countess.

ICHABOD. (*Who has been eating voraciously.*) This food seems very good. Can I have some more? (*Helps himself largely.*) The sauce is of a new kind, but it tastes exceedingly good, and has a bite and flavor which pleases my palate.

[*He eats voraciously, and spoons the brandy from his plate.*]

MACKAY. If we find these Dutch renegades, it will go hard with the ladies, as they are already under suspicion, and the Government is thoroughly scared by the number of plots which are unearthed every day.

ROBERT. (*Rises.*) What, in Heaven's name, can prompt ladies of honour to meddle in matters of Kirk or State?

MACKAY. The great father of confusion! But I shall be sorry to exact marching-money and free quarters from old Lady Mary.

ROBERT. But what is the exact accusation?

MACKAY. Lord Greenock alleges that her Ladyship knows of an intended invasion from Holland, and that she harbours an emissary from that country.

ROBERT. (*Passionately.*) There are rascals at the Council board who more richly deserve the rope of the provost marshal, and Lord Green—

MAC KAY. Hush! If the soldiers overhear, you are a lost man.

ROBERT. God save King James, say I, but to the devil with the Council, which is driving the country to ruin at full gallop.

ICHABOD. Ah! this good food warms my heart, and think me not greedy if I take some more.

[*Helps himself again, and lifts the dish up, so that the brandy is drained upon his plate.*]

BUTLER. (*Up left, to MAID.*) Ay, lassie, look at him; he's not so daft as I thought he was.

MAID. If he takes any more, he'll be drunk as a loon.

MAC KAY. Hush! here comes the rascally macer. (*Enter Macer Right.*) Fellow, why did you not meet us as arranged?

TAMMY. Troth, sir, it's an unpleasant job, this, and like to get a man into trouble these uncanny times; and as I need a little strength, I stayed a little while to sample the ale at Lucky Greep's house. But the game is in the cover, and we'll catch the traitor at Madam's fireside.

ICHABOD. (*Finishing his food.*) Ay, now, I feel like a man inspired. Show me the bloody and papistical James, and I'll tear his head from his body.

[*Bangs his fist on the table, and sweeps his plate to the floor. All rise.*]

TAMMY. (*All outside except TAMMY go up stage.*) Hark! what was that? (*TAMMY crosses to door and peeps through keyhole of door to house.*)

ICHABOD. My word, but that puddin' tasted weel.

[*He rises and takes the best chair near the fire. Servants clear the table. Outside TAMMY glues his ear to the keyhole.*]

TAMMY. (*At door of house.*) If we delay a while, we may discover more of this plot than we yet know. Behold the godly Master Ichabod sitting in the cosiest nuik. And isn't he as gallous a looking buckie as ever skirled a psalm in the muirlands?

ROBERT. Silence! wretch, or I'll trounce thee.

[ROBERT *approaches and peeps through the window and sees* LADY MARY *putting a cushion behind* ICHABOD'S *head.*]

ICHABOD. (*At fire singing.*)

I hear a voice from Heaven,
Commanding me to sing,
Go forth and lead the godly host
Against the bluidy King.

LADY MARY. Great Heavens! the man is drunk; he will bring the patrol down on the house. (*ANNIE crosses and places a footstool for* ICHABOD.)

ROBERT. (*Goes back.*) Damn the fellow! Let us break in at once, MacKay, and end the business.

TAMMY. (*At door.*) Patience, good sir. In a little while I will have evidence enough to send the whole brood to the torture.

[ROBERT *grasps* TAMMY *by the collar, and throws him across the stage.*]

ROBERT. Stay there, wretch, until you are asked for your warrant.

TAMMY. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, ho, my fine buckie, you crow brawly for the spawn of an old Covenanter—brawly indeed. But, maybe, I'll hae ye under my hands yet for your bravery and fine gewgaws.

ICHABOD. (*At fire.*) Maiden, will ye not accompany me on your spinnet in the most godly words of the psalms?

ANNIE. (*In front of table.*) Think of the danger of being overheard, Mr. Bounce.

LADY MARY. Yes, indeed, the singing of the Psalms may cost ye your head.

ANNIE. I will sing you my new song, "The Harp of the North."

ICHABOD. (*Rising.*) Name it not, maiden, thy profane songs are an abomination in mine ear. (*ANNIE laughs merrily.*) Fair as ye are to look upon, maiden, and innocent withal, I fear me that ye are one of the

backsliders of this sinful generation. "The Harp of the North," did ye say? Know ye that there is no harp, save the Harp of Zion, which is a lyre of treble-refined gold? What sayeth the sacred Writ? Is any among ye afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms. (*Drops back in chair.*)

ANNIE. I fear me it would be but sad merriment.

LADY MARY. (*Comes forward.*) Peace, Annie!

ANNIE. Mr. Bounce's point of view and mine are as different as our natures. I sing and dance, because my heart beats merrily with the joy of living, and everything in nature seems blessed. I am sure Mr. Bounce must be nursing a secret pain either in body or mind.

ICHABOD. (*Rising, coming Left.*) Maiden, when thou hast perused my forthcoming book thou shalt see there in words of fire the Great and Narrow Way contrasted with the Broad and Dangerous Path that leadeth to the Sea of Flame. And that the man of sin, the Anti-Christ, which is the bloody James Stuart.

[*Here a dog barks loudly inside, and ICHABOD'S voice dies away, and he shows signs of fear.*]

MACKEY. Damn that dog. Our fellows must have stirred him up.

ANNIE. There's somebody trespassing outside.

ICHABOD. Perhaps the patrol.

ANNIE. No, no—a poacher perhaps.

LADY MARY. The dog howls eerily! God save us, that foretells Death. And far-seeing folk say that dumb brutes can see the reaper enter the house when a soul is going to depart.

ICHABOD. As I was saying, I will show thee that the blessing of Heaven will descend on the men of the Covenant.

LADY MARY. Yea, and upon their children.

ICHABOD. Even unto the third and fourth generation.

LADY MARY. My honored husband was as true a cavalier as ever wore buff, but some of my nearest have

fought with the Covenanters, and I can think kindly of both.

ANNIE. But if our good King should permit—

ICHABOD. (*Jumping up from his chair and speaking in a shrill, angry voice.*) Maiden, mean ye the bloody and papistical Duke James, who contrary to the law has usurped the throne? That throne, from which justice hath debarred him! That throne, from the steps of which the blood of God's children, the saints of our oppressed and martyred Kirk, rolls down, and deluges the land! Hark ye! it is written, that the hour cometh, when they shall perish. On one hand, we have the power of the horned beast that sitteth on seven hills, and her best beloved son, James, with his thumbscrews, his iron boots and his gory mane, supported by the savage Amorites from the Highlands, who go bare-legged to battle, the soldiers of Dumbarton, the troopers of Claversee. In England, the Lambs of Kirke, and gallows of the butcher—Jeffreys—a sea of blood, of darkness, death and horror. But lo! on the other hand, behold the dawn of the morn of peace, of love, of mercy, when the exile shall be restored to his hearth, and the doomed snatched from the scaffold. For the day dawneth when the saviour shall approach—and our saviour will be William of Orange.

[*During this tirade LADY MARY shows signs of great uneasiness and terror. ANNIE smiles, amused, while on the outside the macer rubs his hands in glee.*]

MACKAY. (*Left near door outside, to ROBERT.*) You have heard this tirade of treason and folly?

TAMMY. Damn me, it is enough to hang, draw, and quarter a whole parish.

MACKAY. Soldiers, look well that none escape by the windows. You, sergeant, knock at the door.

[*SERGEANT bangs the door with his halberd. LADY MARY runs about as if looking for means of escape.*

ICHABOD staggers about and gets under table.]

ICHABOD. Oh, wae is me, the Philistines are upon me.

SERGEANT. (*Outside door.*) We are Pontius Pilate's guards, old croaker.

ANNIE. (*Opens a shutter and peers out.*) Soldiers! Soldiers! Oh! Aunt Mary, we are ruined and disgraced forever.

[*LADY MARY puts the light out, and ANNIE closes the shutters. The butler, who is the only male attendant in the house, enters. ICHABOD is pushed into a secret panel in the wall by ANNIE, and she and LADY MARY leave the room.*]

BUTLER. (*Making a bluff at door.*) Close up there, my men, and guard all the windows. Should anyone dare approach, fire. (*To the soldiers.*) Who are ye, without there, who disturb the peace of my lady at this hour? Gang awa, or it will be the waur for ye.

SERGEANT. (*Outside.*) Open, rascals, or we will set the four corners of the house on fire.

BUTLER. (*At door.*) Doubtless, my bold buckie, but the walls are thick, and the windows well-grated, and we gave a stronger band of Cromwell's Puritans their stomach-full in the year 1650.

MACKAY. Open, varlet, and waste not our time. We are soldiers of the King, and have a warrant of search from the Council.

BUTLER. Noo, ye loons, we'll gie ye a taste of Cromwell's days, if ye dinna mak' scarce in five minutes. Lads, take the plugs from the loop-holes, and burn a light in the north tower, and we'll hae a' the lads in the barony round the ears of these loons in a few minutes.

[*Enter ANNIE.*]

ANNIE. 'Tis useless, John, withdraw the bolt.

[*BUTLER opens door, and MACKAY enters, backed up by ROBERT. SERGEANT WEYMSS and the soldiers appear in the background. Enter maid with lighted candle.*]

ANNIE. (*Haughtily.*) Good keep us, MacKay—and you Master Reid, and what way is this to approach the house of Maxwellton?

ROBERT. 'Tis a most unpleasant duty, Mistress Annie.

MACKAY. We have information that you conceal a spy from Holland.

ANNIE. Your information is false.

MACKAY. (*Haughtily.*) Enough, Mistress Annie. I will spare you the trouble of making assertions which the laws of hospitality require, but which must be humiliating to you as well as to me. Macer, guard the door. Sergeant, search the house from roof to cellar, and cut down all who interfere with you. But on your lives, no plunder.

[SERGEANT, followed by soldiers, rushes past ANNIE to the door, the BUTLER and MAID flying before them.

ANNIE stands in a corner, looking scornfully.

ROBERT and MACKAY appear somewhat ashamed.

MACKAY walks to the buffet, and fills a cup of wine, which he drinks, uninvited, to ANNIE's health.]

ROBERT. Mistress Laurie, surrender this guilty and foolish man, and you may avert the wrath of the already-incensed Council.

ANNIE. Never, sir, will we be guilty of such a breach of hospitality and honor. You may hew me to pieces with your swords but never would I yield a fugitive to the tortures of that infamous Council.

ROBERT. Beware, lest our soldiers, or that dog, the macer, overhear you.

ANNIE. Keep your fears and sympathies for those that like them. (*She goes out.*)

MACKAY. (*Goes to sideboard and takes glass of wine.*) Glorious wine, this!

ROBERT. This dirty work makes me ashamed of my uniform. (*Enter LADY MARY Left.*)

LADY MARY. Oh, God! my sorrow is hard to bear. I have seen my brave husband and my three bonnie bairns ride off to battle and death, and save Annie Laurie, my sister's grandchild, there is none of my blood left in the

world. But this disgrace and sorrow are harder to bear than all that has gone before.

[*She breaks down and cries. ROBERT and MACKEY appear to be touched by her sorrow.*]

ROBERT. Well, Madam, perhaps our soldiers may not find the gommerral after all.

[*A loud sneeze is heard from ICHABOD.*]

ICHABOD. (*A muffled voice.*) Let me out or I smother. (*Then the voice is heard singing.*)

I hear a voice from Heaven
Commanding me to sing;
Go forth and lead the godly host
Against the bluidy King.

[*ROBERT and MACKEY burst into laughter.*]

LADY MARY. Oh! ye fule man, ye have ruined the house of Maxwelton, and yourself.

ROBERT. Where the devil is he? There must be some panel about.

[*He knocks the wainscoting with the pummel of his sword. Enter TAMMY.*]

TAMMY. He's not very far off, I'll wager. I'll haul him out in a minute.

ROBERT. Then do so, knave. But, first, doff your hat in the presence of Lady Mary. (*He knocks off TAMMY's hat.*)

TAMMY. There's something queer about this panel.

[*He approaches the wall, and after feeling about for a little, he presses a spring, and the panel flies open. He drags out the preacher, whose face is black with dust, and who looks terrified. Enter SERGEANT and soldiers Left. They take ICHABOD Right.*]

ROBERT. Dolt and fool! What tempted you to rant while we were within earshot?

MACKEY. The varlet must be mad! Dost think we'll eat thee, fellow?

ROBERT. Mad! I hope so for the sake of the ladies.

MACKEY. And for the marrow in his bones!

TAMMY. (*Soldiers take ICHABOD.*) Come awa, me buckie. Use your shanks while the ungodly Philistines will let you. *You'll* not walk so well after you have tried the maiden's boot in the torture room.

ICHABOD. From these sons of blood, good Lord, deliver me. Ye devouring wolves, I demand your warrant!

MACKAY. Macer, your warrant!

TAMMY. (*Produces paper. Reads.*) "I, Tammy Robertson, Macer to the Privy Council, by virtue of and conform to the law, summon you, the Reverend Henry, otherwise Ichabod Bounce"—is that right?

ICHABOD. Yes, that's enough. I was so named by my parents—Henry, a heathenish name, which in an hour of light, I changed to Ichabod, which signifies in the Hebrew tongue, "Where is glory."

TAMMY. Ne'er mind the Hebrew.

ICHABOD. Fie upon ye—abjurers of God, and persecutors of the Covenanted Kirk.

ROBERT. Away with him!

ICHABOD. Truly, ye are properly clad in scarlet for it is the garb—

ROBERT. Silence!

ICHABOD. Of your Babylonian mother!

MACKAY. Peace!

SERGEANT. On with the gyves, and away with him.

[*He is handcuffed and dragged outside singing Psalms, etc. LADY MARY is about to speak to him as he is dragged out. TAMMY and soldiers follow SERGEANT to the door, also MACKAY.*]

ROBERT. Pardon me, Lady Mary, by addressing him, you will only compromise your own safety and honor.

MACKAY. (*Near door.*) Madam, I am compelled to inform you that your whole family and servants are my prisoners. (*Crossing to center outside.*)

LADY MARY. (*Has been pacing back and forth to fire.*) Alas! there is only my little grand-niece!

MACKAY. (*From door.*) Sergeant, you will remain

in charge with half the men; I will leave Mr. Reid with you.

[*Exit and marches off half the soldiers with ICHABOD. Off Right ICHABOD is singing "I hear a Voice," etc.*]

SERGEANT. (*Outside.*) You will keep the post of honor, Robert, my lad, until I relieve you—and beware of the women.

ROBERT. I will do my duty. Lady Mary, you and Mistress Laurie will please remain in that room. (*Exit LADY MARY.*)

SERGEANT. (*To BUTLER, who enters.*) Varlet, rouse your lazy fellows, and bring the best in your larder to my brave lads, on the lawn; and don't forget some good wine, and a bucket of good October.

[*Exit SERGEANT, who posts several sentries. Food and drink are brought, and the soldiers feast and make merry, and before long, all show signs of intoxication. Music: "Annie Laurie" p. p. until LADY MARY enters.*]

SERGEANT. (*To soldier.*) Grant, my lad—you will keep post from the door around to the old moat at the other side of the house. Let no one pass in or out without the countersign, which is *Greenock*.

[*Exit soldier and SERGEANT.*]

ROBERT. What a dog's duty is this, watching two helpless ladies, for one of whom I would give my life. Oh! sweet Mistress Annie, will the gulf of rank and wealth that separates us ever be bridged so that I can approach you as a friend?

[*ANNIE peeps out from door. Enter BUTLER from Left with food and drink for soldiers. Crosses through door and exit Right.*]

ANNIE. (*Comes to table.*) Oh, I am so pleased that it is you, Robert!

ROBERT. (*Joyfully. Comes around end of table.*) You have forgiven me?

ANNIE. Forgiven? Yes, indeed, how could I remain angry with the playfellow of my youth, with whom I have

spent so many happy hours. But what a dreadful night this has been for all of us!

ROBERT. Need I say, Mistress Annie, that it has been a night of mortification for me? But what can a poor soldier do but obey?

ANNIE. It is so different from our last meeting. (*Sits in chair front of table.*)

ROBERT. Ah, yes! Do you remember it?

ANNIE. In the rose-garden.

ROBERT. Ah, I can even now recall the heavenly odor.

ANNIE. And the fountain of Venus sending its spray sparkling in the sunlight.

ROBERT. And you gave me the prettiest rosebud.

ANNIE. How nice of you to remember.

ROBERT. (*Leaning over chair.*) While memory lasts, I will never forget.

ANNIE. And you gave me the rosette you had won at the fencing tournament.

ROBERT. The Queen herself pinned it on my breast.

ANNIE. (*Rises.*) And yet you gave it to me.

ROBERT. As I would have given my life—my soul.

ANNIE. I have it yet.

ROBERT. And I the rose. It has never left me. See—it is in the little bag hanging by a ribbon round my neck.

[*LADY MARY calls out "Annie" and enters.*]

ANNIE. (*Crosses to fire.*) Hush, here is Aunt Mary!

[*ROBERT bows gracefully to LADY MARY.*]

LADY MARY. Young man, for a soldier, you seem good and gentle. Have you a mother who is dear to you, a sister whom you love?

ROBERT. Nor mother, nor sister, nor kindred have I. Alas! I am the first—perhaps the last of my race. But what would your Ladyship with Robert Reid?

LADY MARY. Ha! you are one of the Reids of that ilk? They are dear friends of mine.

ROBERT. No relation! I am simply Robert Reid, a Scottish volunteer, and of no family whatever. But how can I serve you?

LADY MARY. (*Comes close to him.*) How can I speak it? That you will sleep on your post, and permit this poor child—you understand? Oh! I will nobly reward you, and the deed will be registered in Heaven.

ANNIE. (*Tearfully.*) Oh, no, no, no, beg not such a boon for me, and at such a sacrifice.

ROBERT. You would counsel me to my ruin, Lady Mary! Is it generous or noble, when I am but a poor soldier? (*LADY MARY takes out her purse, and makes an effort to count out some gold.*) Seek not to corrupt me, madam, for all I possess is my honor. And yet, for Annie Laurie, I would dare much.

LADY MARY. (*Angrily.*) How is this, sir? You know my kinswoman? And by that glance ye seem to have met before. (*Goes to ANNIE.*) Speak, Annie, what means this?

ANNIE. (*Confused.*) Oh, Aunt! I have known him long.

ROBERT. I have had the honor of often seeing Mistress Annie at my Lord Dumbarton's.

LADY MARY. (*Turns to him.*) How's this? Are you little Reid?

ROBERT. My Lady's page, Madam.

LADY MARY. (*Striking the floor angrily with her cane.*) By my father's bones, I never thought a time would come when I should beg a boon in vain—either from a Lord's loon or a lady's page.

[ROBERT is deeply affected and hurt, and ANNIE turns away to hide her tears.]

ROBERT. (*Proudly.*) I am the first private gentleman of Dumbarton's Musketeers, and I am so unused to such language, that had the best man in Scotland spoken those words, I would take his measure with my sword.

LADY MARY. Your spirit is admirable, sir, but surely it might be shown in better cause than persecuting helpless women.

ROBERT. Ah! forgive me, Lady Mary! For the past five years I have been more used to the rough life of a

camp, where a word is followed by a blow, than to the society of gentle ladies. But my honor belongs to the King of Scotland, whose orders I must obey.

LADY MARY. Then, gentle sir, be generous as your bearing is noble, and permit my little girl to escape. Alas! you know what is in store for us, if we are dragged before that terrible Council—fine, imprisonment, or even torture.

ANNIE. Or banishment into slavery in Virginia. (*She bursts into tears.*)

ROBERT. God knows, I pity you, ladies, and would willingly give my life to serve you. Retire to your room. I will keep my post, and you can escape through the windows at the back.

ANNIE. Alas! they are grated and there are sentinels without. (*ROBERT turns away a moment.*)

LADY MARY. I could bear the thought of banishment, even in my old age, and the thumbscrews and tortures of the Council, and the thought of being buried far from my own is hard to bear—but my heart bleeds for thee, my dear love, Annie. (*Goes to ANNIE.*)

ROBERT. Oh! Madam, they cannot be such villains as to harm her—so young—so fair!

LADY MARY. Worse than death awaits her! Lord Greenock rules at the Council Board. Wretch! wretch! Too well I know that it is for worse than thumbscrews he would reserve her. (*ROBERT starts.*)

ROBERT. Why should I scruple? MacKay has already hinted to me of Greenock—that roué and ruffian who disgraces our peerage.

ANNIE. Let dear Aunt Mary escape, and, good Master Reid, you shall have my prayers and gratitude for life.

ROBERT. Artless Annie, Greenock aims neither at Lady Mary's liberty nor life. He is a villain, and you, sweet maid, have many things to fear. Leave me to my fate, and to the fury of the Council.

ANNIE. Dear Lord, guide us in our trouble. Oh! what shall we do?

LADY MARY. Let me offer you money.

ROBERT. Lady Mary, I have risked my life a dozen times in a worse cause than yours, and for a few shillings a month; but such service as this, is not to be paid for in money. Lady Mary, permit me to lead you forth.

[He draws off his glove and offers his hand to the old lady.]

LADY MARY. You have quite the air of a Cavalier. And ere we go, I should like to know what will be your punishment for this breach of duty.

ROBERT. *(Laughing bitterly.)* A few days in the guard-house on hard bread and sour beer, and perhaps twenty-four hours guarding in full marching harness. *(To ANNIE.)* In serving you, fair Annie, I shall be more than a thousand times recompensed for any penance I may perform.

[The soldiers outside make a noise and the SERGEANT calls out for the relief to get ready.]

SERGEANT. *(Outside.)* Get your belt on, you lazy loon. You must relieve Grant for an hour, so that he can get a bite and a drink.

[He enters Right with soldiers. The sentry enters from Left.]

SERGEANT. Your post is around to the old moat and back. Watch the windows and allow no one inside the lines or out without the countersign, which is *Greenock*.

SOLDIER. All right, Sergeant. *(Exit SERGEANT and GRANT.)*

[The fugitives, accompanied by ROBERT, hurry to the side door, LADY MARY with a long cloak on. As they exeunt, a challenge is heard. ROBERT takes off his long military cloak and hat, and puts them on ANNIE. ROBERT goes outside to reconnoitre. LADY MARY and ANNIE follow him. Sentry enters. ROBERT pushes the ladies back through the door. The sentry challenges ROBERT from outside.]

SENTRY. Halt! Who goes there?

ROBERT. Friend.

SENTRY. Halt! friend, and give the countersign.

ROBERT. "Greenock."

SENTRY. Pass, friend, all's well.

[ROBERT runs down quietly to the door.]

ANNIE. (*As they exeunt.*) Poor Master Reid! I tremble more for you than for ourselves. God bless you, until we meet again.

ROBERT. (*Enters door and sits on chair front of table.*) Till we meet again! Alas! we shall never meet again in this life. I am a lost man. Tomorrow the Council Chamber, the thumbscrews, and the boot. These poor legs of mine will be crushed till the marrow is pressed from the bones. Alas! thus go my boyish ambitions, and the airy castles I have so often built. Ah! Mistress Annie, you know not what honored place I have made for you in all these poor castles. Well, it is done.

[*He jumps up, and resumes his march before the door, as the SERGEANT enters with HUB., who takes ROBERT'S post. Both SERGEANT and HUB. show the influence of wine.*]

SERGEANT. (*In house.*) I warrant you'll be tired of this post of honor, Master Robert, and that you will now enjoy a leg of devilled turkey, and a horn of good Rhine wine.

ROBERT. I thought you had forgotten me, Weymss. (*To HUB.*) Have a care sir, that you do not disturb the ladies; they are entitled to their rest. Do you hear, turnip-head?

HUB. (*Sleepily.*) Dod-rot thee, Master Reid; I have clanked my boots before the tent of the King of France, and ye cannot teach me how to watch king or knave. Besides, my father was an old vassal of her ladyship, and I have more respect for the old blood, than to dragoon my Lady of marching money.

ROBERT. 'Tis well!

[*Exeunt ROBERT and SERGEANT. HUB. sits down in chair, and falls asleep, his musket falling from his lap to the floor. Outside, the SERGEANT offers ROBERT a cup of wine. Just as he has finished the*

wine they exit, a challenge is heard and the macer enters at the Right.]

SENTRY. (*Off.*) Halt! Who goes there?

MACER. (*Off.*) Friend.

SENTRY. Halt and give the countersign.

MACER. "Greenock."

ROBERT. I thought we had seen the last of your ugly visage for tonight.

TAMMY. Roast me, I am not here by choice! Lord Greenock is so anxious for the safety of the prisoners, that he waited for us at the Tolbooth, and when he found that the ladies were not with us, he dispatched me at once with orders to bring them at once to Edinburgh.

SERGEANT. (*From outside.*) I feel not like any more marching tonight, but needs must when the devil drives. (*He enters, and crosses to door of house, followed by TAMMY, and seeing HUB. asleep and his musket on the floor, he picks it up, and bangs HUB. on the legs with it.*) Wake up, you lazy loon! If you slept on post like this on the field you would stop a volley of bullets at cock-crow. (*HUB jumps up, confused.*)

HUB. Forgive me, Sergeant, 'tis the cursed wine. (*Music marziale and presto.*)

SERGEANT. All right, lad, I'll overlook it this time. (*Knocks at the door of the room where LADY MARY and ANNIE had retired.*) Rouse up, my Ladies. The Council orders you to Edinburgh at once. Rouse up. (*Knocks louder, then with hilt of his sword.*) Answer ye, my ladies, or I break the door. (*Opens door, and enters room followed by MACER, and they return in a moment to the stage.*) The birds have flown, and your life will be forfeited, my boy.

[ROBERT crosses and watches from door.]

TAMMY. Ay, forfeited, and every nail on your fingers and toes will be pulled out by the roots, and your tongue will be cut out and fed to the corbies, and your eyes will be plucked out, and toasted before your face. That will teach you to keep awake on your post, you braw gommeral.

HUB. (*Confused and alarmed.*) I swear they did not pass me while I was on post.

TAMMY. Much good your swearing will do, when the Sergeant and I saw you asleep, and your musket on the floor. Oh! you'll have a picnic tomorrow. (*Enter ROBERT.*)

HUB. What can I do or say? Help me, Master Robert! Oh! would to God that I had been piked or shot in the field.

[*SERGEANT starts to unbuckle HUB.'s bandolier and belt, and ROBERT steps forward.*]

ROBERT. Let him be, the lad is innocent. I allowed the ladies to escape, and will take whatever punishment is coming to me.

HUB. I knew it, and I had your word, Master Robert. We always deemed you a gentleman of honor, although a poor soldier like the rest of us.

ROBERT. The generosity of my purpose must be my excuse for deceiving you, Hubert.

TAMMY. Eh! But what will my Lord Chancellor say? (*Aside.*) Now I'll see you squirming, my braw laddie. (*Rubs his hands gleefully.*)

SERGEANT. Or Sir Thomas Dalziel, or Claversee?

TAMMY. Or my Lord Greenock—he'll be crazy!

SERGEANT. Gook and gommeral, boy, what devil tempted thee—but why need I ask? Yon gipsy's blue eyes . . .

ROBERT. Hush!

SERGEANT. . . . had thrown a glamour over thee. Wherever woman be, there will mischief bide. What a pumpkin-head I was not to keep watch myself—a girly's tears or grandma's greeting woulna hae much effect on me. Did not the thocht of the vengeance of the Council prevent ye from runnin' your head into the lion's mouth?

ROBERT. No, Weymss, I did as my heart dictated, when I saw women in danger.

SERGEANT. Had they been twa auld witches, with hairy chins, black, broken teeth, and hands like the claws of a cat, would your tender heart have dictated otherwise?

Huh, when next I set a handsome young lad to watch a pretty girl, may the deil split me, and use my own pike for a toasting fork.

TAMMY. (*To ROBERT.*) And I hope the deil will do it in the end anyhow.

[*Approaches ROBERT, draws the latter's sword, throws it away, and is about to handcuff him when the SERGEANT throws him aside.*]

SERGEANT. Hands off, you dog! This man is a soldier, and is my prisoner. You'll have your dirty fingers on him soon enough.

CURTAIN

ACT II.

[*The dungeon, evening, a week later. Scene discloses a dirty and gloomy dungeon, with large but heavily grated window at side. Some straw is thrown on floor. At the left of stage is shown the alley on the outside of the prison. ROBERT is sitting dejectedly on the ground. In the distance ICHABOD is heard singing and praying. Before the curtain rises, a voice supposed to be ROBERT'S is heard singing the song "Annie Laurie." ROBERT throws himself on the straw and tries to sleep. Outside MACER is sitting up near wall. Enter SERGEANT. TAMMY turns away and pulls his hat over his eyes.*]

SERGEANT. (*Seeing TAMMY.*) Hello—who's this.

MACER. Your friend, Sergeant.

SERGEANT. What are you doing around here?

MACER. Enjoying the air, gossip. But away wi ye. Here's my Lord Greenock coming.

[*SERGEANT exit. Enter GREENOCK.*]

GREENOCK. Well, Tammy, any news?

MACER. De'il a bit, my Lord. I've been on watch every minute since sun up, either inside the prison or out here.

GREENOCK. Doesn't the cursed soldier weaken?

MACER. Not a bit. But take my word for it, the leddies will send some message or maybe come themselves to see him and then we'll have them in a trap.

GREENOCK. You know where to find me. Keep a sharp lookout. (*Exit.*)

MACER. (*Following GREENOCK.*) All right, my Lord, trust me!

ICHABOD. (*In the distance.*) How long, O Lord! wilt thou permit these dragons to devour thy chosen people? Rejoice, O children of the Covenant! For the

avenger approaches. William of Orange will render vengeance on the enemies of the Lord.

[*Sings, "I Hear a Voice from Heaven," etc. Enter MACER carrying a loaf of bread and a jug of water.*]

MACER. Shut-up. Hoot, it's that fule body, Bounce, blowing like a piper through the keyhole. If his tongue had been bored with a red hot bodkin, he wouldna crow sae loud. Does he disturb you, soldier?

ROBERT. (*Seated on stool.*) Disturb me? No! His voice is a welcome sound in the deadly darkness and silence of this place.

MACER. Well, he ought to be hanged. It's a pity to waste good food and liquor on him.

ROBERT. Is there not a single touch of pity in your wretched heart?

MACER. Yes, pity for myself. And *you'll* hae yourself to think of in the morning, when the blacksmith'll be down to rivet a broad collar of steel round your bonnie neck, or maybe pull your tongue out by the roots.

ROBERT. Begone! I've heard your wretched threats every day during the week I've been here.

MACER. Weel, I think it'll come true tomorrow, as the soldier councillors, who got you mercy, are leaving Edinburgh for the field.

ROBERT. Begone! And leave me to my misery!

MACER. Noo, me braw lad, I'll give ye a piece of advice for the hundredth time. Tell where the lass is hidin', and that'll save your life anyhow.

ROBERT. (*Cheerfully.*) Ah! It's cheerful to know that they escaped you. It will help keep me from despair for another day to know that my darling has escaped their villainous hands.

MACER. Oh! Braw talk is cheap; but my Lord Greenock is like a hungry wolf on the scent; and even if he'd be willing to let the girl escape; her broad acres are too tempting a bait to let go so easily.

ROBERT. (*Passionately.*) Oh! How can I retain my reason in this inactivity?

MACER. My Lord will get her anyhow; and if ye're wise ye'll get awa wi' yer life by givin' information that will please his Lordship.

ROBERT. (*Rises.*) Begone, fellow! Or I'll lose my temper.

MACER. Oh, hoity-toity! Temper is a luxury for the likes o' ye! What are ye but a poor soldier? And, sure, it's uncommon impudence to be castin' eyes at a lady of quality, who wouldn't permit you to tie her shoestring.

ROBERT. (*Dejectedly sits down again.*) Alas! 'Tis true! Oh! why did I permit myself this dream? She has entered my thoughts and my heart, until even my ambitions have lost interest and are forgotten.

MACER. Ah! Now ye're talkin'. I have heard Lord Dumbarton say that ye were the best soldier in his regiment, and would mak' a braw and dashin' officer some day.

ROBERT. Ah! My Lord Dumbarton and my lady patron, if they were here, they would advise me and get me out of this predicament.

MACER. (*Temptingly.*) And, ye know, laddie, that Lord Greenock is powerful with the King and Council, and I wunna be surprised now, if ye act sensible and crave his pardon, and tell him where to get the lass and auld lady, that he will get ye free, and e'en get ye your commission in the auld regiment.

ROBERT. (*Jumps up, grabs the macer by the neck, and shakes him.*) You hell-hound, I'll kill you if you speak the lady's name again. (*Throws him to Right.*) Tell Lord Greenock to do his worst. I would rather see Annie Laurie dead—and die myself, even by the torture—than that she should fall into the clutches of such a vampire.

MACER. (*From the door.*) Weel, goodbye, I'll bring the blacksmith with me in the mornin'. (*Exit.*)

ROBERT. (*Paces up and down.*) Oh! would that I could die! This wretched silence and filth will drive me mad. Had my dear friend, Lady Dumbarton, been on

this side of the border, I would not have been thus persecuted and forgotten. And why tarries MacKay? Hath my friendship no claim on him? Shame cannot keep him away, for I committed no crime. (*Pauses.*) Ah! sweet Annie, I wonder if you have spared a thought for the poor soldier who suffers thus for love of you? Can you guess that you are never out of my thoughts? And, after all, it is but the love of you that keeps me up! And even if I die, or am sent into slavery, I may hope that some kind hand will deliver these verses to you which I have written and have sung so often since I have been in this vile place.

[*He sings "Annie Laurie." As he sings a cavalier and two cloaked ladies come down the alley, and listen outside the window.*]

ANNIE. (*Rapturously.*) The dear fellow sings of me. Ah! how he must have suffered in this dreadful place.

MACKAY. I wish I had a company of my brave fellows. I would storm the wretched hole and drag him forth into God's pure air. (*As ROBERT finishes the song, MACKAY climbs on a rock, which he has dragged under the cell window, and rattles at the bars. ANNIE and HILDA stand together at left.*) Hullo, Robert, wake up, my lad. (*ROBERT climbs up to the window and clasps his friend's hand through the bars. Standing on stool.*) By all the devils, this is an unpleasant hour.

ROBERT. Not so bad, now that I know that you have not forgotten me.

MACKAY. I could never forget a friend or comrade, but I have been powerless to help you.

ROBERT. But are there not tidings of Dumbarton, our Commander?

MACKAY. The devil, no! But we expect him every moment, as he left London three weeks ago.

HILDA. (*Pushing MACKAY aside.*) There are others who have not forgotten thee, but MacKay seems resolved to talk for us all,

MACKAY. A thousand pardons, my fair Hilda, but I had almost—

HILDA. Almost forgotten me? Do you dare say so! (*Gets up on rock.*) But, oh! my poor boy, Reid, I am so sorry to see you here.

ROBERT. I thank thee, Mistress Hilda, but the honor of this visit would gild the darkest prison in Scotland.

[*He kisses HILDA's hand.*]

HILDA. (*ANNIE crosses to HILDA.*) And, now, Master Robert, I must introduce a friend, who has come to thank you personally for your bravery. Come, love, approach and speak. My word for it, how the lassie trembles. (*HILDA helps ANNIE on the rock.*) Hold her hand, Robert, or she will fall from this unsteady pedestal.

[*ROBERT takes her hand, and MACKAY and HILDA walk to the head of the alley to keep watch. ANNIE throws back her hood.*]

ROBERT. (*Kissing ANNIE's hand.*) Ingrate that I was to repine, when I was remembered by thee.

ANNIE. Oh, Robert! Lady Mary has lamented bitterly. We can never repay you. Oh! how can I forget that but for you, we might have become the occupants of that dreadful place, the air of which chills me even here!

ROBERT. You a prisoner here, sweet Annie! The idea is too horrible!

ANNIE. Poor Robert!

ROBERT. Having your hands in mine reminds me of the old days, when we gathered pebbles on the banks of the loch, and flowers from the hedges in the summer sunshine.

ANNIE. Yes, indeed, those were happy days!

ROBERT. Never have I been so happy since.

ANNIE. Poor Robert! How sincerely I pity you!

ROBERT. Then I bless the chance that brought me here.

ANNIE. What! In that cold, damp pit? (*Shuddering.*) 'Tis a place of horror. Oh! that I could free you, Master Reid!

ROBERT. Oh Annie! call me Robert—without the master. It will remind me of old days, ere your rank and wealth raised such a gulf between us.

ANNIE. They can do so no longer. (*Weeps.*) We are landless and ruined now—all our estates have been forfeited. If it were not for poor Aunt Mary, I would surrender myself to the Council today.

ROBERT. 'Sdeath! do not think of it.

ANNIE. We accuse ourselves of cowardice and selfishness in allowing you to suffer for us.

ROBERT. Do not think of it! And please leave me now, for the thought of what might happen to you if we were discovered almost drives me mad. (*ANNIE cries.*)

ROBERT. Oh, Annie, if I were rich, I feel that I could love you.

ANNIE. And if one is poor, cannot one love?

ROBERT. Oh, yes, Annie! my sweet Annie!

ANNIE. Is there no escape from this dreadful place? Can't these bars be broken after dark?

ROBERT. 'Tis no longer a prison—'tis the sweetest abode on earth, now that I may venture to hope that some day when I win my spurs I may approach you.

ANNIE. Oh, Robert dear, how can you say it, when you are in the power of this Council to be tried for treason—and all for us.

ROBERT. I wish I could do something more to show my love—something worthy, something that would exalt me in your thoughts.

ANNIE. A woman's love needs no such nourishment, dear; we just love blindly, devotedly—sometimes without rhyme or reason as the little flower turns on its stem and begs the rising sun to kiss its drooping petals, drinking in from its sweet caress warmth, strength, and life.

ROBERT. And can you love me like that, sweet Annie? How the thought lifts up my soul, which has yearned so long for your love. Ever since we wandered hand in hand as children, I have dreamt of none but you—waking or sleeping, you were ever in my thoughts like a beautiful

guardian angel. (*Sighing.*) But my presumption seemed like madness. And you are not angry with me. (*She kisses his hand.*) Oh, for one hour of freedom; (*He shakes the bars.*) I'd forfeit the rest of my life.

ANNIE. Don't be so extravagant, dear, your life belongs to me.

ROBERT. Darling!

ANNIE. Hush! Hush! someone approaches.

ROBERT. Then away to MacKay, for he alone can protect you. One word—where are you secreted?

ANNIE. With my old nurse, Elsie. There we live in poverty and obscurity.

[LORD GREENOCK, *who is somewhat intoxicated, approaches, muffled. He grasps ANNIE round the waist, and lifts her to the ground.*]

ANNIE. Help! Help!

GREENOCK. (*Tearing the hood from her face.*) Annie Laurie, by all the gods! Why, I thought thee only a poor sand-rat or bona roba. This is glorious! You will come with me, my beauty, and you must choose between the tapestried chamber of my Castle, and the wisp of straw in the stone vault of the prison.

ANNIE. Help, MacKay, for the love of heaven!

GREENOCK. (*Taking ANNIE round the waist and holding her in his arms.*) Ah ha, my sweet love-bird, Greenock's star is in its zenith. (*Mockingly to ROBERT.*) I thank thee, soldier, for being the bait that enticed this tit-bit into my arms.

ANNIE. (*Pleadingly.*) My Lord Greenock, please release me. My Aunt will die of grief and . . . (*GREENOCK crushes her in his arms. She cries out in pain.*) You hurt me.

ROBERT. (*At window.*) You coward, let the girl go, or I'll kill you.

GREENOCK. I'll let her go, after I've carried her to my Castle, and entertained her for a month—then she can go if she wants to. But revenge is sweeter than love to

my heart, and (*To ANNIE*) you'll beg of me to marry you yet on your bended knees.

ROBERT. (*Shaking the bars of the window madly.*) Dog! Viper! Let me out! Let me out!

GREENOCK. Let you out! I'll let you out, when my minions lead you to the Council Chamber, where we'll torture you till you pray for death. You tried to thwart me, didn't you? I'll have every tooth pulled from your mouth with red-hot pincers. I'll have your nails torn from finger and toe, and then I'll have boiling oil poured on your head, one drop at a time until your soul leaps with joy from your cursed body.

ANNIE. (*Gaspily.*) What manner of man are you? Have you no soul? Have you no pity? Did you never know a mother's love, or a father's pride? If you believe in a God, in eternal punishment or happiness, turn your wrath from him to me. Let him be free, and take me, and do with me as you will. I will even try to like you, if you will but let poor Robert go forth a free man. (*She faints on his arm.*)

GREENOCK. Ah ha, that brings you to your knees, proud beauty. (*To ROBERT.*) And you, baseborn bastard, I will crush your soul and body too.

ROBERT. You cur! I despise you! Your threats have no terror for me. Dumbarton will be here to-morrow, and then I will be out of this, and I will seek you and find you, and if you harm one hair of her head, I will kill you—if the next moment be my last.

GREENOCK. (*Sneeringly.*) You'll eat your words before night. But now I will take your turtle-dove to my carriage, and attend to you later. (*ANNIE has partially recovered and is standing, half-dazed, supported by GREENOCK.*) Wake up, Girl. (*He shakes her roughly, and starts to half lead, half drag, her toward exit.*)

ROBERT. (*Shaking the bars, and shouting wildly.*) MacKay, MacKay, to the rescue. Your sword! Your sword! (*MACKAY rushes down the alley, followed by*

HILDA. *MACKAY and GREENOCK struggle. ANNIE falls into HILDA'S arm. MACKAY knocks GREENOCK down.*)

MACKAY. (*To ANNIE.*) Fly at once with Hilda. The coach is at the head of the road. Leave me to deal with this brawler.

[*ANNIE and HILDA exeunt.*]

GREENOCK. (*Rising and drawing his sword.*) Let me pass, villain, I am a Lord of the Privy Council, and to draw on me is treason.

MACKAY. Were you the King himself, I would run you through for applying such an epithet to a gentleman of the house of MacKay.

[*They cross swords, and after a few passes GREENOCK'S sword is broken at the hilt, and he is slightly wounded on the wrist.*]

GREENOCK. (*Who is now thoroughly sobered by the wound.*) Not much; but hark you, we must enact this over again by daylight tomorrow.

MACKAY. Whenever your Lordship pleases! (*They bow to each other and MACKAY goes out.*)

GREENOCK. (*Approaching the prison window.*) Ah! Reid, you spawn of the Covenant, I will settle with you now. (*Shouts.*) What ho! varlet, Tammy.

MACER. Coming, Sir. Yes, my Lord. (*He enters.*)

GREENOCK. The Council is sitting now. Lead that dog before their Lordships.

ROBERT. (*Laughs triumphantly.*) Ah! My Lord. My heart is light and joyous, and now I fear neither torture nor Council. I may die tomorrow, but today the world is mine, for Annie Laurie, the sweetest girl in Scotland, has given me her heart.

CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE I. [*Chamber of Privy Council. A long table surrounded by chairs for members of Council. Enter MACER and SERGEANT WEYMSS.*]

MACER. Ay, mon, here is the great chamber itself, and the preacher and your brave soldier will stand at the bar there to answer with their lives in a few minutes.

SERGEANT. And, think you, Macer, that they will be put to torture?

MACER. Ay, surely, mon, unless they confess.

SERGEANT. But Mr. Reid has already confessed.

MACER. Hoot, mon, he has not told where the ladies are concealed.

SERGEANT. But the lad does not know.

MACER. Wait till he gets a touch of the thumb-screws and boot! When he hears his bones crack he will tell more than he ever knew before. See, here is the maiden's boot. We put this on and hammer home, one, two, tree, four, or more wedges like this (*Shows*), until the flesh is crushed and the bones crack.

SERGEANT. Damn the place! Let me out or I'll stifle. (*Exit.*)

MACER. (*Chuckling.*) He! He! He! Take care, Mr. Redcoat, or we'll fit the maiden's boot to that fat calf of yours. (*Enter LORD GREENOCK from door up Right.*) Your servant, my Lord. What can I do for you? The Council has adjourned for an hour.

GREENOCK. Well, varlet, did you find Lord McIntyre?

MACER. Yes, your Lordship, he will be here in a minute.

GREENOCK. And how is the mare?

MACER. Muckle the same, puir beastie.

GREENOCK. I hope, knave, you gave her the warm mash, and bathed her nostrils and fetlocks.

MACER. Without fail! We maun ta' guid care o' her—the last o' a fine stud o' fifty. By my faith, when a mare has the wheeze, the staggers, and the spavin—

GREENOCK. Has she all those?

MACER. Has she indeed! And if ye had taken my advice a month since and burnt that auld witch, Elsie, the mare would have been sound, wind and limb, from that moment.

GREENOCK. 'Sblood, Tammy, dost think the cantrips of the old hag have really bewitched my favorite nag?

MACER. I'm no just ready to swear, my Lord, but it is unco' queer, that the puir beastie should fa' ill o' so many things just after auld Elsie jawed you for riding through her corn for a short cut.

GREENOCK. (*Angrily comes toward him.*) By all the devils, Tammy, if I thought the bearded hag had caused the mare's illness, I would have her in the hands of the executioners today. (*TAMMY rubs his hands in glee.*) We had two hags before us yesterday, and we sentenced both to be burned at the stake.

MACER. It's the only thing to do!

GREENOCK. One was sentenced for confessing witchcraft, and the other for refusing to confess it.

[*Enter LORD MCINTYRE.*]

MCINTYRE. Ou aye! Ou aye! He! He! Have her up before the Council as a full-blown case of sorcery. I have kent rack and screw bring mony a queer story to light—riding to Glasgow on a broom-shank,—sailing to the cape in a milk-bowl,—raising a storm of wind by the agency of a black beetle. Oh! we had a grand case of this kind in the northern courts last month.

MACER. But the good old fashion of tar-barrelin' is clean going out these days.

GREENOCK. Well, you'll see one shortly unless the mare gets better, and I capture the girl.

MCINTYRE. (*Chuckling.*) And now, Greenock, what want ye me for so long before the Council meets?

GREENOCK. I want your help, MacIntyre, in this business of the Lauries.

MCINTYRE. (*To TAMMY.*) Have you got a drink, lad?

[*TAMMY pulls from his pocket a large flask, and unscrews the cup from the botton. Then he unscrews the top, fills the cup from the contents, and hands it to MCINTYRE.*]

TAMMY. Eh! my Lord, I never travel without it. (*MCINTYRE drinks all that is in the cup, and fills it again.*)

MCINTYRE. Leave the flask, Tammy, and stand outside the door. See that there are no eavesdroppers. (*Exit TAMMY.*)

GREENOCK. I mean to make every effort to obtain their lands—and the girl to boot.

MCINTYRE. She has a noble barony for a dowry.

GREENOCK. Yes, I need the money, and I have long loved the girl.

MCINTYRE. He! He! I have heard you say the same of others many a time before. But the lands, man—they will be forfeited to the King.

GREENOCK. So were those of the Muirs of Caldwell. Yet Sir Thomas of Binns now holds them as a free gift from the Council.

MCINTYRE. And he holds them fast, too. Weel, Greenock, perhaps we can manage the lands all right. Amongst ourselves, it's a case of "Scratch me, and I'll scratch you"; and I have had my share of the pickings in lands and woods.

GREENOCK. I must have the person of little Annie also.

MCINTYRE. (*Chuckling.*) He! He! He!

GREENOCK. I would give a thousand gold pieces—

MCINTYRE. He! He! If you had them!

GREENOCK. Crush me, yes! To discover where the damsel is hiding. And this fellow, Reid, who has crossed me twice—let him look to it. My path must not be crossed by man nor devil.

McINTYRE. Nor must that of any Councillor while a death warrant can be had for the asking.

GREENOCK. Right, my friend; our laws are severe and they are written in blood.

McINTYRE. You have been a wild buckie in your day, my Lord, and when I think of a' the braw queens, gentle, and simple, that you have loved—and abandoned—I marvel that some sword of father or brother hath not slivered your gullet. How about your fair one in Merlin's Wynd?

GREENOCK. Pshaw! I tired of her long ago.

McINTYRE. And Lady Rosa?

GREENOCK. By Jove, it's funny to hear you speak of a noble lady and a poor bona roba in the same breath. Rosa is beautiful, but poor and proud. Damn it, we would hate each other in a week. But I really think that Annie Laurie is capable of fixing all my wandering fancies for life.

McINTYRE. He! He! I have heard you say the same of fifty. But hath your coronet no attractions for the lassie?

[*Enter TAMMY quietly.*]

GREENOCK. No! It has no more value in the eyes of Annie Laurie than a peasant's bonnet. A thousand times have I endeavored to gain her notice, but she is colder to me than an icicle. But, fury! I was never crossed in my purpose yet, and I don't mean to be now. The girl must be mine. I would give a hundred crowns to get the right scent after her.

TAMMY. I can do it for half the money, my Lord.

GREENOCK. The devil! Are you listening, fellow?

TAMMY. Fellow indeed! Troth! I was the best of good fellows when I received that crack on my crown which Claversee meant for your's, in that fight on the bridge.

GREENOCK. True, Tammy, but I don't like to be overheard in some matters.

TAMMY. (*Spitefully.*) And my Lady Eleanor often said to me you were over-rough and haughty e'en wi' her,

my Lord; and even the bonny bairn she gave you didn't soften you much.

GREENOCK. (*Passionately.*) A thousand curses, varlet, why speak of my dead wife and her lost boy! Her ashes lie peacefully in Paris, and you know the loss of the child maddens me even now when I think of it. Away with you, or the bottle will follow that.

[*He throws his hat at TAMMY, who dodges and exits, then puts his head through the door.*]

TAMMY. The boy may be alive.

GREENOCK. Another word of that subject and I'll take your life.

TAMMY. Then, my Lord, ye dinna want to ken where the bonny lassie can be netted? I could catch her in a day.

GREENOCK. Art sure of it?

TAMMY. My thumb on it!

GREENOCK. Well, be brief. Tell me what you know of the matter.

TAMMY. That auld witch, Elsie, was nurse to Mistress Annie, and her mother before her, and if any auld witch in the Country knows where they are, she does.

GREENOCK. Right, Tammy! I will have her dragged to the chamber tomorrow, if Reid is stubborn and fails to confess; and if there is any truth in her tongue, I vow Pete Pincers will drag it from her. Take these, Tammy. (*Offering him some coins.*) As earnest of what I will give you if the scent holds good.

TAMMY. (*Jauntily.*) Keep your gowd, Greenock, for, faith! you need it more than me. I hear the steps of the Lords of the Council, so, by your leave I will wait.

[*He goes out. Enter LORDS of COUNCIL. They are greeted by LORD GREENOCK and MCINTYRE, as they enter, and then take their seats. The LORD CHANCELOER takes the chair, and orders the MACER to bring in ICHABOD, who is guarded by the executioner and his assistants, who wear leather aprons, and are dressed somewhat like blacksmiths. ICHA-*

BOD is pale and trembling. ANNIE and maid come in to watch. They are disguised. ANNIE is disguised as a very old and feeble woman.]

LORD CHANCELLOR. Macer, bring Ichabod Bounce before us.

[Exit MACER, and returns with ICHABOD guarded by two assistants.]

LORD CHANCELLOR. (To ICHABOD.) You are charged with being a traitor to your country. What have you got to say?

ICHABOD. I am a citizen of Holland, and ye have no jurisdiction over my body.

MACER. Silence!

ICHABOD. (To MACER.) I will not keep silent! (To Council.) I am a minister of the Covenanted Kirk licensed to preach the word of God.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Have you any documents on your person? Or do you know where any are hidden?

ICHABOD. I decline to say.

GREENOCK. Do you deny that you are a subject of our Royal Master, King James?

ICHABOD. Well might I deny the land that produces such as thee.

McINTYRE. Away with him, and give him a touch of the boot!

[ICHABOD is led out, and in a few moments red light flashes from the door out of which he was led. The creaking of chains is heard. Soon there is a terrific shriek, and the MACER, who sits guarding ROBERT, rubs his hands in glee. Deep groans succeed, and then the sound of hammers and the creaking of a block. Another shriek is heard, and then all is silence. The executioner and his assistants enter, carrying ICHABOD between them. The spectators show signs of varied emotions, and ANNIE is terrified.]

ANNIE. (In disguised voice to MAID.) I'm afraid my poor strength will leave me; the ordeal is too terrible.

MAID. For God's sake, let us leave this place of horrors.

ANNIE. Oh! you sweet Mother of God, you know the weakness of my sex; give me some of your wisdom and strength to face this ordeal.

MAID. Oh! Good Lord, have pity on us.

ANNIE. Oh! Saviour of mankind, who died for the sake of poor mortals, give me strength to face this hour, and then take me from this wretched life.

MCINTYRE. Take him out, and dash a bucket of cold water over him.

[*They go out with ICHABOD, and return carrying him by the arms. He is groaning with pain, dripping with water, and unable to support himself.*]

MCINTYRE. Now, varlet, will you speak?

ICHABOD. (*Singing.*)

I hear a voice from Heaven
Commanding me to sing;
Go forth and lead the godly host
Against the bluidy King.

[*The MACER runs forward and strikes him on the mouth with his baton.*]

MACER. Will you confess? (*Again ICHABOD starts to sing.*)

GREENOCK. Take him out, and pull a few of his teeth. (*They start to drag him out.*)

ICHABOD. Oh! Spare me that punishment. I will confess anything, everything.

GREENOCK. Have you any documents?

ICHABOD. Yes.

GREENOCK. Where are they?

ICHABOD. Search my boot.

[*His boot is taken off, and ripped open by the MACER, who draws forth a paper. LORD MCINTYRE reads it silently. ICHABOD turns to soldiers behind him.*]

ICHABOD. Art thou the son of Anti-Christ?

HUBERT. No, I am Hubert, the son of my father, John McGee, of Burghmure Road.

ICHABOD. Then, in God's name, give me a drink of water, for I suffer the tortures of hell.

HUBERT. Here's some whiskey.

[HUB. *hands him a flask from his pocket and ICHABOD drinks greedily.*]

ICHABOD. It is the devil's invention—whiskey, but, ma certie, it tasted good, and gives new life to my puir body.

[*He drinks again, and gives flask back to soldier who turns it upside down, with look of disappointment at finding it empty.*]

ICHABOD. Heaven bless thee, soldier, and reward thee, for I cannot. Oh! Why tarry the charriot-wheels of the Deliverer? (*He is taken out.*)

MACER. Silence, dog! Or you will again taste the pincer. (*LORD MCINTYRE finishes reading the paper.*)

MCINTYRE. Egad, my Lords, there is a perfect nest of treason—over a hundred names; there will be many forfeitures on the strength of this. But let us consider the prisoner.

MACER. Stand forward, Robert Reid. (*Enter ROBERT escorted by two soldiers.*)

MCINTYRE. Young man, you know for what you appear before us?

ROBERT. My Lord, for allowing the escape of prisoners placed under my charge.

GREENOCK. Prisoners charged with treason and leagu- ing with enemies of the State.

MCINTYRE. And you plead guilty?

ROBERT. I cannot deny it, my Lord.

MCINTYRE. Weel, that saves us the trouble of examining witnesses.

GENERAL DALZIEL. A fine beginning for a young soldier! But do you know the price of it?

ROBERT. My life, perhaps, General. But may it please you, my Lords, to pardon this, my first offense, in consideration of my five years faithful—and as yet un- requited service.

GREENOCK. (*Sneeringly.*) I doubt not that you were well paid for your untimely gallantry.

ROBERT. You are a liar and a coward! I have a soul above bribery, the brightest coronet in Scotland wouldn't tempt me to change sides as you and others here have done.

GREENOCK. (*Crosses toward him in a rage.*) Silence, rascal! and remember that in yonder room there is a bodkin of steel to bore such tongues as thine.

LORD CHANCELLOR. (*Rises at back of table.*) Enough of this! Robert Reid, are you aware of where the ladies of Maxwelton are concealed?

ROBERT. I decline to answer.

GREENOCK. Disclose their hiding-place instantly, or, by all the devils, we will have the marrow pressed out of your bones.

McINTYRE. Has he been searched?

MACER. Yes, my Lord, and we found nothing but a few shillings, a song or two, and the ring he wears even now upon his finger.

GREENOCK. Surrender the ring, fellow!

ROBERT. Do with me as you please, my Lords, but spare the ring. It contains the secret of my life, and was found on the hand of my poor mother, when she lay dead in a cottage on the moor.

McINTYRE. Where did you get it?

ROBERT. It was preserved, and restored to me by the noble Countess of Dumbarton when I marched south against Monmouth.

GREENOCK. Macer, hand up the ring. His mother was some trooper's trull, and never owned a ring like that.

[MACER approaches ROBERT, who becomes enraged and grasps a sword from a soldier.]

ROBERT. Approach, and by the God above, I'll kill you.

CLAVERHOUSE. Halt, sirs. (*To ROBERT.*) Put down your weapon, my lad. I admire your spirit. (*ROBERT hands back the sword.*) Let the lad keep his ring. But

you (*to* ROBERT) must tell us, without further parley, where these fugitives are concealed.

ROBERT. As a soldier, I beg of you not to press me, Colonel Graham, on that point.

CLAVERHOUSE. I am here as a Councillor, not as a soldier. These ladies are charged with treason, and I insist on your answering our questions.

ROBERT. You are known, Laird of Claversee, through the length and breadth of Scotland as a man of bravery. It is not the work of a soldier to drag two helpless women to a torture chamber.

GREENOCK. Silence, dog! You are impudent!

ROBERT. Colonel Graham—and you, General Dalziel, I appeal to you to protect these innocent ladies. Lord Greenock is using you to forward his own vile purposes. He wants Annie Laurie and her fortune for himself.

MCINTYRE. This is too ridiculous! Ring the bell for the executioner to give him a touch of the boot.

ROBERT. My Lords, you may tear me to pieces, but I won't betray my friends.

CLAVERHOUSE. Hush! My lad.

GREENOCK. (*Takes step with back to audience.*) Hear ye that, my Lords? He defies us. I demand that he be put to the torture.

MCINTYRE AND OTHERS. Ay! the boot!

CLAVERHOUSE. (*Rises and turns to them.*) My Lords, I protest!

MCINTYRE. Hoity, toity! Since when has the Laird of Claverhouse turned philanthropist.

CLAVERHOUSE. Since the cold-blooded atrocities which I have witnessed in this chamber.

[*Enter executioner and assistants. ROBERT at first flinches, then braces himself.*]

ROBERT. If the noble Earl of Dumbarton, and my comrades of the musketeers, were in Edinburgh, you would not dare to disgrace me thus. I deny your authority. I am a soldier and I claim a court-martial.

DALZIEL. By God, I love thee, boy! Thou art a brave

lad, and the first man that ever bearded this Council board.

McINTYRE. But we will teach thee, braggart, that from this court there is no appeal—either to court or council of war.

ROBERT. Yes, there is an appeal—to His Majesty the King.

McINTYRE. And of what value is that appeal, when your bones have been ground to powder by the irons.

GREENOCK. Enough! Take him to the chamber, and pinch off a few of his nails.

McINTYRE. That will do for a starter.

[*The MACER and EXECUTIONER grab ROBERT, and march him towards the door of the torture chamber.*

ANNIE steps forward.]

ANNIE. Stay, my Lords, I have valuable information in this case.

GREENOCK. Who is this hag? Let her not interrupt the proceedings.

ANNIE. (*In disguised voice.*) Eh! but I know where the noble ladies are concealed, and if I can save the bonnie bairn, I will gie ye, my Lord, information that will please ye.

GREENOCK. Do you mean what you say?

ANNIE. Ay, my Lord, I ken where Annie Laurie is. And I will deliver her into your hands, if ye will promise to free the yong gentleman.

GREENOCK. Seize her, Macer. (*MACER starts forward, but at a signal from CLAVERHOUSE he stops.*) Ha! Ha! you witch, you have put your head in the lion's mouth. The varlet, yonder, will pay forfeit with his blood, and you will tell us all you know, whether you wish to or not.

ANNIE. I defy you, my Lord, to make me speak, unless I want to. (*She pretends to be very feeble.*) I am on the brink of the grave, and one little turn of the screw will release my poor spirit, and put it out of your power to hurt me.

McINTYRE. The woman is right, Greenock. Speak up, Mother, tell us what you know about Annie Laurie and Lady Mary, and we will set you free, and gie you a braw shilling for your information.

ANNIE. I don't want your shilling, my Lord McIntyre. You must promise to release the laddie there, and let him go free.

McINTYRE. We'll do it. Now, speak up.

ANNIE. *Your* promise may be good, my Lord McIntyre, but I'll no speak a word, until Claverhouse and Dalziel pass their words to release the laddie.

McINTYRE. You miserable old witch! I'll have you tar-barreled for doubting my word!

ANNIE. There is nobody in Scotland who would take your word for a bawbee, my Lord McIntyre, but the words of Claverhouse and Dalziel are still as good as the King's. Speak up, my Lords; have I got your promise?

CLAVERHOUSE and DALZIEL. Yes! Yes!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Yes! Go on, speak!

ANNIE. Not yet, my Lords. You must pay the price. Set him free.

CLAVERHOUSE. (*To guards.*) Release the man. (*ROBERT steps forward.*)

ROBERT. (*Steps forward.*) No. No! Good woman; let me go to the torture, do not betray my friends. If you love me for any reason, let me die, but spare those ladies the fate that is in store for them.

ANNIE. You love them better than life, then?

ROBERT. Ay, better than a thousand lives, because there is still eternity beyond, and our souls will meet there.

GREENOCK. Come! Come! old hag, if you know where Annie Laurie is hiding, tell us at once; but mark you, the tar barrel is your fate if you have deceived us; for you and that dog of a soldier shall remain here until Annie Laurie is dragged before us.

ANNIE. (*Throwing off her wig and cloak.*) She is here!

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

[*Same scene; fifteen minutes later. Rise of curtain discovers GREENOCK and McINTYRE seated at table.*]

McINTYRE. Faith! My good Greenock, your pretty quarry will hardly escape the torture now.

GREENOCK. Damn the luck! I must save the girl and marry her to get the estates.

McINTYRE. Dalziel and the others will be glad of the chance to make you bend your proud neck, and beg hard for the favour.

GREENOCK. Curse you! Don't rub it in to me. I know that I am in a trap through the wench's crazy conduct. Why did she do it?

McINTYRE. Why do women ever do anything that men think foolish? He! He! That's the rut that all philosophers think is easy—until they get a wife—and then they put the riddle in their puzzle corner with the perpetual-motion and squaring-the-circle problems.

GREENOCK. Well, old friend, your presence of mind in adjourning the Council for half an hour after they were captured, was a great move, for it gave us a chance to think the situation over and form a plan of action. Damn it, I can't lose the girl and her fortune.

McINTYRE. The girl and half her fortune, my boy—the other half comes to me—or you'll have to fight your own battles.

GREENOCK. (*Impatiently rises.*) Yes! Yes! you'll get your share—only help me to untangle this mess.

McINTYRE. (*Rises.*) Let us see what we can do with the lass herself. And you, my buckie, had better get rid of that frown, and try what you can do with a smile and a soft word. You used to be a devil with the ladies—gentle and simple.

GREENOCK. All right. Call her in.

McINTYRE. Macer, bring Mistress Laurie here and leave her.

GREENOCK. And call to us when any of my Lords come in sight.

MACER. All right, my Lords. (*He goes out and returns in a moment with ANNIE. MACER goes out.*)

ANNIE. Your pleasure, my lords, but I would prefer to be left in peace without, until the time of trial comes.

McINTYRE. The time is fast coming, young lady; and we, as your best friends, are trying to find a way to save you.

ANNIE. My best friends, indeed! Your friendship is that of the hawk for the robin. Waste not your time with such words as those. If you have anything to say to me, speak truth.

GREENOCK. Be reasonable, sweet Annie. Torture and death await you, if you are found guilty of concealing that confessed rebel, Bounce. I would save you—for I love you.

ANNIE. We knew not that he was a traitor. I am a loyal and loving subject of King James.

McINTYRE. Fine talk, lass, but your Aunt's name was on his list, and the macer and soldiers heard him using traitorous and inflammable language in your house, and in your presence.

ANNIE. They were but the ravings of a drunken loon.

McINTYRE. Enough of this talk! You'll be found guilty of treason within the hour, unless we help you—and you must pay the price.

ANNIE. (*Scornfully.*) And the price to such as ye would be dishonor.

GREENOCK. Damn me, Annie, I love you well, and will honor you by making you my wife. As the Countess of Greenock no one will dare accuse you. Come! think of the torture.

ANNIE. Ah! my lords, with all your wisdom, you

know not the heart of woman. The love of a true man would be a prize worth more to me than the coronet of a duchess or the crown of a queen.

GREENOCK. But I love you madly, Annie. I have long had my eye on you as the prettiest girl in all Scotland.

ANNIE. Yes! the eye of the eagle for its prey. You may put me to the torture or to death, but I'll go with a pure heart, and a body undefiled by the touch of a monster like you.

GREENOCK. By my soul, you'll repent of this. I'll have the bones of your dainty feet crushed to a pulp unless you change your mind quickly.

[Enter MACER.]

MACER. My lords, the time of meeting is near and my Lord Chancellor is coming this way.

[Enter some spectators who remain at the right, and ROBERT with a guard of soldiers.]

GREENOCK. (*Angrily.*) Come, speak before it's too late. Consent to be my wife before the Council sits, or take the torture—and, by God, I'll recommend that you be burned at the stake as a witch.

ROBERT. Ah, Annie! Consent to marry him—I cannot bear up, while thinking of you being slaughtered like a lamb.

ANNIE. Robert, dear, you don't know what you advise; you can't mean it; your mind is unbalanced by your sufferings.

ROBERT. Yes! Yes! I do. (*Kneels.*) See! On bended knee I beg of you to give him your promise.

ANNIE. No! Robert, friend of my youth, I would not be worthy one thought in the mind of an honest man, if I should consent, through fear, to sell myself to that vile monster. (*To GREENOCK.*) Oh! I detest and despise you, and would rather become the slave of the executioner who is to crush my poor bones, than to marry you.

GREENOCK. (*Takes a step forward and strikes ANNIE*

with his glove in the face. She falls against table.)
You huzzy! I'll bring you to your knees yet!

[ROBERT utters a cry of rage, and breaks from the guards. He springs forward, and grasps GREENOCK by the throat, carries him to the ground, and almost strangles him. He is dragged off by the guard just as the lords enter and take their seats at the table.]

LORD CHANCELLOR. Order! Order! My Lords; please be seated.

[A bugle call, the marching of men and galloping of horses are heard outside.]

DALZIEL. (*Goes to window and looks out.*) By my faith, 'tis the Greys and the Guards. There's Dumbarton dismounting.

LORD CHANCELLOR. (*To DALZIEL.*) Please be seated, General. (*Another bugle call.*) This business is too serious to bear further delay. We must make an example of this fellow and his sweetheart, or our authority is at an end.

McINTYRE. Yes! Yes! take them out together, and scarify her face with a hot iron to spoil her beauty; and as for him, cut off his hands just for a start off; that will keep him from striking his superiors.

[ROBERT and ANNIE are being dragged toward the exit, when DUMBARTON enters followed by his staff.]

GREENOCK. Damnation.

McINTYRE. This puts a new phase on the case.

DUMBARTON. My Lords and gentlemen, I bring you greetings from His Most Gracious Majesty, the King. (*All rise and bow.*) And I am pleased to arrive at a moment when your business seems to be of such great importance.

CLAVERHOUSE. You are welcome, Dumbarton.

DALZIEL. I am glad to see you, General.

GREENOCK. The Council has voted on this matter. Executioner, do your duty at once.

ROBERT. My Lord Dumbarton!

[DUMBARTON *turns, and on recognizing ROBERT walks to him, takes his hand and leads him forward.*]

DUMBARTON. Hullo, Robert, my lad, what does this mean?

ROBERT. I am sentenced to the torture for striking Lord Greenock.

GREENOCK. Yes! curse him! He attacked me in the presence of the Council, and nothing but his life will satisfy my honor.

DUMBARTON. (*Turns to them sarcastically.*) Your honor, my Lord? But Reid is one of my best soldiers, and he has a cool head. There must have been a good reason. What was it, boy?

ROBERT. It was in defense of a lady. Not one of my regiment, from Colonel to the last-joined recruit, but would have done the same.

DUMBARTON. Well spoken, my lad, although not too wisely. Who was the lady.

ANNIE. Your little friend, Annie Laurie.

DUMBARTON. (*Taking both her hands.*) You here, too! Why, His Majesty sent a special message of regard to you, and the Queen sent her love, and bade me tell you she has picked out a noble husband for you. (*To the Council.*) Gentlemen, there must be some mistake.

MCINTYRE. There is no mistake, my Lord. A spy and traitor was captured in the Lauries' house, and he has confessed and given up a treasonable document which is signed by a hundred of our people, petitioning William of Orange to invade the country, and promising him support. Lady Mary is amongst the signers. The other prisoner (*indicating ROBERT*) has confessed to allowing prisoners to escape, and he has attacked a Councillor here in this room. Torture is too easy for both of them.

DUMBARTON. I will answer for both of them, and I demand that their cases be postponed, until His Majesty's return to Scotland.

GREENOCK. And I object!

McINTYRE. So do I!

DUMBARTON. Then I demand that the question be put to the vote formally.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Very well! General Dalziel, what is your vote?

DALZIEL. I vote for postponement.

McINTYRE. I vote that they both be tortured at once.

GREENOCK. So do I.

CLAVERHOUSE. I vote for postponement.

DUMBARTON. So do I.

CAMPBELL. I vote for torture.

LORD CHANCELLOR. There is a tie vote, and I vote for immediate torture. Executioner, do your duty.

[ROBERT and ANNIE are again seized.]

DUMBARTON. My Lords and gentlemen, I beg of you to reconsider. Robert Reid is now an officer in my regiment. I have brought his commission back from the King as a surprise to him, and alas! how do I find him? His comrades, who are under arms in the Square without, are waiting to see his commission presented to him. Those fifteen hundred men are strong in love and hate, and I will not be responsible for their actions if you put this indignity on their officer, whom they love so well.

ANNIE. My Lords, you will not dare outrage a King's officer. He is under military law, and entitled to be tried by court-martial.

McINTYRE. How will that save *you*, girl?

ANNIE. I care not what you do with me, only get it over quickly.

ROBERT. The lady is innocent, my Lords, as ye well know; and, by the Lord, she'll not be harmed to satisfy the lust of that scoundrel.

[*He snatches a sword from the Guard.*]

GREENOCK. Neither your sword, nor your commission, will save you from our vengeance. Seize him, Guards!

ROBERT. Dumbarton, stand by me, for the love of the old regiment.

DUMBARTON. (*Draws his sword. His staff do the*

same. Staff Officers fall in behind DUMBARTON and ROBERT with swords at "Ready.") Ay, my lad, to the death! My lords, your action is illegal, and I will defend my views.

GREENOCK. Even your Lordship will find it hard to escape punishment for this defiance. At them, varlets! (*Draws his sword and pushes soldiers aside.*)

ANNIE. (*Rushes to window and shouts.*) Soldiers of the Guards! To the rescue! Your officers are in danger. (*Shouts from without are heard.*)

MCINTYRE. (*To GREENOCK.*) Be calm, Greenock! If these devils are turned loose, they will pull the place about our ears, and tear us to pieces. I know them.

ANNIE. Hear ye, my lords! Fifteen hundred brave soldiers are within reach of my voice. They have fought and bled too, with Dumbarton and Reid. Shall I tell them you are going to torture their General?

MCINTYRE. Come away from the window, lassie, we will talk it over.

ANNIE. You have talked enough, you old spider! Release us unconditionally and at once, or I'll call to the troops. Without there, Douglas—Captain McCleod, do you know me?

VOICES. (*From without.*) Yes! Yes! fair Annie. What is the matter? Do you want us in there?

ANNIE. Yes, my friends. When I call, come quickly, and come for blood. Well, my lords, shall I invite my friends to enter?

DALZIEL. McIntyre, and you, Greenock, your lives are not worth a bawbee if those fellows come here, and find out what you've been up to. Gad! they'll give you a taste of the torture you've been meting out every day to those poor wretches.

MCINTYRE. You have influence with them, Dalziel, and you, Claverhouse, send them to their barracks.

DUMBARTON. They'll take orders from no one but me. And they are waiting to see their comrade presented on parade with his new commission.

ANNIE. Come, my Lords! Time is up! Will you change your vote?

MCINTYRE. Under the circumstances, I move that we reconsider and adjourn.

CAMPBELL. I second the motion! Let the case go to court martial. (*All except GREENOCK say "Ay! Ay!"*)

GREENOCK. Damnation! I will take a terrible vengeance for this.

ROBERT. The Council is now adjourned, my Lord Greenock, and as an officer of the Guards, I take pleasure in handing you this.

[*He strikes GREENOCK on the face. GREENOCK draws and they cross swords. DUMBARTON strikes down their swords.*]

DUMBARTON. (*Between ROBERT and GREENOCK.*) Gentlemen, this in its proper time and place.

GREENOCK. I cannot challenge him! He is a low-born bastard.

ROBERT. (*Strikes him again.*) You coward! I'll make you fight.

GREENOCK. Be it so! I'll meet you in the morning.

ROBERT. And in the morning, my Lord Greenock, I will kill you.

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

[*Interior of Greenock's Castle, three months later. Lighted fire at left. GREENOCK is sitting at a table. He fills a tankard and drinks.*]

GREENOCK. Ah! The wine tastes good tonight, and my blood is hot. (*Calls.*) Margare't! (*Enter MARGARET at Left, haggard, half insane, aged about forty. She comes down to fire.*) Any sign of the chair, wench? I am boiling with impatience.

MARGARET. I mind me when ye boiled with impatience for my coming. But it was ever so with you—a frown and a curse for the old, and a longing for a new face.

GREENOCK. Keep quiet, hag!

MARGARET. Yes, I am a hag now, but once you praised my beauty and longed for my caresses. Ay! Ay! I've seen many a fair face in this room—even puir Lady Eleanor, whom I hated. And now she lies in the cold ground, and the bairn—your living image.

GREENOCK. Curse your vile tongue. I'll have it pulled out some day if you let it wag so much.

MARGARET. There is little in the past to be proud of, but the boy may be living.

GREENOCK. How know you that?

MARGARET. I saw him with Jessie, my lady's maid. She had just landed from the French boat, and was hiding in Mag Anderson's cottage near the bay. But when I went after dusk to see her, she was dead, and the bairn was gone.

GREENOCK. Wretch! Why have you kept this knowledge from me for twenty years?

MARGARET. I' faith, my lord, I wanted to keep your mind off the mother and child.

GREENOCK. (*Aside.*) Can this old kite be the creature I once loved? But I need her services. (*Aloud.*)

Come! Come! Margaret, old girl, all you want now is gold, and I have precious little of that. But if you are faithful, the gold will soon come in bushels.

MARGARET. Ha! Have you got somebody for me to poison? Or some sweet flower to be plucked from its stem, to be trampled under foot when its perfume is extracted?

GREENOCK. (*Strikes the table with his fist, angrily.*) Hark ye, Margaret, thou knowest me well, I think.

MARGARET. Oh! Would to heaven that I had never known thee! I know little of thee that is good!

GREENOCK. (*With a scowl.*) What know ye that is bad, old Barebones? I am one—

MARGARET. Who never spared a man in his hatred, nor a woman in his lust, a renegade Covenanter, a relentless persecutor of the pious, a perjured lover, a faithless husband and a false friend—Alexander Greenock, thou art a fiend—thou art the devil in man's form.

GREENOCK. Ha! Ha! Witch, and I know thee for one whom the tar-barrel and thumbscrews await; and if you prove false to me, I doubt not but that my learned friend, McIntyre, will easily find the devil's mark on your yellow hide.

[MARGARET turns round, and pulls aside a curtain, disclosing a picture of Lady Eleanor.]

MARGARET. Have you no shame! nor even fear—that the spirit of this woman will strangle you?

GREENOCK. (*Huskily.*) Cover it! God's sake, cover it! Cover those eyes! Cover it, I say, or I'll split your head with my sword. (MARGARET pulls back the curtain.) Begone to the north tower, and announce to me when the chair is at the gate.

[Exit MARGARET. Steps are heard, then knock at the gate. MARGARET comes back.]

MARGARET. There are some bearers without, carrying a sedan.

GREENOCK. (*Triumphantly,*) She is mine at last. Now, Master Reid, I have the odds on thee. Nor Gods,

nor devil, can save her from me now. (*To MARGARET.*) Admit them, woman, and lead the lady to the bridal-chamber.

[*GREENOCK goes out right and MARGARET left. After a moment, MARGARET re-enters, followed by TAMMY and his assistants, bearing the sedan chair. TAMMY eyes MARGARET with some fear.*]

TAMMY. Good day to ye, gommer.

MARGARET. Good day, ye gowk! And 'twill soon be goodnight for ye. See! (*In a half-scream, pointing through the window.*) The light that dances in yonder hollow! (*TAMMY and the others show signs of great fear.*) See, (*Screamingly*) 'tis a corpse candle! Ah, fool! the day isn't far off when one will be dancing in the grass over your grave.

TAMMY. (*Terribly frightened.*) Jock, and ye others, I ta' ye to witness that she fortells my death. 'Tis malice and sorcery and I shall hale ye (*to MARGARET*) before the Council, and send ye to the fires of eternity over a tar-barrel.

MARGARET. Ye'll never live to see it, gommeral, your days are counted now. Tremble, wretch! (*TAMMY yells. LORD GREENOCK enters.*)

GREENOCK. (*To MARGARET.*) What mummerly is this? Silence, woman, lest I strangle thee! Begone! (*MARGARET moves away. GREENOCK approaches the sedan.*) Fair Annie, my beloved, you will pardon this trick, for which the excess of my love can be the only—the best excuse. My love, you have known it long, dear girl, and too long have you slighted it. But, on bended knee, I beseech thee to pardon me. Annie, dearest Annie. Come to my protecting and loving arms.

[*ANNIE is lifted out unconscious with bandage round her mouth. TAMMY and bearer exeunt with chair.*

ANNIE is put on chair Left of table.]

MARGARET. Poor bairn! With all your beauty and youth I don't envy you now.

GREENOCK. Silence, wretch! Use your wits to bring her to life.

[MARGARET gives ANNIE wine and chafes her hands and head. Enter TAMMY.]

TAMMY. We'll need your protection, my Lord! I'm thinking my old lady is more than half-killed.

GREENOCK. What? You old fool, didn't you know enough to avoid violence?

TAMMY. Avoid violence, indeed? You told me to bring you the girl, if I had to swim through blood, and now you have her you make light of my services.

[MARGARET comes round back of table to Left of ANNIE.]

GREENOCK. No, no, Tammy, you're all right, and I'll reward you; but the old lady has influence with the new King in London. What did ye do to her.

TAMMY. We surrounded the chair as planned, and a couple of cracks on the pate, put the chair-men to sleep, but the ladies clung to each other, and the old lady got a crack on the head as she was dragged from the chair. We left her there on the road, and travelled full speed for home.

GREENOCK. (*Throws purse.*) Here, give something to those fellows, and warn them if they value their tongues to keep their mouths shut tight. Begone! (*Exit TAMMY.*)

MARGARET. She's coming to, and you'd better go out until she regains her strength somewhat.

GREENOCK. I'm dying with impatience. Don't keep me waiting if you value my friendship.

MARGARET. Pouff! (*Exit GREENOCK.*)

ANNIE. What has happened? Where am I? Ah, I remember, we were attacked by robbers. Where's Auntie? Is she safe?

MARGARET. She's safe enough! Take another drink.

ANNIE. No, no, I'm well now. Where am I? To whom do I owe my rescue?

MARGARET. To Lord Greenock. This is his Castle.

ANNIE. Oh, dear God, this is worse than death. (*Struggles to her feet.*) Let me get away from here, before he sees me.

MARGARET. 'Tis too late for that, he has seen you. His servant abducted you, and you will remain here as a prisoner, until you become his wife or worse.

ANNIE. Oh, what a horrible fate! Oh, Robert, my Robert, come to me and save me. (*To MARGARET.*) You will help me (*takes hold of her arms.*) You look like a good woman. Help me to get away from here, and I'll be your friend for life. Do you want riches? I will give them to you—gold, houses, jewels—only get me away from here before that horrible man comes back.

MARGARET. (*Putting ANNIE away from her.*) I'm sorry for you, girl. I thought my heart was dead, but your grief stirs me here. (*Puts her hand to heart.*) I'd help you if I could, but neither God nor devil can get you out of the clutches of Greenock, until he is ready to let you go.

ANNIE. Oh, Robert, why did you go far away to the Southland? Come back, my love, or I am lost. (*Enter GREENOCK.*)

GREENOCK. Lost indeed! You've only just been found, sweet Annie, and I will teach you more of love in a day than that beardless beggar could imagine in a year.

ANNIE. My Lord, you will be punished for this outrage. How dare you treat me in this way?

GREENOCK. (*Laughingly.*) Dare? 'Tis the sweetest dare I've ever dared in all my daring days. You know not the power of your beauty.

MARGARET. And your wealth.

GREENOCK. Begone, hag, another word, and I'll have your tongue cut out. (*Exit MARGARET, scowling.*)

ANNIE. (*To MARGARET.*) Oh, don't go—don't leave me alone. (*Follows her.*)

GREENOCK. Mistress Laurie, you are completely in my power, and must do my will. But I will marry you. I'll give up my wild ways, and be a model to the new Court.

ANNIE. I am betrothed to another man, and I can never love anyone else, and I hate you. Oh, my Lord, why did you pick on me, who never did you any wrong? If it is my wealth you want, take it—take it all—but spare me. I value my love above all the treasures of the world.

GREENOCK. Your love is in the grave, girl. Do you not know that King William's troops are everywhere victorious, and the Stuarts are scattered and on the run.

ANNIE. But Robert lives, I heard it a month ago.

GREENOCK. He lived a month ago, but since then every regiment in King James' army has gone over bag and baggage to William of Orange except the Scots Greys and the first Scottish Musketeers to which he belonged, and they have been surrounded by the Dutch and slaughtered like sheep.

ANNIE. 'Tis false! I won't believe it! They are true to their colors when all others were faithless. Such heroes are a match for the whole Dutch army, and they will yet march into Edinburgh to replace the true King on the throne. (*Enter MCINTYRE.*)

MCINTYRE. What's this I hear? It sounds like treason to King William.

ANNIE. So you will read it, my Lord. You were King James's Lord Chief Justice three months ago, and an ardent Roman Catholic; today King James is down, and you are Chancellor to King William, and your morning prayer is "God save King William." Next month when the Stuarts drive their enemies into the seas, I have no doubt you'll be a candidate for a bishopric.

MCINTYRE. Silence, wench, I'll—I'll—(*Walks toward ANNIE.*)

GREENOCK. (*Laughingly.*) Ho there, Margaret. (*Enter MARGARET.*) Show my lady to her chamber, and don't let her out of your sight for a moment.

MARGARET. Come, my lady and rest a while. (*Exeunt MARGARET and ANNIE.*) Begad, Greenock, she hit you hard, old crony.

McINTYRE. Damn the girl, she took my breath away, but as she's to be my Lady Greenock, I suppose I must forget and forgive. Has she consented?

GREENOCK. Not yet, but she will before to-morrow.

McINTYRE. Weel, Greenock, me buckie, you have been after her long enough and it's time ye were making an impression on her.

GREENOCK. Yes, my plan to abduct her has proved successful, but, curse the jade! she is as obstinate as a mule.

McINTYRE. I have asked that fule, Ichabod, who is now in high favor, to come here, and show her the error of her ways.

GREENOCK. And I have bribed that minx, Hilda, to aid me with the jade.

McINTYRE. He! He! Now that Hilda has thrown over MacKay and married Craigdarroch, I suppose she is anxious to make her friend faithless too. (*Enter TAMMY.*)

TAMMY. A spy from the South was captured near the gate, my Lord.

McINTYRE. Did ye search him?

TAMMY. Yes, my Lord, and we found these papers—but not a single bawbee.

GREENOCK. (*Gives them to McIntyre.*) Put them on the table and begone. (*Exit TAMMY.*)

McINTYRE. (*Opens package, and takes out two letters.*) Eh, there's nothing of importance here—a letter for Lady Dumbarton. (*He opens it.*) Just a love line from her Lord. And one to Mistress Hilda Lovat—from that gallant MacKay, credulous fule, to trust a woman's faith! He wasn't gone a month when she married his rival.

GREENOCK. (*Looking over his shoulder.*) Hold, a thought strikes me! The hand is easy to imitate. You are a handy scribe, McIntyre—write a few lines telling of Reid's marriage to some airy-fairy camp follower.

McINTYRE. (*Rubbing his hands gleefully.*) Excellent!

Excellent idea! I will do it and take it myself to the fair Hilda. (*He goes out.*)

GREENOCK. (*Calling after him.*) Hold, McIntyre, I will be with you. (*Bangs on table. Enter MARGARET.*) Inform Mistress Annie that this is to be her abiding place until she comes to her senses. You're to admit no one on peril of death, except the mad preacher, Bounce, and Lady Hilda Craigdarroch, who will be here presently. (*He shouts.*) Tammy! (*Enter TAMMY.*) You will allow nobody to enter the Castle except Lady Craigdarroch, and the mad preacher, Bounce. (*To MARGARET.*) Inform Mistress Annie that I will be here again within an hour. (*From the door to MARGARET.*) Can you not find a love-philtre to give the girl? (*He goes out. Exit MARGARET, scowling.*)

TAMMY. What's in the jade that she refuses a master that any lady in the land might be proud to love? I' faith, women are past my comprehension. (*He goes out. Enter ANNIE and MARGARET.*)

MARGARET. Will you not sup, Madam?

ANNIE. Sup? Oh, no.

MARGARET. Try, my lady—a little milk and wine. (*ANNIE cries.*) Still weeping? 'Twas so with me once, but I shall never weep again, till I wring tears of blood from my betrayer.

ANNIE. You frighten me. Please bring me a light, and I will retire. A night under his roof! Ah, God, I shall go mad! How can such wickedness exist? Is there no one to help me?

MARGARET. Might is right now! The army is scattered in the South, and the rabble rules the city. This Castle is as close as a prison, until my Lord releases you.

ANNIE. Oh, I wish I could die! Let me go to my room and be alone.

MARGARET. This is your room, my Lady. But here is a visitor. (*Enter TAMMY, who announces the REV-EREND ICHABOD BOUNCE. Exit MARGARET.*)

ANNIE. Oh, Mr. Bounce, I am so glad to see you. Cannot you get me out of this hell?

ICHABOD. Hell is the portion of the wicked, and I fear me ye are too great a sinner, young woman, to touch my hand.

ANNIE. (*Drawing back.*) What mean you, sir?

ICHABOD. I mean that you are living in sin and shame—living openly in the house of this ungodly Lord, and unless ye marry him forthwith, I will read ye from the pulpit of the Kirk on the very next Sabbath, and give your shame to the nation.

ANNIE. (*Sits down and sobs.*) O God, is there no pity amongst the living?

ICHABOD. Ay, pity there is, but ye must repent ye of your sins.

ANNIE. (*Standing up and speaking angrily.*) Begone, wretched man, caricature of a minister of the gospel! Such as you think and talk too much of hell and punishment, and too little of the good in life. Begone from my presence, and let me not see your face again. Even the monster who dragged me to this house is preferable to you.

ICHABOD. Hoity-toity, as if the Earl of Greenock were not good enough for ye. Mark me, ye'll beg of him to make an honest woman of ye yet.

[ANNIE picks up a pike and ICHABOD runs out. She drops the pike and throws herself on the couch.
Enter HILDA.]

HILDA. (*Embraces ANNIE.*) Still weeping, Annie dear. I am so sorry to find you in this predicament.

ANNIE. Oh, Hilda, I am so pleased to see you! Cannot you help me to escape?

HILDA. Escape is impossible, girl. Greenock is all-powerful in Edinburgh today.

ANNIE. Oh, if Robert were here.

HILDA. Robert, indeed! Bosh, Annie, that gallant never loved you! Or he would not have gone off with the troops and left you alone.

ANNIE. Oh horrors! This insinuation is the most unkind of all! The contumely and shame which Greenock has brought upon me I can bear—for I despise them, though I mourn them deeply. But a doubt of Robert's love—it sinks like a dagger in my heart. It was the spirit of truth and love with which he left me that makes me rise superior to all this trouble.

HILDA. But Greenock loves you truly!

ANNIE. Do you think he loves me as Robert does? Do you think he knows what love means? Oh no, his passion is a turbulent phantasy inflamed by rivalry and opposition, and sharpened by wounded pride. Oh! How can you forget the horrible mystery that involves the fate of his wife and child. (*She sits on chair and weeps.*)

HILDA. Pooh! They died in France.

ANNIE. Her heart was broken.

HILDA. All gossip, my dear. Hearts are never broken except in the pages of a romance. As for me, I think there is something really noble about Lord Greenock.

ANNIE. Noble?

HILDA. Yes! And do not his wit and elegance and his courage excite the admiration of every woman in the city?

ANNIE. (*Rises.*) Yes! But I cannot forget what a scoundrel lies beneath the mask of that prepossessing exterior.

HILDA. Annie dear, I have but one more argument—and that is, that your fair fame requires marriage.

ANNIE. Never! Oh never!

HILDA. Listen to this, my girl! 'Tis a letter which I have just received from my old flame, MacKay. (*Reads.*) "Mine own sweet Hilda, I write surrounded by the Dutch troops of William of Orange with the dead and dying strewing the earth around. But believe me, that the heart of your poor MacKay in suffering and danger, poverty, and exile, is still unchanged, my beloved Hilda, and is thine for ever. My ancient signet-ring, the last relic of the house of MacKay, I have bartered

yesterday for a loaf of bread, and now I have nothing left but a lock of thine hair which shall go with me to the grave. But more glorious by far are our Jacobite rags than the gay uniforms and decorations which we might have worn under the usurper, William of Orange. Our old friend, Robert Reid, is well and sends his complements to you. Farewell, my gentle Hilda, and may God bless thee. MacKay, Captain of the Royal Scots Musketeers." (*Ends.*) My poor light-hearted Richard, would to Heaven I could lessen your miseries.

ANNIE. Oh, Hilda, how they must suffer—my darling Robert and poor MacKay.

HILDA. Gossip, tease me not, but listen to this post scriptum. (*Reads.*) "It will grieve you much to hear that Robert Reid has broken his plighted troth to your friend, Annie Laurie, and has married a camp follower of bad repute." (*Ends.*)

ANNIE. Oh God! The cup of my sorrow is full to overflowing! Again, read it again, Hilda.

HILDA. Not for worlds! If Craigdarroch heard that I had a letter from my former lover he would be crazy. To the flames with it. (*She throws it in the fire.*)

ANNIE. A camp follower of bad repute! It is false—impossible! MacKay hath lied! But, yet—my throat is parched and scorching. Give me water! (*HILDA fills wine cup, and presses it to her lips.*)

HILDA. Bear up, dearie, the man is not worth a thought.

ANNIE. Oh Robert! Robert! God may forgive you this cruelty—I never can. (*Enter GREENOCK, followed by MCINTYRE and ICHABOD.*)

GREENOCK. How now, fair Annie, what grieves thee so cruelly?

ANNIE. (*Rises.*) Leave me, all of you, for God's sake!

GREENOCK. But won't you let me share your sorrow, whatever it may be? I love you truly and well.

ANNIE. Oh! I'll do anything—but let me away from

here! Let me see the old home once more—let me bury myself in its embrace.

HILDA. You are a fool, Annie—you cannot leave here with a good name except as the wife of Greenock. (*Exit.*)

ANNIE. (*Madly.*) Oh yes! I will marry you now this moment!

ICHABOD. (*Searching in his pocket.*) I hae lost my bible—I must hae left it in the kitchen. I will be back in a minute. (*Exit.*)

GREENOCK. (*Triumphantly.*) At last you're mine. (*Takes ANNIE in his arms and tries to kis her. She screams madly and strikes him in his face.*)

ANNIE. Help, Hilda, Help.

GREENOCK. Damn the wench, she's crazy—but I'll punish her for this. (*ANNIE rushes to the door, but is dragged back by LORD GREENOCK.*)

ANNIE. (*Breaks away from him, rushes to the window and shrieks.*) Help! Help! Will no one save me?

[*A shout is heard outside and loud rapping at the gate. The men rush from the room in alarm and ROBERT's voice is heard.*]

ROBERT. Open the doors, or we will blow the lock off.

GREENOCK. (*Outside.*) Begone, rascal! Or I'll hang thee at the gates.

[*A volley of musketry is heard and troopers sing "Annie Laurie." The door is heard to fall, in rushes ROBERT, driving LORD GREENOCK and MCINTYRE, TAMMY and ICHABOD before him. He is followed by a score of troopers of the Scots Greys. A trooper disarms GREENOCK who falls down. ROBERT runs to ANNIE, who holds out her hands to keep him back after fight.*]

ROBERT. Confusion! What means this? Oh, Annie! Is this the welcome I expected! (*ANNIE averts her face and sobs.*) Look at me, adorable Annie. (*He stretches his hands toward her. ANNIE trembles and sobs.*) Look

at me, beloved one. Dirty and crumpled as I am, and though another holds your heart, you cannot have forgotten me, and learnt to view me with aversion. If this false lord has won your heart—

ANNIE. Oh! Say not that, Robert! Say not that. But how could you have forgotten me so soon? I was faithful and true, and yet you forsook me for another. To God I appeal. (*She raises her clasped hands and streaming eyes.*) Kneeling, I appeal, if ever, in word of thought, I swerved from thee, until the tidings of thy marriage broke my poor heart. (*Enter MARGARET.*)

ROBERT. Heaven preserve my senses! The devil himself must have been at work! We have been deceived by some deep laid plot. Oh! how could you have mistrusted me, Annie?

ANNIE. But you married a camp follower—I saw it myself in MacKay's letter to Hilda.

ROBERT. 'Tis a foul lie—I am as free as air.

[ANNIE throws herself into his arms. GREENOCK starts forward with uplifted hand, but just as he cuts at ROBERT an officer runs him through. He falls on couch.]

GREENOCK. Ah! Ha! The game is lost; and as this blood oozes out, the last of the race of Greenock departs.

MARGARET. 'Tis not so, Alexander Greenock. As bonnie and brave a man as you were, and a thousand times more honest, lives to uphold the title, and win back honor to the name.

GREENOCK. What mean you, witch?

MARGARET. Let me have Master Reid's ring, Mistress Annie—fear not, lady, it will be returned.

[*She takes the ring which ROBERT had given to ANNIE, and hands it to LORD GREENOCK, who presses a spring.*]

GREENOCK. Oh! 'Tis my wife's, Eleanor's. Where did you get this, Reid?

ROBERT. 'Tis my mother's—her dying and only gift to me.

MARGARET. There is your son and heir, and you can do no better than to wish him a happier and better life than you have had.

GREENOCK. Eleanor! Wife! Forgive me! God have mercy! (*He falls back and rolls on floor.*)

ANNIE. How came you on the scene so handily?

ROBERT. These brave fellows are Dundee's troop of horse—the last remnant of the gallant army which marched south so bravely. We were passing the gate, when I heard my darling's cry. And now they march for the Highlands, to make a last stand for King James and the honor of Scotland.

CURTAIN

THE CONSPIRATORS

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

[First production, Sept. 4, 1905, Park Theatre, Boston]

EDWARD WATERS, a lawyer	<i>Edward R. Mawson</i>
ROBERT CAINE, his secretary	<i>Lionel Adams</i>
JOE LEAVITT, formerly Joe Levi, an engraver	<i>Russell Bassett</i>
JACK RICH, a young philosopher	<i>A. L. Jarett</i>
DORA MORRIS, a society girl with a genius for penmanship	<i>Margaret Pitt</i>
MRS. MORRIS, her mother	<i>Alma E. Lewis</i>
HELEN LORD, another society girl	<i>Eleanor Elkins</i>
POLICEMAN	<i>J. Carrol</i>
BUTLER AT WATER'S	<i>L. A. Doss</i>
ATTENDANT AT LEAVITT'S	<i>John Martin</i>

ACT I.

[MR. WATERS'S library, Boston. Early spring. CAINE is writing at desk Right. Bell rings.]

CAINE. (*Throws down pen and looks up.*) I'm sick of this eternal drudgery, and unless luck turns, I'll do something desperate to make a good haul.

[*Enter SERVANT from Left.*]

SERVANT. A gentleman wishes to see you, sir. (*Hands card.*)

CAINE. Leavitt. The devil! (*To SERVANT.*) Show him up.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Hang him, why does he come here to see me!

[*Enter LEAVITT following SERVANT. Latter exit.*]

LEAVITT. Ah! my dear boy, I'm glad to find you in. (*They shake hands.*)

CAINE. (*Sulkily. Rises to shake hands, and sits down again.*) How d'ye do, Leavitt, but why do you come here? You know that I'm walking on thin ice. If Waters suspected I was a bit of a sport he'd quickly dispense with my services.

LEAVITT. Why should he suspect anything because I call? My character is irreproachable. Am I not President of a Chinatown Sunday School and Secretary of the mission to Porto Rico?

CAINE. (*Rises and goes close to LEAVITT.*) Yes, and President of the Universal Engraving Company with (*In a loud whisper.*) an occasional deal in banknotes on the side.

LEAVITT. (*Puts his hand over CAINE'S mouth.*) Sh! you blamed idiot!

CAINE. (*With a laugh.*) Don't get scared, old top! This room is built to prevent eavesdroppers, as Waters and his clients meet here for many a big deal, which not even I can get a line on until it's worked out on the street.

LEAVITT. (*Angrily.*) Don't do it—it makes me nervous.

CAINE. Cut the jawing, and come to business. I expect Mr. Waters back any minute, and he mustn't find you here. (*The telephone rings. He goes to it.*) Hello! Yes, sir. (*Pause.*) Very nearly finished the rough draft. (*Pause.*) In half an hour—all right, sir. (*Hangs up receiver..*)

LEAVITT. Is that Waters?

CAINE. Yes, he'll be here in half an hour, and I've got some work to do, so hurry up and get out.

LEAVITT. (*Examining envelope on desk.*) First tell me who addressed this envelope.

CAINE. Oh, that! Miss Morris, daughter of old Morris of the Washington Bank. She's a wonder with a pen.

LEAVITT. Yes, a wonder. As an engraver, this caught my eye.

CAINE. (*Laughs as he walks to desk.*) Yes, it's like copper-plate. What do you think of this? (*Takes envelope from his desk and hands it to LEAVITT.*)

LEAVITT. (*Reads.*) Edward Waters Esq., Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. (*CAINE hands him a check from a number on the desk.*) Same handwriting.

CAINE. Look again—you're an expert.

LEAVITT. (*Examining closely.*) Dash it, man, the name, Edward Waters, is exactly the same in both cases.

CAINE. You're wrong! Waters signed the check, and Miss Morris wrote the address for fun.

LEAVITT. (*Examining with a magnifying glass from the table.*) Phew! She's a genius! I wish I could get her.

CAINE. (*Puts envelope, etc., back on desk.*) Rot,

man! Waters is dead gone on her, and she'll probably be his wife before the leaves begin to fall.

LEAVITT. What a pity such talent should be wasted! Why don't you make a bid for her yourself?

CAINE. (*Bitterly.*) I've tried to make a hit with her, but what chance have I against the rich and famous philanthropist, Edward Waters? She's a beauty, too, and I'd marry her if she couldn't write her own name.

LEAVITT. (*Sits down.*) It's a pity, but never say die.

CAINE. Forget it! Now come to business.

LEAVITT. (*Looking at watch.*) Well, Jones and I have a deal on, and we want you to come in for a bit—a thousand will do.

CAINE. I can't do it! I'm nearly five thousand behind now, and I'll have to say goodbye to Boston before July first, unless something turns up.

LEAVITT. How's that?

CAINE. You dear innocent! You know darned well I lost more money since Christmas than my salary for two years would make up.

LEAVITT. Well?

CAINE. Well, I just borrowed a few "bearer" bonds from the vault, which will be missed when the governor goes to cut his coupons on July first.

LEAVITT. Don't worry! There's plenty of time to make good before then. Why can't you borrow a few more of those "bearer" bonds?

CAINE. No go! There's nothing there at present that could be sold quickly without risk.

LEAVITT. I'm sorry you're out of this, Caine, it's surely a good thing. (*Rises.*) Goodbye. (*Telephone rings.*)

CAINE. (*Goes to telephone.*) Yes, Mr. Rich, I recognise your voice. (*Pause.*) Not home yet, sir. (*Pause.*) I don't quite catch what you say. (*Pause.*) Pearls. Wait until you come. Mrs. and Miss Morris and Miss Lord. All right, sir. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

LEAVITT. (*On hearing the word "pearls" has turned back from the door.*) Is that Waters?

CAINE. No, that's his chum, Rich. He's bringing his famous pearls here after the show.

LEAVITT. Bring his pearls here?

CAINE. Yes.

LEAVITT. How's that?

CAINE. His fiancée wore the necklace to the show. He wants Waters to put it in his safe until tomorrow, and then deposit it in the vaults.

LEAVITT. Why doesn't he do it himself?

CAINE. He sails for Europe in the morning, and Waters is his trustee. The necklace is said to be worth \$50,000.

LEAVITT. Jerusalem! What a prize! Can't we get it tonight? We must, man. That's your chance to get square!

CAINE. No! No! Too much risk.

LEAVITT. No risk at all! Leave it to me. I'll come back, and be in the street—drop them out of the window. (*Points.*)

CAINE. (*Angrily.*) It can't be done! (*Pauses.*) And even if we got them, we couldn't get rid of them.

LEAVITT. Leave that to your Uncle Joe. I'll give you \$5000 now if you promise to drop the necklace into the street. That'll be your share. I'll take the risk of disposing of the pearls one by one.

CAINE. (*Hesitatingly.*) Well, if I see a safe chance, I may take it.

LEAVITT. (*Takes out pocketbook and check-book. Sits at table.*) Here's a thousand, and (*Writes in check-book*) here are four checks for a thousand each, the first dated tomorrow, and three days apart for the others. Goodbye. (*Goes toward door.*) Here, take my glove (*a large gauntlet*) put them in that when you get a chance, and drop them through the window—I'll be there. (*Exit.*)

CAINE. It's an awful risk—and I won't do it. Damn

Leavitt, he'll get me hanged yet, unless I'm careful. (*Goes back to desk and writes.*) Oh! this poverty and drudgery! Will it never end?

[*Enter EDWARD WATERS.*]

WATERS. Hello, Caine, not finished yet?

CAINE. (*Stands up.*) Not quite, sir; it will only take a few minutes.

WATERS. You're not looking well, Caine—working too hard. You must take a few weeks' vacation in the woods.

CAINE. Oh, I'm all right, thank you, sir—just a headache.

WATERS. Well, don't do any more this afternoon, we'll finish it in the morning. Tell Smith to call me at seven—I must be at the pier at eight to see Mr. Rich off.

CAINE. (*Goes to door, stops, and comes back.*) Oh, pardon me, I was nearly forgetting. Mr. Rich is coming here to see you. He wants to leave his pearls.

WATERS. His pearls!

CAINE. Yes, sir.

WATERS. What on earth is Jack doing with his grandmother's pearls at this time of day? (*Laughing.*) You don't mean to say that he has been wearing them?

CAINE. (*Laughing.*) No, sir, but Miss Lord has. He told me to say that Mrs. and Miss Morris were also in his party, and that he would try to bring them all in to call on you as they passed, and to be sure and have some dinner ready.

WATERS. (*Delightedly.*) What a nerve he has! Run along, Caine, and see what can be done with the cook, and tell Smith to get up a bottle of '74 from the cellar.

CAINE. (*Goes to door.*) And he said that Miss Morris told him to say that unless the dinner was good, there'd be a riot in the house. (*Exit.*)

WATERS. (*Laughing.*) Oh, what a dear, sweet, clever little girl she is! (*Sighs.*) Ah! if she would only care for a dusty old bachelor like me what a difference it would make in my life. (*Enter CAINE.*)

CAINE. There are a few letters, sir.

[*Hands letters to WATERS.*]

WATERS. (*Opens one.*) Ah! one from your predecessor, Caine.

CAINE. (*At desk.*) Yes, sir. He was a thief, sir, wasn't he?

WATERS. Yes. Read it aloud.

[*Hands letter to CAINE, who steps down by table.*]

CAINE. (*Reads.*) "Dear Sir: Knowing your good heart and broad mind, I write without apology. I want your assistance to enable me to live. I have been out of prison nearly a year, and, owing to the fact that my prison record keeps cropping up against me, I cannot get permanent work. I have had eight situations since I left the prison, but each time, my employer, in some way, found out my past, and dismissed me without a word. I can get no references, and the police of New York and Boston have arrested me three times, as a suspect, without any reason; and, after causing me to lose two hard-won places, warned me to leave those cities. That was my compensation! True, I have been a criminal and a convict! I stole \$5000 from you—but I paid the penalty for my crime, and it is unfair for society to hound me down. I have had my lesson, and I have tried, before God and man, to avoid breaking the law. I am now desperate, and unless you help me to get work—honest work—I will choose crime as my profession, and live on or off society which has refused to give me a chance to exist. Yours respectfully, John Mooney."

WATERS. Well, Caine?

CAINE. Very impertinent, I should say. Shall I send it to the police?

WATERS. Get your book, and take this letter. (*CAINE gets dictation book from desk. Sits at desk. WATERS dictates.*) To all whom it may concern. The bearer, John Merchant—

CAINE. John Mooney, sir.

WATERS. John Merchant—he will need a new name to hide his past record. Go on.

CAINE. Yes, sir.

WATERS. —was in my employ for six years as confidential clerk and secretary. He left my service to take up work for the government as his health was not suited to office work.

CAINE. Ah ha, that's a good joke, sir, and serve him right for his nerve.

WATERS. (*Smiling.*) 'Twas no joke for him, poor devil. (*Continues dictating.*) I strongly recommend him to anyone wanting a good shipping-clerk, or for other similar work, and I am ready at any time to give bond for his honesty and good behaviour to the extent of \$1000. Sincerely—

CAINE. By Jove, that is good of you!

WATERS. Not at all, Caine. I believe the man has been punished enough for his mistake, and that he should get a good chance.

CAINE. But a man or woman who sins once, will sin more easily the second time.

WATERS. I don't agree with you altogether. Most people prefer to be honest, and lots of them are driven to wrong by environment and force of circumstances, and if the same circumstances were applied to some of ourselves, we, too, would go down as before the waters of Niagara. What virtue can I claim for being honest? I have never felt the want of anything in my life. Why should you claim superior virtue to the beggar who hungers for bread, and craves for a glass of beer outside the door of the saloon? Your week's salary would buy the whole stock of the baker, or enough beer to swim in.

CAINE. But men who are rich and prosperous sometimes steal, and wealthy ladies are sometimes shoplifters.

WATERS. (*With a smile.*) Kleptomaniacs, Caine.

CAINE. Well, kleptomaniacs. Doesn't that upset your theory?

WATERS. No, it strengthens it. When one hungers

for a luxury—for something that is really unnecessary to life or happiness—it is a state of a diseased mind—a morbid condition that should be treated by an alienist in a sanitarium, rather than by the club of a policeman and the shame of the police court. For instance, if you were to covet the bonds and stocks in my safe (*CAINE starts and grips the table for support.*) you would in time lose your self-control, and might be tempted to steal my property.

CAINE. Never, sir!

WATERS. Well, you're a purist, and won't be argued round, but I'm going to help Mooney just the same. Write to him.

CAINE. Yes, sir.

WATERS. (*Dictating.*) I enclose my check for \$50 and a recommendation, which I hope will help you to get another job under a new name and to hold it. With best wishes, I am, Yours truly.

CAINE. Right, sir.

WATERS. Make out a check, and I will sign it in the morning.

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

SERVANT. (*Announces.*) Mrs. and Miss Morris, Miss Lord, and Mr. Rich.

[*Enter as above. Exit SERVANT. All shake hands with WATERS and bow to CAINE.*]

JACK. Well, old duffer, you missed a treat by not accepting my invitation this afternoon.

WATERS. (*To DORA.*) Why didn't you let me know who were to be in your party?

DORA. Ah! that was to be a surprise, and we expected you till almost the end.

[*Mrs. MORRIS sits down.*]

WATERS. I had an important meeting to attend, but I certainly should have broken it up, if I had known you were to be there.

JACK. We had a bully time.

HELEN. And Jack was the centre of attraction.

JACK. Yes, the ladies were the attraction, and I was in the centre.

DORA. But Mr. Waters is so busy—we oughtn't to stay any longer. Come, Mother, let us be going.

[*She turns to MRS. MORRIS, who rises and sits down again.*]

WATERS. No, no, please don't go yet; Caine has ordered some dinner.

JACK. Not on your life! We're going to remain, and keep old stay-at-home up till three in the morning.

HELEN. Make it six, and then we can go straight to the boat and see you off.

DORA. Then we should be the centre of attraction in these dresses.

WATERS. And sleepy eyes.

HELEN. And grandmother's pearls.

JACK. Oh, the pearls, by Jove! My dear old grand-dam will turn over in her grave! Her last injunction was that they were never to be worn until my wife should place them round her neck.

WATERS. (*Laughing.*) And weren't you afraid to break her injunction?

DORA. Helen gave him no peace until she had worn them.

JACK. Well, she'll be my wife in June—so soon that the old lady won't know the difference. Don't they say that three months there is only like the fraction of a second here?

HELEN. Oh dear, I hope it won't bring bad luck! I'm sorry I've had them now.

WATERS. (*Joins DORA at piano.*) I'm deeply sorry I missed being with you this afternoon.

DORA. So are we—all of us. Mother was dozing most of the time, and Jack and Helen had thoughts for no one but themselves.

WATERS. What a donkey Jack is! Why didn't he tell me? He called me up at noon, and said he was getting a crowd together for lunch and the show.

DORA. (*Laughing.*) And you didn't appreciate spending three or four hours with one of Jack's "crowds"?

WATERS. Three or four hours! Why, my dear girl, eight or ten hours would be more nearly the time. I've been through it once or twice!

DORA. Well, next time, you'll know better.

WATERS. (*With a grimace.*) Next time I may accept, and find myself with a crowd of young bloods, from whom it will be impossible to get away before daylight.

DORA. (*Laughingly.*) But a little relaxation would do you good! Is it well to take life too seriously?

WATERS. Life is serious—a thinking person can't forget that for very long.

DORA. I tried to joke Papa to come to the theatre with us last night, and he nearly took my head off at first, and then he broke down and actually sobbed. His health worries us, and we can't get him to take a vacation. Surely that kind of life isn't desirable?

WATERS. The money-market is very unsettled, and his bank is loaned up heavily. His duties as president are very trying.

DORA. (*As they leave piano.*) He is a slave! I would rather be poor than lead a life like his. He never forgets his business, and poor Mother is almost a wreck too, from worrying about him.

MRS. MORRIS. Mr. Caine, won't you get me a glass of water?

CAINE. Certainly, Mrs. Morris. (*Exits.*)

WATERS. (*Who has heard, to DORA.*) Perhaps you would like something to drink?

DORA. Thank you, a little milk and soda, if it's not too much trouble.

WATERS. Let's go to the dining-room.

[*Exeunt* MRS. MORRIS, DORA, WATERS and CAINE.]

JACK leaves window to follow.]

HELEN. Where are you going, Jack?

JACK. Oh, I'm going to follow the crowd—come along.

HELEN. I don't want to follow the crowd—I prefer to stay here.

JACK. But don't you want something to drink?

[*Laughter is heard from dining-room. JACK makes a step or two towards exit.*]

HELEN. (*Peevishly.*) Jack, come here! We haven't had a moment together since Saturday.

JACK. Why, you dear, sweet little goose, we've been together since noontime.

HELEN. (*Poutingly, sits at piano.*) Yes, in a crowd!

JACK. (*Goes to her, puts his arm round her waist, and takes her hand. She does not respond.*) But, my dearest, you don't call Mrs. Morris and Dora a crowd?

HELEN. Yes, I do, and you spoil the whole afternoon for me by inviting them.

JACK. Why, good gracious, I believe you're jealous!

HELEN. (*Pulls away from him.*) I have nothing to be jealous of! Jealous, indeed!

JACK. Of course not! It's too funny!

HELEN. Yes I have, too! It isn't at all funny! You and Dora gabbled away all the afternoon, and I might have been in the moon for all the attention you paid me.

JACK. Now, Helen, do be sensible! You know I love you better than any one else in the world or I wouldn't want to marry you. (*He puts his arm round her waist, and she snuggles up to him.*) But, I've known Dora since we were kiddies together, and, after you, she's the best woman friend I have.

HELEN. (*Breaks away from him, and stamps her foot.*) Go away from me! I believe you love her, and not me, and I hate her.

JACK. Helen! Sweetheart! Do be calm! They will hear you!

HELEN. I don't care who hears me!

JACK. (*Seriously.*) Helen dear, this grieves me more than I can say.

HELEN. Well, you oughtn't to let her flirt with you.

JACK. (*Takes her arm.*) I hear them returning. It would never do for them to see you like this.

HELEN. (*Snappishly from door.*) I don't care what happens.

[*Exit, followed by JACK, who shrugs his shoulders, and looks at the ceiling with an expression of puzzled despair. Enter CAINE.*]

CAINE. Not a chance to put my fingers on the pearls. (*Goes to window.*) Ah! there's Leavitt, under a tree watching every shadow like a hawk. But I may as well send him back his checks, because there's no chance of bagging the game tonight without taking a risk. (*Shakes fist towards the window.*) Ah, Leavitt, you dog, you and poverty make a team that will haul me to wealth—or the penitentiary.

[*Goes down to piano with hand to head. Enter DORA and WATERS.*]

DORA. (*To CAINE.*) How tired you look, Mr. Caine. Are you feeling unwell?

CAINE. Oh no, not at all, Miss Morris—just a slight headache.

WATERS. I'm afraid you're overworking, Caine, and I must insist you take a long vacation soon.

CAINE. To work hard for you is a pleasure, Mr. Waters.

WATERS. Thank you, Caine. And now, won't you join Mrs. Morris—I'm afraid she's alone in the dining-room. (*Exit CAINE.*)

DORA. (*Sits on sofa.*) Your secretary seems a treasure.

WATERS. Yes, a thoroughly good fellow, hard-working, conscientious, and with unusual ability.

DORA. You're lucky to have such a faithful servant.

WATERS. (*With a sigh.*) Yes, I suppose I am a lucky fellow. I have everything in the world I could wish for—

DORA. (*Questioningly.*) Yes?

WATERS. Yes,—except my heart's desire.

DORA. Your heart's desire? And that is—?

WATERS. And that is a woman's love—the woman's love. Ah, Dora, if I could only find heart to tell you how I sit here in these big rooms, dreaming and wishing, and dreaming again of what might be were the shadows of life lightened by the magic touch of a loving hand.

DORA. If your dream is of a real mortal, and not of a poetic ideal, she should be happy.

WATERS. (*Stands over her, makes movement as if to brace himself to take her hand and embrace her.*) Do you think an old duffer of my staid habits could really make a beautiful girl, who has been used to admiration and adulation, happy?

DORA. To a true woman, admiration and adulation are like the leaves of an oak, which are forgotten with the season that bred them. But the love of the man she loves is like the trunk of the tree, which spreads its roots far into Mother Earth, and grows in solidity and strength with each advancing year.

[WATERS takes a step towards her with out-stretched arms and beaming face, but is interrupted by the entrance of HELEN and JACK. WATERS makes a movement of anger, and frowns at JACK. DORA walks towards HELEN.]

JACK. Hello, old chap, what's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?

WATERS. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, yes, yes.

JACK. But you look sick! Let me get you a brandy and soda.

WATERS. Say, old chap, I'll punch your head off if you don't get out of here for ten minutes—and take Helen with you. Now, don't stop to argue with me, but get out. I've got to talk over important business with Miss Morris.

JACK. (*Whistles and winks.*) Oh, I'm wise to the game! Just watch me! Say, Helen, come into the

dining-room, I want to show you all the pots Waters won when he was at Harvard.

[*Enter CAINE. Goes to desk.*]

HELEN. Oh, I've seen them a hundred times! I'd much rather you took me home.

JACK. But we've come to stay to dinner.

WATERS. Oh, yes, you mustn't think of going till after dinner.

[*Enter MRS. MORRIS.*]

DORA. And don't forget to leave the pearls, Helen. You can't have them till you're married, you know.

HELEN. Oh yes, I know all about that! I wish I had never worn them.

[*Takes necklace off, and throws it on table.*]

WATERS. They're beauties and worth a queen's ransom, but they are neither too rare nor too beautiful for Miss Lord.

HELEN. (*Smiling.*) There, Jack, that's the way to frame and pay a compliment.

DORA. (*Takes pearls in her hand.*) They are fascinating—beautiful, and have a value far beyond their intrinsic worth. I would be almost tempted to steal them if it were safe.

JACK. Your beauty, Dora, needs no ornament to enhance it. Their beauty grows dim and their contour uneven, beside the natural beauty of your throat.

WATERS. Bravo, Jack! Helen ought to take back what she said.

[*WATERS pairs with MRS. MORRIS and JACK with*

HELEN. DORA *places necklace on table and goes to piano. CAINE takes necklace and slips it in the glove, walks to window and drops glove out. Telephone rings. CAINE answers.*]

CAINE. Hold the wire. (*Goes to DORA and speaks in a low voice.*) Some one at your house wishes to speak to you, Miss Morris, and asked me to say that you must brace up, and prepare for a slight shock.

DORA. Mercy on me, what can the matter be? (*Goes*

to telephone.) Hello, yes, Dr. Smith. (*Pause.*) Yes, tell me quickly, Doctor. (*Pause.*) Oh, dear, poor Mother. (*Staggers and CAINE supports her. Hands her glass of water, which she drinks. To CAINE.*) You speak to him, and tell him I am coming at once.

CAINE. (*At telephone.*) She is coming at once. (*Hangs up receiver. To DORA.*) Be brave, Miss Morris. Can I do anything?

DORA. Yes, help me to slip away quietly, and tell Mr. Waters my father is ill—dying. I will send the carriage back for mother.

CAINE. Go this way—it will attract less attention. (*DORA exit.*)

JACK. (*At end of tune.*) Good girl, you're a treasure. I just love that tune. But where's the dinner, old skinflint?

WATERS. We'll go to the dining-room and see what we can get.

MRS. MORRIS. Where's Dora?

WATERS. She was here a moment ago.

HELEN. (*Looking about.*) And where's the necklace?

JACK. Oh, old Waters has put that away safe enough. Let us go to dinner.

WATERS. You're mistaken, man, I haven't got the necklace. You must have put it in your pocket.

JACK. Oh, jolly rot, I haven't seen it for an hour. But, it's all right. We'll get it after dinner.

WATERS. Better find it now. Have you seen it, Caine?

CAINE. Yes, in Miss Morris's hand a few minutes ago.

MRS. MORRIS. But where has Dora gone to?

CAINE. She has gone home, Mrs. Morris.

HELEN. There's the carriage starting now. Call her back, it may get lost. (*Rushes to window.*) James! James! He doesn't hear me! Oh, please, some of you men, come and shout or whistle.

JACK. Anything to please you, but what's the use of spoiling dinner with this fuss? (*Whistles loudly with his*

fingers.) Ay what! Wasn't that a good one? I thought I'd forgotten how to do the trick.

HELEN. The carriage has stopped. Now, Jack, shout for him to return.

JACK. (*Shouting.*) Hello, there, come back a minute.

HELEN. It's coming back.

[*All gather about the window, except CAINE.*]

JACK. I say, Dora, don't run away with my bally necklace—or the old grand dame will come out and spank me.

DORA. (*Outside.*) I haven't got it.

JACK. What, really? I wonder where it is! (*Feels in his pockets. All do the same.*)

HELEN. But, you must have it, Dora! Please see if you haven't put it in your pocket by mistake. Nobody here has it and it can't be found.

DORA. I placed it on the table—I remember distinctly, and I haven't seen it since. Look on the floor—it must have fallen under the table.

[*JACK looks under table. CAINE pretends to look about the piano.*]

MRS. MORRIS. This is terrible! Come back, Dora dear. Why do you wish to hurry away like this?

DORA. I'm not well, Mother, and I must get home at once. I will send the carriage back.

HELEN. But the necklace! You can't go until it is found, Dora.

JACK. Oh, keep still, Helen. Let it go—we'll find it all right.

CAINE. (*Aside to WATERS.*) I think I saw Miss Morris slip the necklace in the front of her dress. She must have forgotten.

WATERS. Damn you, shut up! (*CAINE shrugs his shoulders.*) Please come back, Miss Dora. We must clear up this mystery at once.

DORA. Great Heavens, I'll lose my mind! Don't you know that it is important that I get home at once?

WATERS. Really, Miss Morris, I must ask that you

come back at once. I must ask you to help us find the pearls.

DORA. Oh, is there no pity? I will come up. (*Enters in a minute.*)

JACK. (*To WATERS.*) I don't understand this business, old chap, but I'm sure the ladies know nothing about it. Can't we send them home, and take time to think it over?

WATERS. No Jack, it's better to face the trouble. It will be easier to solve the riddle now than tomorrow. (*Enter DORA.*)

HELEN. (*Who is semi-hysterical.*) Oh, Dora, how could you.

DORA. In God's name, find your pearls, and let me go home.

MRS. MORRIS. My poor girlie, what does it all mean? Why did you want to run away?

DORA. Don't ask me now, Mother. Let us find the necklace so that I can go home.

HELEN. Find it? Why don't you find it? You have hidden it!

JACK. Keep still, Helen! We'll find it all right, and even if we don't, it doesn't matter—there are lots more where it came from.

HELEN. I won't keep still, Jack Rich—I'll speak my mind. Dora has the necklace and she wanted to run home with it, and I'll never speak to her again—there! (*JACK leads her to corner near window, where she sobs.*)

DORA. This is outrageous! I know nothing about the necklace! Please find it, Mr. Waters and let me get away.

WATERS. We have searched everywhere and it cannot be found.

DORA. But, surely you don't think that I have taken it? (*Breaks down.*) Oh, Mother, take me home. (*Braces up.*) Speak, sir, do you think I am a thief?

WATERS. No—hardly that—but—you see—

DORA. Yes, I see! You don't want to believe it, but

the evidence convicts me without trial. Why don't you send for the police?

WATERS. Please be reasonable! I am one of your oldest friends—a friend of your father.

DORA. (*Crying.*) Oh, my poor father! He, also, is a thief.

[*Newsboys are heard crying "Extra"*]

WATERS. Please be calm. No doubt you can explain everything.

DORA. Oh, my poor father! Let me go home.

HELEN. If you are innocent, why are you so anxious to go home?

[*Newsboys call "Extra, extra, suicide of John Morris."*]

DORA. There's the story. (*Mrs. MORRIS faints.*)

JACK. (*Runs to window, brings back paper, and reads.*) John Morris commits suicide in his office. Leaves letter confessing defalcation of over a million. Bank will not open tomorrow. (*To DORA.*) Come, Dora, I will help you to the carriage. Waters, help Mrs. Morris. (*To HELEN.*) Helen, not another word of this, or we part for ever.

CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[*Office of the Universal Engraving Company. One month later. LEAVITT at desk. Enter CLERK who announces "Mr. Caine".*]

LEAVITT. (*Writing.*) Tell him to come in.

[*Enter CAINE. They shake hands.*]

Well, Caine, what can I do for you today?

CAINE. You can lend me \$1000.

LEAVITT. (*Jokingly.*) I can—but I won't. I never saw such a man as you—you're always wanting money.

CAINE. Yes, and I always shall want it. And, in this case, I must get it, old man.

LEAVITT. Must get it? Well, I like that! What did you do with the \$5000 I gave you a month ago?

CAINE. Well, I played the market with it up and down with varying luck, but, fortunately, I've got most of it left. But I need \$5000 immediately, and I'm a thousand short.

LEAVITT. Well, you may go home again, my boy, for you can't get a cent from me. I paid you your full share of that rake-off.

CAINE. My full share. Why, you must have made \$50,000 out of those pearls.

LEAVITT. (*Throws up his hands.*) So easy! Why, my boy, I didn't make more than \$15,000. I had to scatter those stones in ones and twos from London to California, and I had to take any price I could get, in order to make a quick sale and avoid suspicion.

CAINE. Well, I'll show you the way to pull off something better than that soon, but I must have a couple of thousand dollars now.

LEAVITT. Oh, a couple of thousand! I thought it was a thousand a few minutes ago.

CAINE. Well, it was, and it'll be three thousand in ten minutes if you don't give up before then.

LEAVITT. (*Puts CAINE in chair and sits down himself.*) Here, have a smoke. Sit down, my boy. You must have something great if I am to judge by the way you make money so quick.

CAINE. (*Takes cigar and lights it.*) Remember, Joe, three thousand at the end of this cigar.

LEAVITT. My, my, go ahead and talk quickly.

CAINE. Well, I told you I borrowed \$5000 in bonds from the safe, and unless they are replaced in a few weeks, Waters will miss them, as the coupons are payable on July first.

LEAVITT. Well, my boy, I'm sorry for you, but that isn't my funeral. Why don't you save your money?

CAINE. (*Savagely.*) Cut the preaching, Leavitt, or I'll hand you something you don't want. I'm in no temper to listen to platitudes.

LEAVITT. All right! Keep your face smooth! But, why should I worry about this?

CAINE. (*In a whisper.*) Well, Joe, I've got a scheme that will net us a large sum—perhaps a million or more.

LEAVITT. A million or more! It sounds good! Like a dream! Let me see your arm! (*Looks at CAINE's forearm.*)

CAINE. (*Smiles.*) No dope, Uncle Joe. I was never more awake in my life. And, what's more, we'll get it without risk.

LEAVITT. Tell it to me, quick.

CAINE. Waters is running some big deals, and it is nothing unusual for him to carry large amounts in bonds and negotiable stocks in his safe.

LEAVITT. Yes, yes, go on! I can see where we might be able to get them, but I can't see where we could sell them without risk.

CAINE. Waters is engineering a big deal in London,

and he will probably close it in a few weeks. He has agreed to put up a million of United States Steel bonds to guarantee the deal.

LEAVITT. A million! Yes, yes, go on.

CAINE. We must make counterfeits, and substitute them for the genuine bonds. The forgery won't be discovered till coupon day.

LEAVITT. By Judas, it's a great scheme, a great scheme, my boy! It takes my breath away!

CAINE. I wish it would! The world would be sweeter without it!

LEAVITT. Don't be foolish! I couldn't live without it!

CAINE. I couldn't live with it!

LEAVITT. Well, Smarty, you don't have to! But tell me some more about this scheme.

CAINE. That's all! You make the bonds, and I'll do the rest!

LEAVITT. The bonds can be easily duplicated by me here in the shop, by working at night, but who can do the signatures?

CAINE. You can do that well enough yourself?

LEAVITT. No, no, the signatures on all the Steel issues are too well known, and the forgery might be suspected, on the sale of the first bond.

CAINE. (*Rises, and speaks in whisper.*) What about the girl, Miss Morris?

LEAVITT. 'Sh!

[*Enter an employe at Right. LEAVITT and CAINE stop talking. EMPLOYE crosses to exit. LEAVITT rises.*] She could do it as easy as eating a chocolate, but I wouldn't risk asking her. She's too proud, curse her! I have tried to be pleasant in several ways since she has been working for me, but she is just as stuck-up as ever she was in the days of prosperity.

CAINE. Probably you didn't handle her right. I'll sound her out myself.

LEAVITT. You can have a try—and welcome! Some-

times I feel like slapping her face when she acts haughtily with me.

CAINE. (*Sits.*) Well, Joe, I spent some time and money on her after the crash, and I tried to be amiable, but the meaning of my intentions went over her head.

LEAVITT. She's as proud as Lucifer!

CAINE. I thought when I steered her into your employment, you would succeed in breaking her pride before now.

LEAVITT. I have tried—I have tried! Only yesterday, I offered to take her to the beach, and she made me so mad.

CAINE. How did she take it?

LEAVITT. Just as cool as an icicle.

CAINE. What did she say?

LEAVITT. She said probably Mrs. Leavitt and the kids would enjoy the outing, and needed it more than she did.

CAINE. (*Laughs.*) Well, that's funny!

LEAVITT. 'Tain't so funny, either, and I'll break her spirit before I'm done with her.

CAINE. Be careful, Joe, or you may drive her away altogether. She's not your kind, man—gad, I believe I'll ask her to marry me.

LEAVITT. And she'll throw you down, too. Go on and ask her. I believe she's in love with Waters.

CAINE. And he, the fool, thinks she's a crook.

LEAVITT. Ah, that was a stroke of genius, my boy.

CAINE. It came out luckily for us, because it prevented them making a fuss about the loss of the pearls.

LEAVITT. It came out just right! We got the money, and we needed it more than Rich, and we've got the girl in our hands.

CAINE. If we can only use her—and I'm going to have a try, and another try, and a try-again, Joe. You get out and make some excuse to send her in here.

LEAVITT. All right, good luck! And if you don't get her, I'll have another go myself. (*Exit.*)

CAINE. Leavitt is smart, but he doesn't know how to

handle a woman like Dora Morris—perhaps I don't either. (*Enter DORA. CAINE goes to meet her. They shake hands.*) I'm glad to see you again, Miss Morris.

DORA. (*With a smile.*) Miss Moon. Don't forget my change in name.

CAINE. How do you like your work?

DORA. I like it immensely, and I must thank you again for giving me the opportunity to earn a living in work that is congenial.

CAINE. Ah, Miss Morris, Dora, I wish I had the power or right to do something for you—something better. Won't you let me hope that some time in the future I will have the privilege and the honor?

DORA. Please don't, Mr. Caine. I am deeply grateful to you for what you have done, but that is all I can say.

CAINE. But, hear me! Some day—soon—I shall be rich. Won't you give me some hope?

DORA. Please don't say any more, Mr. Caine. The future is a sealed book. I am trying to learn contentment with the present, and trying to forget the past in my work.

CAINE. Ah, your work! It is drudgery! You are fitted for so much better things. With your beauty and genius, the world owes you a good living.

DORA. The world owes me nothing.

CAINE. But it has treated you wretchedly, wrongfully.

DORA. Shamefully! But I must forget it all, and try to live the new life which Fate has given me.

CAINE. And your friends—Miss Lord for example? The little devil! I could have wrung her neck last week, when I heard her telling her new friend, Count De Castro, about the robbery.

DORA. (*Bitterly.*) One is better off without such friends. And did Count De Castro believe all she said?

CAINE. Evidently he did. He said he had met you in Paris, but had never liked you.

DORA. (*Laughing.*) The little cad! He proposed to me seven times during our month's stay there.

CAINE. He's a first-rate bounder, and I hope Miss Lord will marry him and make him miserable for life.

DORA. Dear old Jack is far too good for her—I'm sorry for him.

CAINE. Oh, he's all right! The match was broken off a month ago, a few days after his return.

DORA. Dear boy! He was the only unselfish man among my acquaintances—always excepting yourself, Mr. Caine. Even Mr. Waters believed me guilty of stealing those wretched pearls. Oh, I'd give my life—yes, my hopes of a future life—to know who took that trinket, and involved us in such misery. (*Shudders.*) Oh, can I ever blot those awful days from my memory? The shame and unhappiness of my father's suicide, the failure of the bank, and then the horror of being cut by acquaintances, and those whom we had counted as life-long friends.

CAINE. Yes, indeed! I tried to argue with Waters to prove your innocence, but he wouldn't listen to reason.

DORA. (*Bitterly.*) I will never forget your kindness to mother and me. Without your assistance, we should have gone insane.

CAINE. You can repay me a hundred-fold by striking back at the world.

DORA. My world consisted of but a few people. They, alas, dishonored me, believing me guilty of a crime. (*with bitterness and passion, clenches her hands, and takes a few steps forward.*) But I will pay them back some day! I will make them regret the torture they heaped on my head, and the shame they forced on my poor mother in the day of her distress and sorrow.

CAINE. (*Enthusiastically.*) Ah, that's the spirit to show! With that fire in your heart, I will show you how to use your talents so as to command wealth and power.

DORA. (*With force.*) If you could do that for me, I could almost love you.

CAINE. Your genius with the pen—nobody in the world equals you.

DORA. (*Languorously.*) Ah, that is nonsense! My genius with the pen is worth \$20 a week, and I suppose I ought to be grateful for that much.

CAINE. But that is not what I mean. One who can imitate a signature as well as you can make every banker and broker in the world tremble with fear.

DORA. What's that? Imitate a name? Forgery, you mean? (*Relaxes.*) Oh dear. (*Sighs.*) I thought you were in earnest! Why do you play a joke on a poor working-girl? And yet you seemed in earnest! If anyone else but the immaculate secretary of the unimpeachable Edward Waters had made such a suggestion, I should have thought he were serious, and trying to pave the way for me to follow my father to the grave of a felon and suicide.

CAINE. (*With a sigh and forced laugh.*) But one thinks of that kind of thing occasionally, Miss Morris, when cruel circumstances crush our darling hopes.

DORA. Yes—but I'm forgetting business. Mr. Leavitt asked me to show you this proof of the new bond issue in which your employer is interested. (*Hands bond to CAINE.*)

CAINE. All right, leave it with me, and I will look it over. How is your Mother?

DORA. (*With a sigh.*) She is improving, thank you, but sadly in need of a change of air and scene, but we are poor now and must take life as it comes. (*Exit.*)

CAINE. By Jove, she'll do it, if she's pushed hard enough. She's got the mind and pluck of a man, and if the world pushes her too far, she'll fight back. (*Puts bond on table.. Enter LEAVITT.*)

LEAVITT. Well, my boy, what luck?

CAINE. Oh, I guess she'll come all right. She's game and spirited, but she won't be driven. I must keep on working on her pride, and, if necessary, we must push her a little deeper into the mire.

LEAVITT. It's a puzzle to me why Providence should

waste her gifts on a woman who has neither the desire nor the pluck to use them.

CAINE. Don't make any mistake about her pluck, or you'll have a rude awakening.

LEAVITT. Oh, Great Jehovah, I'd give five years of my life to be able to use a pen as she can for five days.

CAINE. Things are getting desperate for me, and I must think of a plan to force her to co-operate with us.

LEAVITT. Can't we take her off somewhere and starve her into submission?

CAINE. (*Laughs.*) You're crazy, man. You're not a financier—you're a buccaneer. (*WATERS'S voice is heard outside.*)

LEAVITT. There's Waters—get out.

CAINE. (*From door.*) How about that check?

LEAVITT. I'll mail you one on chance. (*Goes to CAINE and pushes him outside at Right. Enter WATERS.*) Good afternoon, sir, this is an unexpected pleasure. The proof of your railway bond is ready, and I was just going to send it to your office.

WATERS. I am leaving town this evening for a few days, and I want to see the proof before I go, so, as I was passing near your place, I thought I would step in and look it over.

LEAVITT. I will send for it. (*Rings bell. Enter ATTENDANT.*) Tell the engraver to send in the proof of the United Traction bond.

[*Exit ATTENDANT. WATERS sits down near LEAVITT'S desk with his back to door. Pulls out slide, takes out pocket-book, and counts money.*]

WATERS. When the stock is finished, you can deliver it at the office. I will pay for it now.

LEAVITT. (*Goes to desk, sits down and writes receipt.*) Very good, sir. Thank you very much. I will make out a receipt. The price is \$600.

WATERS. All right!

[*Counts out six hundred-dollar bills. Enter DORA.*]

DORA. I left the proof here a few moments ago, Mr. Leavitt.

[*Takes up proof.* WATERS, on hearing her voice, jumps to his feet. She shows great embarrassment, but recovers first and bows.]

WATERS. Dora, what are you doing here?

DORA. I am employed as an engraver. Mr. Leavitt, if you have no further need of me, I will go back to my work.

WATERS. Stay! Leavitt, please leave us alone for a few minutes.

LEAVITT. Make yourself at home, Mr. Waters. (*Bows and exit.*)

WATERS. What does this mean? How long have you been here?

DORA. You will pardon me, Mr. Waters, but I really cannot see how my life or occupation can interest you.

WATERS. But that is nonsense! I am one of your oldest friends. Why did you come here?

DORA. To earn bread and a roof for my mother and myself.

WATERS. But why did you leave your old home so suddenly?

DORA. Our old home was no longer ours. My father died a bankrupt, and our friends had little sympathy for one whom they believed to be a thief and the daughter of a thief.

WATERS. (*With a gesture of impatience.*) But, even so, you know that I would help you and your mother for old times' sake.

DORA. (*Bitterly.*) Hear him, ye gods! Even now, he believes me guilty of stealing that wretched necklace.

WATERS. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, damn the necklace! Why can't you forget it and talk sense?

DORA. Forget it! Oh, can I ever hope to forget it? It has seared my very soul!

WATERS. Believe me, I, too, have suffered deeply.

DORA. How can you compare your sufferings with

mine? The horrible death and disgrace of a loving Father, and the torture of being ostracised by every friend, when sympathy only was due and expected.

WATERS. I am deeply sorry, and would give anything to undo the wrong. Jack and I did everything we could to hush the matter up, but Helen— (*DORA clenches her hands.*) Now, Dora, won't you let me see you and Mrs. Morris and do something for you. This is no life for you.

DORA. Answer me one question truthfully. Do you believe I took the necklace?

WATERS. Of course you know I want to believe you innocent.

DORA. Thank you, Mr. Waters. (*Bows and goes to door. He tries to stop her, but she brushes past him. Stands at door.*) Oh, I hate you—I hate you all. (*Exit.*)

WATERS. Hang it all, I wish Jack and his necklace had gone to Arabia, before they bothered me that night. (*Enter LEAVITT with proof.*) Here is the proof, Mr. Waters.

WATERS. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, take it to the devil—send it to Mr. Caine. (*Exit.*)

LEAVITT. (*Rubs his hands.*) He doesn't appear to have got much comfort from my lady Dainty. (*Rings bell. Enter ATTENDANT.*) Send Miss Moon.

[*Exit ATTENDANT. LEAVITT poses before glass.*]
By Judas, I do believe the old man has a chance yet. (*Enter DORA.*) Miss Moon, will you take those bills to the bank when you go to lunch. (*Hands her bills which WATERS gave him.*) Make out a deposit slip at the bank.

DORA. Yes, Mr. Leavitt; and I'd be greatly obliged if you'd let me have half a day off, I'm not feeling very well.

[*She takes bills and puts them in her purse, which she replaces in her pocket.*]

LEAVITT. Certainly, my dear! And now, what do you say to us having a half-holiday together? Let us

take one of those hundred-dollar bills and smash it all to pieces having a good time.

DORA. I don't understand you, Mr. Leavitt.

LEAVITT. (*Jumps up, and, taking her forcibly round the waist, kisses her.*) Do you understand me now? [*She struggles with him, and breaks away. He rushes to door and locks it.*]

DORA. Oh, you wicked man! Open the door instantly, or I shall scream.

LEAVITT. No, you won't scream, my dear. You'll just take things as they come and be sensible. (*DORA goes to door and tries to force it open.*) The door is sound-proof. Don't be silly, now, dearie.

DORA. Oh, what have I done to encourage such treatment as this? Open the door instantly, or I will scream, and call the police.

LEAVITT. Don't be foolish—I'm your friend.

[*He grasps her hand, takes her round the waist and kisses her once more. She strikes him in the face and breaks his hold, rushes to window, breaks it, and calls out.*]

DORA. Help! Help! Police!

[*LEAVITT tidies his dress and hair, unlocks door and sits at desk. Door opens to admit POLICEMAN, WATERS, and CAINE.*]

POLICEMAN. What does this mean?

DORA. That beast locked me in here and attempted to ill-treat me.

WATERS. Arrest him at once, officer—it's an outrage. [*Officer walks to LEAVITT who holds his hand up with a smile.*]

LEAVITT. Wait a minute, Mr. Officer. She is the one to be arrested.

POLICEMAN. What do you mean?

LEAVITT. For some time, I have been missing sums of money from my desk, and a few minutes ago, I caught the girl stealing six hundred dollars.

DORA. It's a lie! He insulted me and treated me brutally. Arrest him and take him to prison.

LEAVITT. Search her! Ask her to produce her purse.

DORA. (*Takes purse from pocket, and throws it to* POLICEMAN.) There is my purse—you will find nothing in it but a little change.

[*Turns away. POLICEMAN opens purse, and takes out bills.*]

LEAVITT. Do you recognize those bills, Mr. Waters? The same six hundred you gave me less than an hour ago.

WATERS. Yes, I paid you six hundred dollars—but your charge is incomprehensible. I can't believe it.

DORA. It's a wicked lie! He gave me the money to deposit in the bank for him, and then he insulted me.

LEAVITT. Officer, I charge that young woman with larceny and blackmail. When I caught her stealing the bills, I locked the door so as to telephone for an officer to arrest her. Then she threatened to blackmail me, and called out of the window to make good her bluff.

WATERS. I don't believe it! Her word is a thousand times better than yours.

LEAVITT. Very fine talk, Mr. Waters. But can you deny that the young woman left your house a few weeks ago under suspicion of stealing a diamond necklace—or something of the kind?

CAINE. Oh, I say, Leavitt, withdraw the charge, and let the officer go.

LEAVITT. No, sir! Officer, do your duty.

WATERS. I protest!

POLICEMAN. Is what Mr. Leavitt says about the diamond necklace true, sir?

WATERS. That's none of your business!

POLICEMAN. Well, I draw my own conclusions. You, Miss, put on your hat and come with me.

[*DORA goes to closet, takes hat in hand, and slowly goes out as the curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.

[Waiting room of Municipal Court, Criminal Session. Next day. There is a door in centre leading to Court room, and another on left leading to corridor. When centre door is open, arguments, etc. are heard. Enter CAINE and WATERS.]

WATERS. She is not here yet.

CAINE. Her case is last on the list, and on account of her mother's illness, she will stay at home until the last moment.

WATERS. This is a dreadful business! How does she take it?

CAINE. As coolly as an old-timer, sir—she has plenty of nerve. Are you going to remain, sir? You'll have to keep out of the way if you wish to avoid testifying against her. An officer called four times at the house to serve a subpoena on you.

WATERS. That will never do! I'll get away from here. Have you retained Brimful as I told you?

CAINE. Yes, sir, I had some difficulty in getting him to come to this court, but I succeeded.

WATERS. Good! He'll do all that's possible for her. Oh, God! if I could only believe her innocent.

CAINE. It's pretty hard to believe with the facts so strong against her. Here she comes, sir.

WATERS. I'll be in the library, if you need me.

[Exits. Enter DORA.]

CAINE. Ah! you are on time. *(Jokingly.)* I was hoping that you might still be induced to jump your bail.

DORA. No, not that! I have not reached that stage yet! I have cost my friends some pangs of shame and regret, but I am not going to cost you, my good friend, a thousand dollars for your kindness in helping me.

CAINE. (*Sentimentally.*) I'm a poor man, Miss Dora, but if it had cost me all I possess I would have paid it rather than that you should spend even a single night in a prison cell.

DORA. Thank you; I shall never forget your kindness.

CAINE. But won't you let me plead again with you to go away and avoid this dreadful ordeal. Just think of the shame and disgrace of standing even for a moment among those poor wretches in there—the prisoner's dock.

DORA. Think of it! Oh! how can I ever forget it! (*Breaks down.*) Oh! what shall I do? (*Sits on bench.*) Oh, mother dear, this will surely kill you.

CAINE. (*Goes over to DORA.*) Come away and leave it all. There is yet time. In some distant city, you can be happy—we can be happy.

DORA. (*With dignity.*) You are very kind, Mr. Caine, and mean well, but I am innocent of wrong; and in the city of my birth, I can surely get justice. I am strong again, and will face my accusers. Has Mr. Waters been here? (*Wistfully.*)

CAINE. No, I have not seen him today.

DORA. (*With a slight gesture of disappointment.*) Trouble and misfortune act on one's friends like an April sun on thin ice.

CAINE. I have succeeded in putting your case on the end of the list, and as no one knows you under the name of Moon, the case has attracted no attention, and there will be few spectators.

DORA. Ah! you are my best friend—kind and thoughtful, and so different from Mr.—all the the others.

CAINE. Keep your veil down, and sit in the room across the corridor until the case is called.

DORA. Thank you, again, my friend. (*Shakes his hand.*) That is what I dreaded most—the awful publicity. (*Exit. Enter LEAVITT from Court.*)

LEAVITT. I have been peeping through the window, watching for her to go out. How does she take it?

CAINE. You're a damned old scoundrel, Leavitt, and I should like to punch your head.

LEAVITT. Hoity-toity! You'd better *try* and punch my head. What are you fussing about?

CAINE. You've gone too far in this business, and I want to give you warning now, to keep your eye off the girl, except for business.

LEAVITT. What have *you* got to say about it? Is she your property?

CAINE. I hope she will be some day, and if you don't keep your eyes away from her. (*Draws a large knife, and plays with it.*) I'll carve you into sausage meat—damn you.

LEAVITT. You keep your temper! You can have the girl—if you want her, when she comes out of prison.

CAINE. She'll never go to prison!

LEAVITT. (*With signs of alarm.*) Not go to prison? Are you going back on me?

CAINE. No! You can go ahead on this deal to the limit, because she's not ready to give in yet. She's still got pride and honesty—but after an hour in there and twelve months' imprisonment hanging over her, I'm mightily mistaken if she doesn't fall into my way of thinking.

LEAVITT. Why didn't you let her stay in the cell all night? That would have broken her proud spirit!

CAINE. I would have left her there all right, but Waters hustled me off at once to find a bail commissioner, with imperative instructions to get her out.

LEAVITT. Hang him! we'll make him pay yet!

CAINE. Well, I turned it all to my advantage, as he ordered me on no account to let her know who was putting up the stuff.

LEAVITT. Good boy!

CAINE. And he told me to try and persuade her to jump her bail! Look at the roll she was to get to pay her way. (*Shows bills.*)

LEAVITT. Ow wow! That's a tidy bunch of money! Let me warm my hands on it.

CAINE. Five thousand. And when I tried to get her to accept this and skip, she actually believed that I was the philanthropist.

[LEAVITT yells with laughter, and a court officer opens centre door.]

OFFICER. (*Gruffly.*) Keep quiet, or get out. (*Shuts door.*)

LEAVITT. Beg pardon, Mr. Officer, I forgot where I was.

CAINE. (*To LEAVITT.*) Repress your feelings, old man, or you'll be in the dock for contempt. (*Walks up and looks into court room through door.*) The dock is cleared. We must be next. Take a brace, Leavitt, and put on your Sunday school face.

LEAVITT. Don't worry about me, old boy; I'll make the judge believe me against a dozen witnesses.

OFFICER. (*From centre door.*) Dora Moon—Dora Moon and all witnesses. (*Shuts door.*)

CAINE. You remain here, Leavitt, and I will bring her through the other door into the Court. (*Exit.*)

LEAVITT. Ah! Mr. Caine, you're pretty easy with your knife, but perhaps I'll make you pay some day, Mr. Smarty. Ah! but isn't she a beauty? Well, after all, if he can get her to sign those bonds, I'll be satisfied with the money, and he can have the girl. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! to make a million dollars and all so easy. (*Enter CAINE.*)

CAINE. Now, Leavitt, get inside. The case is on.

[LEAVITT exit. WATERS enters. CAINE opens centre door for WATERS to pass in.]

WATERS. No, Caine, I can't go in there—they'll make me testify against her. You stand at the door and tell me how it's going. (*CAINE opens door partly.*)

A LOUD VOICE. (*From Court.*) I object!

SECOND LOUD VOICE. I will hear what the officer has to say on that point.

FIRST VOICE. But, your honor, I *protest!* What Mr. Waters said is not competent!

SECOND VOICE. If he charged her with a former theft in her presence, I will admit it.

FIRST VOICE. (*Angrily.*) But why doesn't the government bring Mr. Waters here as a witness, if he knows anything that is competent?

THIRD VOICE. May it please your honor, we have searched for Mr. Waters all the morning, but we could not find him. He has not been at his house nor at his office.

SECOND VOICE. I will admit the evidence.

THIRD VOICE. Mr. Waters accused her with stealing a diamond ring from his house where she was formerly a servant.

SECOND VOICE. And what did she say?

THIRD VOICE. She didn't deny it! I then arrested her!

[CAINE *shuts the door.*]

WATERS. Prejudiced old fool!

CAINE. Mr. Brimful is putting up a good fight, sir, but the judge is prejudiced against Miss Morris.

WATERS. It's outrageous!

CAINE. The officer is rubbing it in pretty thick.

WATERS. That's how it is usually done in this court, but, fortunately, if there's miscarriage of justice, an appeal to the Superior Court can be had without formality, and *there* a man is judged by twelve of his fellow citizens.

CAINE. But even there, Justice is sometimes blind.

WATERS. (*Bitterly.*) Yes, and sometimes goes on crutches. Of course, Brimful will appeal in case of a verdict against us.

CAINE. Surely, sir.

WATERS. This atmosphere is choking me. I will go back to the library.

[*Exits. CAINE opens centre door again.*]

CAINE. Ah! the cop is finished! He looks flushed, as

if Brimful had given his a mauvais quart d'heure. Now for Leavitt.

VOICE. Your name!

LEAVITT'S VOICE. Joseph Leavitt.

VOICE. And your business!

LEAVITT'S VOICE. President of the Universal Engraving Company and director of the Tremont Trust Company.

VOICE. Do you know the prisoner, Dora Moon?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I know her slightly. She has been in my employ some two months.

VOICE. Did you know her before that time?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. Not personally. I took her into my employ out of charity on the recommendation of a customer, who said he'd vouch for her character.

VOICE. When did you see her last?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. Yesterday afternoon in my office.

VOICE. Tell what happened.

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I returned from lunch about one-thirty, and as I entered my private office, I saw the prisoner leaning over my desk. I walked softly behind her, and saw her place some six hundred dollars in bills in her purse which I had left on my desk. I charged her with the theft and said I would have her arrested.

VOICE. What did she say or do?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. She put her arms round my neck, and attempted to kiss me.

DORA'S VOICE. Oh! you monster! How can you lie like that?

VOICE. Keep quiet, Miss.

DORA'S VOICE. Oh! this is too horrible!

VOICE. Keep quiet, now; you can testify later. Go on, Mr. Leavitt.

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I am a respectable married man, and I was naturally horrified. I released myself from her embrace, and demanded the return of my money.

VOICE. What did she say then?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. She chucked me under the chin, and

called me her darling old boy, and said she needed the money worse than I did.

VOICE. Well?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I went to the telephone to call the police, and she said, "If you don't quit, I'll ruin your character. I'll swear you assaulted me." Then as she was trying to leave the room, I locked the door.

VOICE. What did she do?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. She said, "I'll show you a thing or two you never learnt before!" She then broke the window and called for help. The rest happened just as the officer told you. She at first charged me with assault, and denied she had the money, but the officer found it in her purse.

VOICE. You can cross examine, Mr. Brimful.

SECOND VOICE. What's your nationality?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. American, sir.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. What kind of American?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I'm of pure Puritan blood. My ancestors came over on the Mayflower.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. (*Laugh.*) You mean the ark, don't you. Where did you come from?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. Germany.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. (*Laugh.*) I didn't know Jerusalem was in Germany.

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I must ask the honorable Court for protection.

SECOND VOICE. Please keep to the merits of the case, Mr. Brimful.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. You're Superintendent of a Sunday school, I believe?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. Yes, sir, I am a faithful servant of the Lord.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. Will you explain how Miss Moore's dress got torn?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. I don't know.

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. You heard the officer say her waist was torn. Don't you know it was torn?

LEAVITT'S VOICE. It must have got torn when I tried to break away from her embrace.

DORA'S VOICE. Is there no God in Heaven to strike him dead?

VOICE. If you don't keep silent, I will commit you for contempt.

[*Enter* WATERS. CAINE *shuts door.*]

WATERS. How is it going, Caine?

CAINE. Badly, I'm afraid, sir. (*Enter* OFFICER.)

OFFICER. Oh! Mr. Waters, I'm glad to find you. I've been looking for you all the morning.

WATERS. I'll see you in my office. (*Starts to exit.*)

OFFICER. (*Puts his hand on his arm.*) You're wanted now, sir, here in this court as a witness.

WATERS. Hang the luck! I'd rather lose my hand. Where's your summons?

OFFICER. (*Feels in his pocket.*) I believe I've left it with the clerk. Wait a minute and I'll get it, sir. (*Exit into court room.*)

WATERS. Does the idiot think I'm going to wait for him when I don't have to? (*Exit.*)

CAINE. (*Laughing.*) My respected master isn't happy today. (*Looks through door.*) Hello, Leavitt is finished. (*Enter* OFFICER.)

OFFICER. Where's Mr. Waters gone?

CAINE. He's waiting for you in the clerk's office.

[*Exit* OFFICER. CAINE *opens door of Court.*]

BRIMFUL'S VOICE. I have no witnesses, your honor, and I move the case be dismissed.

SECOND VOICE. I find the prisoner guilty. Prisoner, have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?

DORA'S VOICE. The testimony of the witnesses is a tissue of falsehoods. I am innocent.

SECOND VOICE. You are sentenced to be imprisoned for nine months with hard labor.

DORA'S VOICE. Am I dreaming? Call this a court of justice, where an innocent and defenceless woman can

be dragged and made a felon on the testimony of such men as these? Ah! may God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and help me! (*Noise.*)

VOICES. Order! Order in the court!

FIRST VOICE. I appeal!

SECOND VOICE. The appeal is allowed, with bail to remain at one thousand dollars.

[CAINE *shuts the door and shakes hands with himself.*

Exit into court room, returning in a moment with

DORA on his arm.]

CAINE. Bear up, Dora, don't give way now, when you need all your courage and strength of mind.

DORA. Oh! think of the shame! How can I stand up against it? Oh, mother dear, this will surely kill you.

CAINE. It is nothing serious yet. The verdict of this court doesn't count for anything.

DORA. (*In despair.*) Oh! I am a felon under sentence! Oh! I wish I were dead!

CAINE. You must live and fight back! Let me be your guide and counsellor; and when we are rich and powerful, we will force them to their knees.

DORA. Riches and power! Ah! I once dreamt of those! But now I am a beggar and a felon, and what have I done that I should be tortured thus? And what will my poor mother do without the little care and attention I have been able to give her.

CAINE. They will take her to the poor-house, and make her suffer for your supposed crime.

DORA. (*Stands up and speaks angrily.*) They shan't do it! I will kill her and myself this very night and end this misery.

CAINE. That would be cowardly, and you are not a coward. Be reasonable, Dora,—you are young, beautiful, and talented. The world owes you a living—a good living, and your innocent mother has done nothing that *she* should suffer. Fight back! Give blow for blow, and make the vampires give up some of the illgotten

wealth which they have sucked from the veins of the poor and oppressed.

DORA. Ah! if I could do it!

CAINE. You *can* do it! I can show you!

DORA. Show me the way! I will do anything for revenge! I feel today as if I could rob or even kill to be revenged on the world.

CURTAIN

ACT III.

[*Same as Act II. Two weeks later. Enter CAINE.*]

CAINE. (*Looking round.*) Hello, I suppose she's gone to supper and left the light. How careless! (*Looks round and sees safe and desk open. Shuts safe and then goes to desk.*) Well, I'm condemned! Just like a woman! (*Picks up an open bond from pile on desk.*) Great Caesar! who wants to risk his neck doing business of this kind with a woman! I'll bet my hat she wouldn't leave a love-letter lying around like this!

[*Enter LEAVITT, cautiously peeping through the door before coming in.*]

LEAVITT. Is she here?

CAINE. Is who here?

LEAVITT. Dora, of course, old Crusty?

CAINE. No, she's gone to dinner, I suppose. But what do you think of this? The whole place opened up—desk, safe and all—and all these bonds lying about. Don't you think I've got reason to be crusty?

LEAVITT. (*Startled, takes a few steps towards door, then comes back.*) Holy Solomon! you don't mean to say that she left those life preservers lying about here?

CAINE. That's just what she did!

LEAVITT. You've taken my breath away!

CAINE. I don't blame you—it's a great risk!

LEAVITT. By Judas! I will beat her! My dear Caine, have you ever stopped to think, that if some crank of a judge, with a sour stomach, were to sentence us to one year for each of those bonds, it would cost us a thousand years—half of eternity! Just think of being in a cold cell all that time!

CAINE. Well, it might be worse! It probably *will* be worse for you!

LEAVITT. Quit your joking! This is no child's play! She must be made to take care!

CAINE. How are you going to do it?

LEAVITT. Beat her! Kick her! Do something to make her careful!

CAINE. The shock's been too much for you, Joe—take a drink. (*Crosses to desk and gives LEAVITT bottle from desk. LEAVITT drinks, and sinks in a chair.*) You'd better keep your eyes and ears open, and make a jump for the other entrance when you hear her footsteps, because if she sees you here, the jig's up.

LEAVITT. Let her see me here! She's got to see me some time or other! I ain't going to put up with any more nonsense from her. She's got to see me now, right here!

CAINE. No, she hasn't! No reason why she should ever see you again. I tell you, man, if she knew you had anything to do with this, she'd cut her hand off, before she'd write another signature.

LEAVITT. You may think so, but I don't believe it! She's out for the stuff the same as we are—and I'm getting tired of her airs and graces.

CAINE. (*Grasping him by the collar, and looking him in the face.*) You've been drinking too much!

LEAVITT. And what if I have! It's none of your darned business! (*Shakes CAINE off.*)

CAINE. Joe, if I thought you meant it, I'd cut your heart out.

LEAVITT. You would, eh?

CAINE. Yes, I would! You know the risk we're taking! My liberty, as well as yours, is at stake; and if anything happens through your blundering, I'll kill you. I'd rather go to the chair, than to the prison for life.

LEAVITT. (*Seriously.*) Oh! I'll be all right! I've been worried and frightened, and I took a drink or two.

CAINE. Go outside, and do something to clear your head. Go on, quick!

[LEAVITT *slinks out of door.*]

Oh! that dog! I hope I'll never see his face again after this week's over. To be so near the goal of my hopes, and to be put in danger by such a thing as him! (*Goes to desk and counts bonds.*) One, two, three, the rest are finished, I suppose. Well done, Dora, you're a brick. Where are the rest? (*Pulls out two or three drawers of desk, then goes to safe and opens it.*) Ah! here they are—all neatly folded and packed! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. One thousand first bonds of the Steel Trust—every one as easy to sell as a silver dollar.

[*Enter LEAVITT, with a pained expression on his face.*]
Come, I'll give you the water-cure.

[*Takes LEAVITT by the collar, and drags him up to washstand. LEAVITT yells, and taking towel from closet, dries his hands and face.*]

CAINE. Keep quiet, you fool—she may return at any moment!

[*Shuts centre door and locks it.*]

LEAVITT. Ah! I feel better now! Thanks, old man, you meant well!

[*CAINE fills glass half full of water and takes spoonful of selzer from bottle, puts it in water, and hands glass to LEAVITT, who drinks contents. CAINE crosses to desk, takes up bond on which DORA was working, and hands it to LEAVITT.*]

LEAVITT. Ah! smooth as satin! Not a tremor! She must have nerves of steel!

CAINE. (*Hands him another bond.*) There is the original.

LEAVITT. (*Admiringly.*) Ah! a perfect facsimile. Charles W. Schwab, President. She's an artist! This would surprise Charlie!

CAINE. Yes, sir, even Carnegie would accept that bond as the genuine article.

LEAVITT. They wouldn't build many libraries on these!

CAINE. Not after July first, when the coupons come due.

LEAVITT. She's an artist! When does the deal come off?

CAINE. Tonight! (*Takes bond from LEAVITT and puts it on the desk.*) It's a certainty!

LEAVITT. Has she finished the work?

CAINE. All but three! There are nine neat little packages of a hundred each arranged in the safe, and every package is good for more than a hundred thousand.

LEAVITT. But are you sure the originals are in Waters's safe?

CAINE. Certain! I went with him to the deposit vaults this afternoon, and was with him until he placed them in the safe at home.

LEAVITT. Are you sure of the numbers? That is most important! (*Both stand in front of table.*)

CAINE. (*Takes small book from pocket.*) I've got a copy of Waters's diary here, that contains a full description of every security he holds, as individual or trustee.

LEAVITT. Well, we're in luck! I hardly believed he'd ever do it in the way you said. It seems mighty careless to keep over a million dollars of negotiable securities in his house even for a night.

CAINE. Why, Joe, my boy, those fellows get so used to handling millions in their big deals, that they take no more notice of a million dollars than you or I would of a thousand.

LEAVITT. (*Gloating.*) Ah! I'd like to feel that way! But I could never sleep with that much wealth in *my* house. I'd sit up and play with it all night. (*Sits.*) These counterfeits are *so* perfect—why risk changing them?

CAINE. It's the safest way—doubly safe.

LEAVITT. Why not sell these, or put them up as collateral for a big loan, and skedoodle before the trick is discovered?

CAINE. It might be done, but you'd have to take some time to get a reputation as a big borrower—we haven't got the time for fancy work.

LEAVITT. Well, I suppose that's right! But I'd rather take a chance of planting a few hundreds of these, than that you should be caught by Waters, or that he should find out that the whole bunch are counterfeits.

CAINE. There's no danger of that!

LEAVITT. Oh! to get so near success and then to fail! It would break my heart!

CAINE. Don't you worry about that! My plans are too well-laid. These packages won't be opened till Waters hands them over in London, and there's no chance of the forgery being detected there for many weeks.

LEAVITT. Yes. And, anyhow, even then, I don't see how they can suspect *us* of having worked the deal.

CAINE. If Waters's deal goes through in London, these bonds will be scattered into hundreds of hands, and there will be muddle enough to keep the police of both countries guessing for years.

LEAVITT. (*Grinning.*) Yes! Yes! it's great! (*Seriously.*) But I'm afraid of the girl! Say, why should we risk everything with her?

CAINE. We can't help it! She was indispensable! Without her we could only have worked a clumsy job! By her aid, we avoid all risk!

LEAVITT. Caine, I've laid awake night after night thinking of this job! I tell you we're fools to risk everything with that petticoat.

CAINE. Oh! you've got no nerve!

LEAVITT. I've got nerve enough, and I'll prove it! I'll raise the limit with you tonight—now.

CAINE. What do you mean, Joe?

LEAVITT. We must get rid of the girl. She loves Waters, and when she finds out he was the victim, she'll give us away—cold.

CAINE. I know; but we measured that risk and every other when we planned this deal, and we cannot change now—it's too late!

LEAVITT. It's not too late! We have no more use for

her! I'll toss you a coin for her share—or split even with you.

CAINE. And what about her?

LEAVITT. We must get rid of her! She'll not be missed now! We must kill her!

CAINE. You devil! (*Grabs LEAVITT and chokes him.*) I'll kill you!

LEAVITT. (*Chokingly.*) Let go—you hurt! (*CAINE throws him down.*) I was only joking!

CAINE. You lie—you were only too much in earnest.

LEAVITT. Well, if I was! It's my life against hers! If she gives us away, I might as well be dead.

CAINE. By God, sir, I never realized till this moment the depths to which my avarice has caused me to fall. Get up and keep as far from me as possible.

LEAVITT. (*Getting up.*) Well, I'm sorry—forget it. Don't let us scrap now! Let us finish the job! After all it looks like a cinch! Let's have a drink.

[*CAINE motions to desk. LEAVITT gets bottle, and pours out a large drink which he swallows. Then he hands bottle and glass to CAINE, who pushes it away.*]

CAINE. Leavitt, you were never nearer death than you were a moment ago.

LEAVITT. You certainly gave me a scare!

CAINE. I'm not a quarrelsome man, but if I had had a weapon in my hand, I would have killed you like a rat.

LEAVITT. (*Taking another drink.*) Forget it!

CAINE. Let it be a warning to you until we part forever in a few days.

LEAVITT. You've certainly got a nasty temper! I didn't expect it from you! But the girl gets on my nerves! I don't understand her! I never knew a girl like her before—and I've known a good many of them in my day.

CAINE. She's a lady, Joe, and you're not used to that kind of woman. She's all right as long as she doesn't suspect you're in the deal. I had an awful job to get her

to come here to work, even after I told her that I had bought you out, and that you had gone West. (*Starts.*) I hear footsteps! (*Latchkey is heard in door.*) I'm coming, my dear. (*To LEAVITT.*) Get out, quick. (*LEAVITT hastily exit. CAINE opens door. DORA comes in. He then locks door.*) You look tired, Dora. You've been working hard—but it's almost done.

DORA. (*Goes to closet and hangs up her hat. Speaks wearily.*) Yes, almost all done. (*She sits at desk and begins to write.*)

CAINE. And then in a few days, we shall be able to go abroad, and the sea air will bring your mother round again.

DORA. Poor mother! She's almost in a state of coma! I wish I, too, could sit and dream and forget. Aren't you going?

CAINE. (*Walking up and down nervously.*) I'm going to wait until you're finished. I must have them tonight. If you're in a hurry to get rid of me, finish the work, and I'll go.

DORA. Oh no, not that! Don't think me ungrateful! You have been very kind! (*CAINE advances, puts his arm round her waist and attempts to kiss her. She pushes his face away, and jumps up in a fury.*) How dare you! Why did you touch me? (*She takes up remaining bonds and tears them to pieces; then throws them on the ground and stamps her foot on them. CAINE has stepped towards her and tried to prevent her from tearing them, but she has pushed him back.*) Oh! I'm stifling! Let me get out of here into the pure air of Heaven!

CAINE. Dora! Miss Morris! Please be calm! I meant no wrong!

DORA. (*Goes to door and finds it locked.*) Open this door, instantly!

CAINE. (*Goes up to DORA, and takes both her hands.*) Dora! Miss Morris! Won't you be quiet for a moment and listen to me? Why *should* you be insulted? You

know I love you, have loved you and want to marry you. Think of all that is at stake! Think of your mother!

DORA. (*Turns from him.*) My poor mother!

CAINE. You know I have been devoted to you, and have worked with only your comfort and your mother in my mind.

DORA. Yes! Yes! But you should not insult me—*here* of all places, where the memory of that monster taints the very atmosphere.

CAINE. (*Coldly.*) If my honest attentions are insulting, I will refrain from pressing them, Miss Morris.

DORA. That kind of attention from you or anyone is insulting—degrading—and I'm finished with the whole business.

CAINE. You are nervous and excited tonight—you are not yourself.

DORA. No, I am not myself! I am another woman, born of wrong and oppression—a convicted thief, a forger by choice—and then this!. (*With a bitter and disgusted groan.*)

CAINE. (*Crosses back of table to safe. Draws a glass of water, surreptitiously puts some brandy in it, and hands it to DORA.*) Take a little water, Miss Morris. (*He stands in front of table.*)

DORA. (*Takes it and gulps it down.*) Water! You said water! This is whiskey!

CAINE. Yes, you are very nervous. It will help you to be yourself.

DORA. Now, let me go home! I promised mother to be back in half an hour. Poor thing! she's in pain.

CAINE. She will not live, unless she gets a change of air and proper medical attention. She needs a specialist.

DORA. And we are outcasts and paupers!

CAINE. Of course you and she must leave Boston before next Tuesday, or you will have to stand trial in the Superior Court on that day.

DORA. Oh God! how bitter life is! But I care not what happens to me!

CAINE. But think of your mother! By remaining, you're sentencing yourself to prison, and her to a pauper's grave.

DORA. Why do you torture me? Let me get away from here—the work is done now—you have no further need of me.

CAINE. Yes, I have, Dora—I shall always have need of you. Let me be as a son to your mother.

DORA. (*With a sigh.*) Yes, and mother loves you! You're very good, and I suppose I'm nothing but a hysterical girl. But I should prefer that you give me a few thousand dollars to take my mother away from this place, and let me try and forget the price which I have paid. (*Sits down. CAINE makes a gesture of dissent.*) Ah! you need not be afraid that I shall betray you!

CAINE. But, Dora, you must brace up. You have earned your share to the fortune which will be ours to-morrow—three hundred and fifty thousand at least, will be your share, and as much more, mine. We can go abroad and live a princely life in some other country, and your mother will live and die in the surroundings to which she has been accustomed, and is entitled.

DORA. (*Rises.*) Yes, I will go! It is better so! But, (*Clenches her fist and speaks sternly.*) let us understand each other, Mr. Caine. You have done me the honor to make love to me on several occasions. I don't want it. My heart is dead! There is no place in it for love! You have been the best friend I have had since my hour of trouble and you have been the worst friend a woman *ever* had. You have helped me to bear up against the world in my misery—but you have helped to nourish and cherish the bitterness in my soul. You have cheered me in the face of false accusations, and kept me from a prison cell—and you have taught me to defy the law and commit a crime which would send me to such a cell for ever.

CAINE. (*Coldly.*) You are very severe, Miss Morris.

DORA. I am *just*! You say I shall be rich tomorrow. Very well! You will have kept your promise to make me rich as the price of my crime.

CAINE. Oh, Dora! Dora! I wish you would believe that my love for you is sincere, and based on genuine admiration for your qualities of head and heart! Have I not been your devoted slave since I have known you? Let me still serve you! All I ask is a little hope that you will try and like me better from day to day, as I prove my unselfish devotion to your interests—and your mother's.

DORA. Well, be it so! Perhaps, some day, I may change my mind; and if I may judge by the gradual moral degeneration which has taken place within me in the last few months, perhaps I may consider even a loveless marriage without disgust in the not distant future. There! shake hands on our bargain!

[*They shake hands, and CAINE kisses her hand respectfully.*]

CAINE. Now, please, hurry up and finish the others as I must take them all with me.

DORA. (*Laughing.*) They are already finished. (*Picks up some of the pieces.*)

CAINE. (*With a groan, picks up remaining pieces.*) Oh! the pity of it! Over a thousand dollars and as good as gold!

DORA. (*Laughing.*) Never mind! There's enough left, and we'll burn many thousands of dollars before the month is out.

[*She and CAINE proceed to fold up the remaining bonds carefully.*]

CAINE. (*Puts the pieces away in his pocket.*) I must burn every vestige of this. Now, I must go; but if I am lucky, I'll be back inside of half an hour. Will you wait?

DORA. I will wait a little, but mother was feeling unwell, when I left, and I must not stay too long.

CAINE. (*As he exits.*) Au revoir.

DORA. (*Sits down.*) Oh! the weariness and the shame! But I must be strong and bitter! The world and my false friends have driven me to this. (*Rises, takes a few steps up and down, then looks at her watch.*) Half an hour, he said. I will have time to go to our rooms and see how mother is. (*She goes to closet, takes out her hat, and arranges it before the glass. Turns light out, and goes towards door.*) My goodness, I am getting absent-minded! I actually forgot to shut my desk and the safe. (*She closes them, occupying a minute or so putting things straight, by light of moon, or electric light through window from street. She then goes to door. Just as she is about to exit, she hears the sound of a key in the other door and stops.*) Who is it? Can it be a burglar? Or the police? Yes, it is the police! We are discovered.

[LEAVITT enters, and feels about for electric button.]

LEAVITT. Where is that damned button? I ought to know. (*Turns on light.*)

DORA. (*Steps into closet.*) It is Leavitt! What is he doing here? He went to California!

LEAVITT. Ah! my pretty forger is gone! I wonder if the desk is locked. I must get another drink of Caine's brandy! My stomach and my nerves are all broken up. (*He tries desk and finds it locked. Bangs it with his hand. Feels in his pocket and takes out bunch of keys, with one of which he opens the desk. Finds brandy and takes a drink.*) Three hundred and fifty thousand, Caine said—there was over a million! Hang him, it should be an even divide! If he's going to marry the girl, why should they get two-thirds between them? (*Telephone rings.*)

DORA. (*From closet.*) He knows! Leavitt is in the plot! He gets a share!

LEAVITT. (*At telephone.*) Hello! Hello! Hello! (*Pause.*) No, the pretty bird has gone home and left everything locked up tight this time. (*Pause.*) No, I haven't been drinking again! (*Pause.*) What's that?

You can tell by my voice! Can you smell my breath? (*Pause.*) Well, just one to steady my nerves. Don't worry about it! (*Pause.*) Everything O. K. Good! (*Pause.*) Coming right down. All right! Good-bye! (*Hangs up receiver. Executes awkwardly a step of a dance.*) Three hundred and fifty thousand cold kaloons! Oh! it's almost too good to be true! Joe Leavitt, you're a great man! But it's a pity to give so much money to the girl! What would a woman do with all that money? Well! Well! Well! I must go out and get a bromo seltzer before Caine gets here, or there will be the devil of a row. (*Exit.*)

DORA. (*Enters from closet.*) How does Leavitt know? Caine told me he had bought the business from him. It was just a trick to deceive me, because the work could not be done without the engraving plant, and without Leavitt to make the plates and print off the sheets. I must have been a fool not to think of that. I ought to have known that there must be another person in the work besides Caine and me. Caine told me he had a man in his employ, and I didn't stop to think, or I should have known that Caine would not have risked that work and that knowledge with anyone. And to think that I have been made a tool—a partner with that monster! Oh! the humiliation! The shame! I should like to strike him dead! They are coming! I can't get away!

[*Voices and footsteps are heard outside, and she goes into closet. Enter CAINE and LEAVITT.*]

CAINE. (*Throws lawyer's large cloth bag, bulging, on table.*) There you are, my boy, the trick's done!

LEAVITT. How much is there?

CAINE. They will sell for more than a million dollars.

LEAVITT. Bravo! Great! But won't it hit the haughty Waters hard?

CAINE. Hit him? It will kill him! His own share of this pool is only a fifth; but if the courts hold him responsible for the loss of it all, it will ruin him.

LEAVITT. (*Bitterly.*) Well, it will do him good to

know how it feels to be poor and hungry, and it will be a new feeling for you and me to have money to burn. (CAINE *locks door, while LEAVITT takes out a package of bonds and counts them silently.*) A hundred, and every one worth over a thousand dollars! Ah! (*Gloatingly.*) Life! Joy! Happiness! Heaven! all in this little bunch! Come, Caine, give me my share, and let me go—let me get out!

CAINE. (*Takes bag from LEAVITT.*) Not so fast, my dear Adonis! There's to be no sharing and no division, until the bonds are sold or otherwise disposed of.

LEAVITT. But why? Let each take his own share, and dispose of it in his own time.

CAINE. Not on your life, Joe Leavitt! Our agreement was, that you and I were, between us, to sell these bonds in lots of five and ten thousand in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago. Now, that's the programme! It can be done easily and safely within a week.

[DORA *opens door of closet slightly to hear conversation.*]

LEAVITT. But why not each take his own, and dispose of them as he wishes. All I want is my share.

CAINE. It might be all right, my boy, but a slight blunder, or an extra cocktail on your part might give a clue, and cause me to be nabbed; and so I must insist on the original compact being kept to the letter.

LEAVITT. (*Sneeringly.*) I didn't make a blunder selling those pink pearls, did I?

CAINE. No, you're entitled to credit for that deal!

LEAVITT. And you got your share without risk and trouble?

CAINE. That's all right, old Jupiter Pluvius; but nevertheless, I am going to arrange all the details of this transaction.

LEAVITT. Well, I suppose it's all right! What's the programme?

CAINE. After Waters sails tomorrow, we will each

take a hundred of these and go to New York and sell them through different brokers. We will then take a bunch to Philadelphia and Chicago in the same way, until the lot are disposed of.

LEAVITT. But what shall we do with what are left here?

CAINE. They will be safe here in Miss Morris's care.

LEAVITT. But is it safe to leave them with her?

CAINE. They'll be safer than they would be with you, old Judas Maccabaeus.

LEAVITT. (*With attempted dignity.*) Oh! I don't know! I don't put much stock in women!

CAINE. Well, that goes anyway. Now, I must get back. Waters came home just as I got the stuff, and in my nervousness, I came away without locking the safe.

LEAVITT. You idiot! Suppose he should see it. He would suspect something, and the game would be up.

CAINE. (*Laughing.*) He'd certainly think that I was careless. But he trusts me implicitly—and besides, if he opened the safe, he'd find his bonds apparently O. K.

LEAVITT. All right, rush along! I'll take care of the bonds.

CAINE. (*With a snarl.*) Oh, no, you don't. I've worked and waited for five years for just this, and I'm not going to deliver my future into your gentle hands.

LEAVITT. (*With a snarl.*) Do you mean to insult me?

CAINE. You can take it that way if you like, Joe.

LEAVITT. Look at here! I'm not going to stand for this! I'm not a thief!

CAINE. No, you're President of the Chinatown Sunday school, and all the rest of it; but you and I have engineered this deal to steal a million dollars from Edward Waters and his syndicate, and I shouldn't like to tempt the honorable Joe Leavitt, formerly Joe Levi, with the possession of so much negotiable wealth. You might be tempted to fall from grace.

LEAVITT. Well, if you don't trust me, I ain't going to trust you.

CAINE. Well, you've *got* to trust me until the deal's through.

LEAVITT. What are you going to do?

CAINE. I'm going to put this bag in the safe until tomorrow, and you are going to give me up the key to the inner door.

LEAVITT. I'll be shot if I do!

CAINE. (*Pointing pistol.*) You'll be shot if you don't.

LEAVITT. Oh, all right.

CAINE. I'll meet you here after the boat sails—say, nine o'clock—and we can take the ten train to New York.

LEAVITT. Have it your own way—there's no need to quarrel about it now. We've been good friends a long time, and we'll make a pretty good thing out of this.

CAINE. Your head is level, Joe. (*He goes to safe and works combination to open it.*)

LEAVITT. My head's *splitting*! I think I'll take another souse of cold water. (*He goes to wash-basin, and washes hands and face. CAINE has opened safe, unlocked inner door, and is counting packages before putting bag in safe.*) Where are the towels? (*LEAVITT goes to closet where DORA is hiding, and tries to open door.*)

CAINE. In the closet! I wonder what's keeping Dora. I'll have a look around.

[*LEAVITT tries to open door of closet, but cannot. He works himself into a rage, and at last bangs on door with his fist and snarls. He then turns round, takes up a chair to smash door. He poises the chair above his head. Enter CAINE.*]

CAINE. Keep quiet. Are you crazy to yell like that? Do you want to bring the police in?

LEAVITT. I'm nervous, that's all!

CAINE. Understand me, Leavitt. I've very nearly reached the limit of my endurance with you, and it would take but little more to make me chuck the whole thing up.

LEAVITT. I'll be all right! Lend me your handkerchief, I haven't got one.

[*CAINE. gives him his handkerchief, and LEAVITT dries*

his hands and face on it, then hands it back to CAINE, who throws it in the waste basket. LEAVITT picks it out and puts it in his pocket. CAINE locks inner door of safe, and then shuts safe.]

Now let's go!

CAINE. All right, old man, but first, let me have that key..

LEAVITT. I forgot!

[Takes a key off his bunch, and hands it to CAINE. He goes to door.]

CAINE. *(Crosses to electric light button to turn out light.)* But my memory is good!

[They exeunt. Shut and lock door. DORA opens door of closet, and listens until their retreating footsteps die away, and the outer door is heard to bang.]

DORA. *(Runs to safe, and turns combination for some seconds. Then tries to turn the handle and fails.)* I have missed it! *(She turns the knob rapidly again for a few seconds, and again tries the handles.)* Missed it again! I must have light! *(Runs to button. Pauses.)* No, if I turn up the light, they may see it and return. *(Gets a match. Runs to safe again, lights a match, holds it with one hand, and works the combination with the other. As match dies out, she drops it, tries handle, and the outer door opens. Then she takes key from her pocket, lights another match, opens door, takes out bag and goes to centre door.)* Now, it's my turn!

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

[*Same as ACT I. Half an hour later. CAINE enters leisurely and looks round. Seeing no one, he makes a rush for the safe, and draws back curtain which covers it.*]

CAINE. Still unlocked! It has escaped his attention! (*Opens door, and peeps in.*) All right! (*Shuts doors, turns combination, and adjusts curtain. Enter WATERS and JACK.*)

JACK. Hello, Caine, working away as usual. You're a devil of a fellow for work.

CAINE. How-do-you-do, Mr. Rich. Yes, work is my only pleasure.

JACK. You're a lucky dog, Waters, to have such a man as Caine to do your drudgery. (*He and WATERS sit down.*)

WATERS. Yes, he's been a great help to me lately, but I'm afraid he's worked too hard; and while I am away from Boston, he will have a few weeks of much-needed rest that will do him good.

CAINE. I'm all right, sir; but I'm afraid you work too hard yourself, and you need a rest as much as I do.

WATERS. Yes, I'm pretty tired, and I expect to be greatly benefited by the long voyage.

JACK. That's the reason you chose one of those slow old tubs from Boston?

WATERS. Yes, that's the reason. I say, Caine, you'd better change your mind, and sail with me in the morning.

CAINE. No, thank you, sir, I have made other arrangements. I'm going west to look after a little property I have in Chicago.

WATERS. All right, take it your own way. You can

draw on me for five hundred in excess of your salary to help you to have a good time.

CAINE. (*Shows signs of repentance.*) You're very good, sir.

WATERS. Not at all! You're worth it and more! Now, run along to bed. I'll see you at breakfast in the morning.

JACK. Good-night, Caine.

CAINE. Good-night, gentlemen. (*Exits.*)

WATERS. Light up, old man.

JACK. Now, you old dog, there's something the matter with you besides business. You haven't been yourself for the past few months.

WATERS. Well, I've had some little private worries, but I'll be all right when I get away from here.

JACK. You're not worrying about those bally old pearls, are you?

WATERS. Partly that, old man.

JACK. Now, look here, you old rhinoceros, forget them! I wouldn't have you worry yourself like this for six times the amount.

WATERS. Ah! it isn't the value that worries me so much, as the shattering of my ideals.

JACK. (*Seriously.*) Oh, yes, the girl! You were badly hit there, weren't you?

WATERS. I don't know how to talk about it, old man, even with you. But I had allowed her presence to creep into my heart, and, in spite of what happened, then, and what has happened since, I can't forget her.

JACK. Why don't you come out more, and have a good time! There are lots more jolly, good girls, though, in my opinion, none of them is half good enough for you.

WATERS. Ah, Jack! *she* was one in a million. I had watched her grow from childhood into budding youth and beautiful womanhood, and her mind kept pace in development with her body. She was capable of great things, and a noble woman withal—and yet she fell so easily. Ah! my poor hopes!

JACK. Well, I'll be hanged if I believe she took those pearls, in spite of everything.

WATERS. You don't? Ah, Jack! I tried hard to believe it, too, but this other affair shakes my confidence; and my business experience of the sex has taught me that woman is frail.

JACK. Oh! you're too upright—you make me tired sometimes. Isn't man frail? Don't we do things every day, that we'd eternally damn our wives and sisters for? To the devil with reason and evidence! I don't believe she took the bally stones! (*Pause.*) I believe my old grand dam caused them to disappear, through spite at having broken her injunction.

WATERS. (*Smiling.*) You're a good fellow, Jack, and I wish there were more like you in the world. It does me lots of good to get away from the matter-of-fact people I meet in business, and to have an hour with a natural, whole-souled fellow like yourself.

JACK. Have you ever heard from her since the trial?

WATERS. Not a word! Caine has had several discreet detectives looking for her, but she has disappeared completely.

JACK. That is the best that could have happened, old man.

WATERS. Yes, I suppose so! If she had to stand trial before a jury, the facts of her identity would surely have come out, and given the yellow papers a glorious opportunity to roast a fallen aristocrat. But it troubles me to think that she will have to forfeit the bail and be defaulted, thus acknowledging the crime.

JACK. It's a rotten shame, the whole business. Now, I must say goodnight—it's getting pretty late.

WATERS. Won't you stay here for the night?

JACK. No thanks, old man, I won't trouble you, but I'll be at the boat in the morning to say good-bye. (*From door.*) And, say, old man, if you don't find Miss Morris and marry her, I'll claim her myself! Begad! even

before I broke off with Helen, over that bally necklace, I often comitted treason in that direction.

WATERS. (*Laughing.*) Well, the field is still open, since you are unattached. You have as good a chance as anybody.

JACK. *Me* as good a chance as anybody? Yes, I know I have—anybody but you! Say, Waters, you're as blind as a bat—or can it be, that the light is too strong for your eyes? Good night, old man.

WATERS. Good night, and good rest! (*Exit JACK.*) It's stuffy in here, and this big house and these empty rooms begin to pall upon me. Well, I'll take a pipe and cool off, and then to bed.

[*Takes off his coat and throws it on a chair. Then turns light out, and sits down in back corner near window. DORA'S face appears at window. He takes pipe and tobacco jar, and slowly fills pipe. Strikes a match on his trousers, and just as it is lighting up, he hears the sound of someone entering the open window. He blows match out, and sits, transfixed, with match in one hand, and pipe in the other. DORA is seen to climb carefully through window. As he sees the shadow on the floor, he reaches back to the desk, and takes revolver which he holds ready. As DORA enters room, he pulls the white curtain partly over himself (he is dressed in white shirt and light flannel trousers).*]

DORA. Ah! this room is so familiar, and I used to love it so well.

[*She moves round darkened room, until she comes to the safe. She draws the curtain back, and feels for the handle.*]

It is locked!

[*WATERS turns on light, and points revolver at the crouching figure.*]

WATERS. I'm sorry to disappoint you! (*As DORA jumps to her feet and faces him, he drops revolver to*

the floor.) My God! Dora, again!—just as a little hope was creeping into my heart. Woman! Woman! what fate do you deserve?

DORA. (*Calmly.*) The penitentiary, I suppose. (*In hard, bitter voice.*) Why don't you ring for the servants and send for the police? I am at your mercy.

WATERS. Have you no shame nor fear?

DORA. (*Lightly.*) Shame? Am I not in the house of my old friend, Edward Waters? What have I to fear? Am I not already a convicted thief? Come, put an end to it! There is the telephone! Call the police!

WATERS. (*Angrily.*) My God! Dora, this is worse than I thought! Are you a blackmailer?

DORA. Oh! no! no! don't believe that! (*She breaks down and cries...He walks up and down, showing great worry.*)

WATERS. (*Firmly.*) Sit down!

DORA. I won't! Send for the police, and give me in charge, or let me go!

WATERS. (*Takes her with some roughness by the arm, and forces her into a seat. He stands over her.*) Would you be surprised to hear that I was thinking of you, when you so unceremoniously entered my window?

DORA. (*Slightly hysterically.*) Thinking of me? Why should you be thinking of me?

WATERS. I was thinking how much I missed you when you went out of my life.

DORA. Out of your life! I was never in your life! Please let me go.

[*She tries to stand up, but WATERS puts her gently back in the chair.*]

WATERS. I am forced to believe that you have become a common thief—why, I cannot understand—it is beyond me. But, seeing you here now, a burglar in my house, with the intent in your heart of breaking into my safe and ruining me, I still love you, I love you, Dora.

DORA. (*Hysterically.*) Oh, no, no, no, don't torture me! I don't believe it! Let me go!

[*Gets up and attempts to reach door, but WATERS stops her.*]

WATERS. Dora, don't go away!

DORA. Please let me go! It is cruel to jest!

WATERS. Jest! Oh darling, I was never more serious in my life! Can't you love me just a little bit?

DORA. (*Laughs hysterically.*) Perhaps I could—if I were not a thief! How can you love a convict?

WATERS. I don't care what you are—you are the woman I love. If you stole, it was because you couldn't buy what you needed. As my wife, you will have wealth enough to gratify all your desires, and temptation cannot come your way.

DORA. But if you loved me truly, you would not believe me guilty of theft and burglary.

WATERS. To do wrong, is part of our humanity. Let me guard you from temptation. You are all the world to me!

DORA. That is not love! You do not love me.

WATERS. Dora, dearest, I have loved you for years—you have been my ideal my hope.

DORA. And yet you allowed yourself to believe me guilty of a vulgar crime.

WATERS. You can never know how hard I struggled to believe you innocent. But the facts—the evidence was so strong—so crushing. How could anyone of my training believe otherwise.

DORA. (*Bitterly.*) Love shouldn't yield to logic.

WATERS. But if our positions were reversed, you would have been compelled to believe me guilty.

DORA. Never! The sworn oath of a thousand men would be as nothing against the word of the man I love! Oh! the bitterness and pain of these long weeks when a little faith would have made our lives so different.

WATERS. But I loved you through it all—and craved for your love. Be mine, and I will have faith for ever.

DORA. But you believe me guilty of these horrible crimes?

WATERS. I love you in spite of them, Dora. Do try to love me a little. (*Takes her in his arms.*)

DORA. I do love you.

WATERS. Now that I know you love me, I will not let you out of my sight until we are man and wife.

DORA. Yes, I love you, dearest, better than life or liberty. But now, release me from this bear-like hug of yours, because I want to talk to you like a man, and I cannot argue with you while you dominate me like this.

WATERS. Say you love me—like a woman, once more, and then you can talk to me like a man, if you wish.

DORA. (*Puts her arms round his neck.*) My darling, with all my heart. (*Kisses him, then sits down. He tries to sit beside her.*) No, no, I'm going to talk like a man. Sit over there—or, rather, go to the table, and look at the contents of the bag.

[WATERS goes to table and opens bag. He shows great astonishment as he examines the bundles of bonds.]

WATERS. Bonds!. (*Looks at numbers.*) These are all of the syndicate's bonds. (*Goes to safe.*) The safe is locked! (*Sits down and lights pipe.*) Now, Madame la Magicienne, I am ready for an explanation of this mystery.

DORA. The explanation is simple—I didn't take your bonds.

WATERS. You didn't? Oh, sweetheart, I am so pleased! But, I'm afraid you're taxing my imagination too much, Miss Burglar, when you say you didn't steal the bonds.

DORA. I did steal them.

WATERS. Well, it was the quickest thing I ever heard of. I didn't think you had time to open the safe.

DORA. I didn't take them from your safe. They were taken from there this evening. I stole them from the thieves.

WATERS. Ha! Go on! Who were the thieves?

DORA. I was one of them.

WATERS. Yes?

DORA. Your charming acquaintance, Mr. Leavitt, was another.

WATERS. I suspected his honesty, but I had to do business with him, as he is one of the best engravers in the country. Who next?

DORA. Your charming and accomplished confidential secretary, Mr. Caine.

WATERS. The devil!

DORA. Yes, I believe he is the devil! Now, open your safe and the mystery will be further explained.

WATERS. (*Opens safe and takes out bonds which he compares with others.*) Duplicates! Forgeries! This is startling! (*Throws one of the bundles on table.*)

DORA. Don't mix the counterfeits with the real bonds—you will never be able to tell them from the genuine.

WATERS. Who did these?

DORA. Leavitt did the engraving and I did the forgeries.

WATERS. Poor little girl! What have you been through? How could you associate with such people?

DORA. It is not a long story, and I will explain enough for you to understand all. Caine and Leavitt stole those pearls, and managed to throw suspicion on me. You know how I was ostracised, and, when, after father's death, mother and I were penniless, Caine helped us with money and sympathy, and he got me a position with Leavitt where my talent was useful. You know about my arrest and conviction on Leavitt's testimony, and, you know, also, that without my supposed connection with the pearls, I should never have been held by the court.

WATERS. Dear little woman, you shall have every reparation.

DORA. And when my soul was filled with despair and anger against God and man, and my mind too numb to

reason between right and wrong, Caine persuaded me to do this work.

WATERS. (*Takes DORA in his arms.*) Every hour of my life shall be devoted to you, sweetheart, so that you may forget the pain and punishment. As for Caine, I will settle with him now.

DORA. Don't be hard on him! Without his assistance, Mother and I would have suffered more than we did; and, if he hadn't bailed me out, I should have been still in prison.

WATERS. (*Rings bell.*) Yes, he bailed you out with my money. Now, go behind that screen for a moment. (*Enter SERVANT.*) Send Mr. Caine to me immediately. (*Exit SERVANT.*) When did he change the bonds?

DORA. (*Comes from behind screen.*) Only this evening. When I discovered the real facts, I took the bonds and came here, determined to get them back to you somehow, and then I saw your window open, and without stopping to think, I entered.

WATERS. 'Twas a divine inspiration. Now, go into that room for a few minutes, dear. (*Exit DORA. Enter CAINE. He starts when he sees the bonds.*) Well, Caine, you nearly got away with them!

CAINE. What do you mean, sir?

WATERS. Cut that out, I tell you! If I hear another hypocritical word, I'll knock your head off.

CAINE. (*Surlily.*) Well, what's up?

WATERS. Your friend, Leavitt is under arrest—

CAINE. The dirty, drunken pig!

WATERS. Here are my bonds returned with your beautiful copies. Have a look at them.

CAINE. (*Takes a step to table.*) The damned hound!

WATERS. He also confessed that you stole the pearls.

CAINE. Well, what if I did? I stole the pearls, and had a hand in these bonds. Now, do your worst!

WATERS. And you were also in the plot with Leavitt to convict Miss Morris when she was charged with the larceny of Leavitt's money.

CAINE. Well, that's a lie! I'll stand for my share of the racket, but none of his! I worked on the girl's good nature, partly because we needed her services, and partly because I loved her and wanted to marry her.

WATERS. You cur!

CAINE. If that's being a cur, I am a cur, and you're a great big Newfoundland dog. You were born with a silver spoon for your porridge, and a gold mug for your milk. What do you know about temptation? About the difference between good and bad?

WATERS. Keep your tongue quiet or I'll lose my temper, and break every bone in your yellow skin.

CAINE. Yes, I know you would. That's the big dog again worrying the poor little terrier.

WATERS. Caine, you're a scoundrel—a clever scoundrel, but I could forgive you everything but the dragging of Miss Morris into this dirty business. I'll never forgive that! Now, sit right down there immediately, and write a confession of your and Leavitt's part in this business.

CAINE. I won't! (WATERS *grabs him by the neck and chokes him savagely.*) You'll kill me! (*Struggles.*) Let me go!

WATERS. (*Throws him across room.*) Now will you write that confession?

CAINE. No!

WATERS. I want to remind you that Leavitt is going to turn State's evidence, and unless you get in ahead of him, he will get a light sentence, and you will pay the heaviest penalty.

CAINE. Well, I'll do it to spite him!

[*Goes to desk and writes for a few moments. Signs paper and hands it to WATERS who reads it.*]

WATERS. Now, get out of this house immediately, and I'll give you twenty-four hours to clear out of the state and hide your traces. At that time I'll hand this to the District Attorney.

CAINE. (*From door.*) Oh no, you won't, Mr. Waters.

Leavitt and I may have been accomplices in the forgery of these bonds, but Dora Morris's was the actual hand that did the work, and you can't send us away without sending her to keep us company.

[WATERS strides forward and grasps CAINE by shoulder. Looks in his eyes for a moment, turns him quickly round and pushes him out. As CAINE exit, he sees DORA who comes from behind curtain and goes to WATERS side. He puts his arm lovingly round her.]

Oh! it's all up now.

WATERS. Well, sir, why don't you go?

CAINE. I haven't got enough to get me out of town, and I'm not a good walker.

WATERS. (To DORA.) What shall I do with the fellow, Dora?

CAINE. Speak a good word for me, Miss Morris. At the best, my life will be a tough one.

WATERS. Come to my office in the morning.

CAINE. Thank you, sir. Miss Morris, Waters is the best fellow in the world. (WATERS makes a step towards door, and CAINE exit hurriedly.)

DORA. Yes, the best in the world, and it's such a beautiful world tonight.

CURTAIN



THE SUBTERFUGE

A COMEDY DRAMA

CAST OF CHARACTERS

[Original Production.]

HUGH ALLEN.	<i>An ex-soldier, U. S. A. Now a soldier of fortune. (These parts be doubled.)</i>
GEORGE DINSMERE.	<i>Insane son of Major Dinsmere.</i>
GREGORY LIEBER.	<i>A lawyer and friend of Major Dinsmere.</i>
MAJOR DINSMERE.	<i>Father of George, and uncle and guardian of Evy.</i>
CAPT. DAVIES.	<i>Beneficiary with Evy under their aunt's will. Ex-captain U. S.</i>
ABRAHAM STEINER.	<i>Hebrew real estate speculator.</i>
JOSEPH WETHERBY.	<i>A friend and neighbor of the Dinsmeres.</i>
SMITHERS.	<i>An old English soldier, Major's valet.</i>
SERGT. WILLIAMS.	<i>Of the U. S. Infantry, formerly servant of Davies, and later bunky of Hugh in Philippines.</i>
KID KALEY.	<i>A crook and a Cadet.</i>
POLICEMAN.	
TICKET AGENT.	
EVELYN SEACREST.	<i>Major's niece.</i>
MRS. LIEBER.	
MARJORIE MELVILLE.	<i>A friend of Evy.</i>
MARTHA JACKSON.	<i>An unfortunate girl. Afterward servant at Dinsmere's.</i>
A GIRL IMMIGRANT.	
A WOMAN PASSENGER.	
AN ITALIAN FRUIT PEDDLER.	

ACT I.

[*Scene: A corner of Grand Central Station, two double benches in center—ticket office back center, megaphone announcer near ticket window—telephone booth upper right, large time-tables on wall back.*]

Enter woman with small bag. Negro porter grabs it and starts towards the exit—she following on the run. Italian fruit peddler with basket enters from right—policeman from left—as they pass, the policeman stops him and picks out some peaches. JENNIE HANSEN enters and sits down on seat right center.]

POLICEMAN. Say, what do you mean by selling such bum peaches. Not a word now. On your way, and don't let me catch you around here for a week.

[*Exit peddler and officer. Negro porter comes back. Enter fat woman with five or six bundles. She drops one, picks it up, and drops another.*]

PORTER. Take your parcels, ma'am, right to the train.

WOMAN. Keep away, young man, I don't need no help. (*She keeps dropping parcels.*)

PORTER. You better let me take them, ma'am, you'll lose your train.

WOMAN. How much will you charge?

PORTER. Nothing—only you can give me a present—that's what, just a present.

WOMAN. (*Suspiciously.*) How much of a present?

PORTER. Oh, just a quarter—a quarter would do nicely—although we sometimes gets fo' bits—that's from a real lady.

WOMAN. A quarter! No sir, get out of my way. (*Drops another parcel.*) Hey, young man, I'll pay you a nickel.

PORTER. I'll go you ma'am, your on. (*Takes up parcels.*) And I swear to goodness I'll bore a hole in that nickel and wear it round my neck next to my heart.

[*Exit. Enter OFFICER and HUGH.*]

HUGH. Can you tell me where the next train for Sing Sing starts from?

OFFICER. Sing Sing—are you going up without an escort?

HUGH. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, kind sir, I'm not going to the prison—just to visit a friend near the river.

OFFICER. Near the river?

HUGH. Yes—if you are up that way—drop in.

OFFICER. You're a wise guy all right—drop in—in the river—ha ha—that's a good one—I must spring that one on the Captain.

HUGH. Yes—pretty good, and old enough to know better,—but how about the train.

OFFICER. (*Points to window.*) Ask him.

HUGH. When is the next train for Sing Sing?

CLERK. Just gone—another in a half an hour.

HUGH. Well I may as well wait here where it's warm.

[*Sits down with back to girl. Picks up paper and begins to read. Enter a CADET, who sees the girl and walks around sizing her up. He sits near her and opens a paper and pretends to read.*]

CADET. Say, Miss, do you know when the next train goes to Boston?

JENNIE. No, sir.

CADET. Pardon me, but aren't you Miss (*reads name on her tag*) Hansen?

JENNIE. Yes, sir—that's my name.

CADET. Glad to meet you. (*Tips his hat.*) Gee, but I'm lucky to have met you.

JENNIE. But I don't understand.

CADET. You don't? Didn't you expect to meet someone here?

JENNIE. Yes, my cousin Mary Hansen telegraphed to

the ship that she couldn't get down, and would meet me here.

CADET. Sure—sure—that's it—and didn't she tell you about me?

JENNIE. No, sir, here's the telegram.

CADET. (*Reads.*) Jennie Hansen. Steerage S. S. Oceanic—Mistress sick—can't meet boat, will meet you at Grand Central Station, near ticket office at eight o'clock. Mary Hansen.

CADET. Well, she couldn't come some way, as the missus got worse, so she sent me.

JENNIE. Oh dear, what shall I do?

CADET. That's all right, my dear—nothing to worry about—she asked me to take you to my mother's until morning, when she'll come for you herself and fix things up.

JENNIE. (*Doubtfully.*) I don't know what to do.

CADET. Come on, now—everything's all fixed nice and comfy.

[*He picks up her bag and she follows him towards Left exit. Enter MARTHA from Left, and meets them.*]

MARTHA. Hello, kid—where are you going?

CADET. I'm busy now, Martha—I'll see you later.

MARTHA. (*To JENNIE.*) And where are you going?

JENNIE. This gentleman is a friend of my cousin, and is taking me to his mother's until morning.

MARTHA. (*Sarcastically, to JENNIE.*) Oh, I see. (*To CADET.*) Another victim, kid—ain't you afraid the ground will open and swallow you?

CADET. Cut it out, Martha, and fade away. (*To JENNIE.*) Come, Miss—it's getting late.

MARTHA. Come back, girl, I want to talk to you.

CADET. Never mind her, Miss Hansen—she's crazy. Mother will be waiting dinner for us.

MARTHA. Hear me, girl.

CADET. (*Gets between them and whispers.*) If you say another word, I'll smash you.

MARTHA. Smash away, you cowardly beast.

[CADET *draws his hand back as if to strike.* HUGH *has been watching and listening.*]

MARTHA. I dare you—take a chance now like a real sport, and see how quick you'll land in the wagon.

CADET. (*Pleadingly.*) Ah, Martha, be good, ain't I always been on the level with you? (*Severely.*) Cut it out and attend to your own business.

MARTHA. (*Bitterly.*) My business?

CADET. Yes—yes—get on your beat—beat it.

MARTHA. Yes, thanks to you, my Business is here, and my beat in the street, and that's where you'll have that poor wretch in a few days.

CADET. Oh, you make me sick when you're sentimental.

MARTHA. I'll make you sick tonight anyhow, for you must quit that girl—she looks virtuous—so now let her stay so.

CADET. Virtuous—Rot—there's no such thing—some women think they're virtuous, but they're only cold.

MARTHA. You're the filthiest thing that crawls the earth—fouler than a vulture and more venomous than a rattlesnake—more dangerous to society than the plague—God must indeed be good to permit such as you to exist.

CADET. (*In a harsh whisper.*) Another word, and I'll break your face, you—look here, I'll set the gang on you and then you know what will happen.

MARTHA. Go on to your gang. Girl, if you value your soul, don't go with that man.

[CADET *strikes MARTHA.* *The girl has shrunk away during the argument.* HUGH *jumps up and gives the CADET a punch which staggers him up to announcer.* CADET *draws knife and is crouching, when announcer shouts behind him.*]

ANNOUNCER. All aboard for Boston on the Shore Line.

[CADET *is startled and jumps around.* HUGH *springs forward and twists the knife out of his hand and*

stands back. The CADET turns again and pulls a revolver, then the ticket window is opened with a bang. He jumps around again with fists on guard and spars at an imaginary foe and HUGH kicks the gun out of his hand. MARTHA picks it up—CADET sees officer coming and exit left. A woman enters from right and runs to JENNIE and hugs her. They exit.]

MARTHA. Here comes the Cop. (To HUGH.) You're all right, and I wish you every luck.

OFFICER. Well, still here, I see.

HUGH. Yes—your eyesight is good yet.

OFFICER. My eyes are all right, but wow—wow—I'm suffering tortures.

[Enter BUM who approaches HUGH.]

BUM. Can you spare a dime, boss—I haven't had a thing to eat since the day before yesterday.

HUGH. Nothing doing.

BUM. Well, then, a nickel.

HUGH. Not a penny for you. Why, man, the flies are getting a good drink by just gliding across your mouth and getting your breath.

BUM. Well, then, spare the makings.

HUGH. The what?

BUM. The makings—just a little dust—I ain't had a smoke since New Year's.

HUGH. I'm sorry—I haven't a scrap—It's so long since I've had a smoke, I've forgotten the taste of a cigar.

BUM. Oh, gwan, who youse kiddin'. I kin see you had a clean shave today.

HUGH. Yes, but what's that got to do with a smoke?

BUM. Who'd pay ten cents for a shave unless he'd plenty of coin?

HUGH. (Laughing.) Well, I see your point of view, but anyhow I wasn't so extravagant, as I shaved myself.

BUM. Got a razor—let's see it—I know where I can get a quarter for it—I'll show you for a dime.

HUGH. (Laughing.) No thanks—get out.

BUM. Well, for a nickel.

HUGH. Go on, go on, work on the other side of the street.

BUM. You're no sport—I'll bet you're a fly cop.

HUGH. Go on now,—chase yourself or I may use that razor to take a souvenir off your hide. (*Steps towards BUM who exit. HUGH sits down and bends his head.*)

OFFICER enters from Left, bending over in pain.)

HUGH. What's the matter? Booze?

OFFICER. Booze? No—I've had nothing but a peach.

HUGH. A peach eh! Blonde or brunette?

OFFICER. You're a bum guesser. This was just a little green peach I took away from a dago.

HUGH. Green and fresh from the country—that's what they all say round here. (*Policeman hiccoughs several times.*)

OFFICER. That's tough! Hiccough! I got something else now.

HUGH. Oh, that's nothing—just a spasm of the diaphragm—

OFFICER. Spasm of the what? (*Hiccoughs.*)

HUGH. Spasm of the di-a-phragm—(*Slowly.*)

OFFICER. What the—what's that? (*Hiccough.*)

HUGH. That's it.

OFFICER. That—why that's the hiccough.

HUGH. Yes—that's the common name.

OFFICER. Say—are you trying to kid me, young feller?

HUGH. Kid you, officer—oh, no—I never would do anything like that.

OFFICER. I believe you—say it again.

HUGH. Hiccoughs?

OFFICER. No, the other name.

HUGH. Oh, spasm of the diaphragm.

OFFICER. Spasm of the doif-um.

HUGH. No, no, dia-phragm.

OFFICER. Di-a-phragm. Di-a-phragm. Di-a-phragm.

HUGH. What's the matter? Rehearsing?

OFFICER. Say, I'm going to spring that on the Captain. Dia- dia- dia—aw Hell! I'll never remember it.

HUGH. Take another chance—spasm of the dia-phragm.

OFFICER. Di-a-phragm—diaphragm—diaphragm. (*Exit thoughtfully.* HUGH *exit.* LT. LIEBER and MAJOR *enter from Right.*)

LIEBER. (*Looking at his watch.*) Ten minutes too early, Dinsmere. I telegraphed my wife and Evy to meet us here at eight o'clock in time for the show.

MAJOR. I'm almost afraid to meet the girl, Lieber. Two years ago, the last time I visited her in Montreal, her questions about George were most embarrassing. I had to begin with a lie and I had to invent a hundred others to strengthen the first.

LIEBER. She is the most charming girl I ever knew; and her intellect is keen, in spite of the fact that she has spent her whole youth within the walls of a convent, and knows nothing of the world.

MAJOR. I have been hoping against hope that my poor boy would regain his reason, so that he might marry her; and for that reason I was strict in my injunctions to the Superior to allow Evy to have no intercourse socially, except with the nuns.

LIEBER. She is like a rose, ready to burst forth into full beauty with the first breath of sunshine.

MAJOR. Do you think it would be safe to marry her to George, anyhow?

LIEBER. I wouldn't risk it, my friend. The girl has character, and no ordinary appeal would be sufficient to make her do something which she thought was wrong.

MAJOR. Oh, if George would only get better for a week.

LIEBER. Yes, if George were only even moderately sane for a week, we might risk it, as nobody but ourselves and Smithers has knowledge of his insanity.

MAJOR. You forget Davies—the scoundrel.

LIEBER. Yes, I overlooked him for a moment.

MAJOR. *Damn him.* Look here, Lieber. Have you any doubt as to who struck down my boy on that awful night?

LIEBER. Not a particle. Davies or an agent of his. He is guilty morally and legally, but we haven't a particle of evidence.

MAJOR. I don't need any more evidence. I can hardly control myself from loading my gun and going after him myself.

LIEBER. Keep calm. Let us walk round the block. The ladies will not be here for a few minutes yet, and we can talk this thing over.

[*Exit MAJOR and LIEBER. Enter EVY and MRS.*

LIEBER. *Enter HUGH who passes them, starts and stares at EVY.*]

MRS. LIEBER. I'll just telephone to the office, dear, and make sure they left there. (*Exit to booth.*)

HUGH. (*Sits down, picks up paper again, watches EVY from behind it.*) Such beauty.

[*Enter DAVIES half drunk. He leers at EVY as he passes.*]

DAVIES. Devilish pretty girl, that, by Jove. Looks as if she might just have come from a hot-house. (*He turns back and takes off his hat to EVY, saying.*) Pardon me, Miss, could you tell me the way to the Manhattan Hotel?

EVY. I am sorry I cannot, as I am a stranger in New York.

DAVIES. Oh, are you, though? Won't you let me show you a few of the sights?

EVY. (*Turning away.*) No, thank you, I am waiting for friends.

DAVIES. (*Walking after her and taking her arm.*) Let me be your friend, my dear.

EVY. (*Pulling her arm away from him, and turning away.*) Go away, please. I don't know you, and you frighten me.

DAVIES. Don't be frightened, my dear, I wouldn't hurt you. I am a gentleman.

EVY. If you are a gentleman, you will leave me at once.

DAVIES. Come and have a glass of wine, my dear, and then I'll leave you if you wish.

[*HUGH is poised to interfere, when MRS. LIEBER enters from booth.*]

HUGH. The brute, he deserves a licking.

EVY. Ah, here comes Mrs. Lieber. (*Runs towards MRS. LIEBER.* DAVIES *goes out.*)

MRS. LIEBER. Evy, my dear, I'm so sorry you're frightened. I couldn't get anyone on the 'phone. What has happened?

EVY. I was frightened by a drunken man, Mrs. Lieber; and oh, I'm so glad you came out.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes, I saw the end of the incident as I left the booth.

EVY. I have not seen Uncle George or Mr. Lieber. They left the office an hour ago.

MRS. LIEBER. Let us go outside. They may be waiting for us there.

[*Exeunt.* EVY *stands at the exit for a moment, and looks back at HUGH, who looks at her. He then pulls his belt in another hole, and sits down.*]

HUGH. Another day gone, and no work, no hope. Another hole taken in my belt. One quarter left. Shall I spend it at the theatre, so that I may drive this despairing mood away? Or shall I dine like a king to-night, and let tomorrow come what may? I will dine. I am hungry—and yet—if I go to the theater, I may see her face again. Let the fates decide. (*Tosses coin.*) Heads for theater, tails for dinner.

[*Enter LIEBER.* *As coin falls, a passing tramp jumps on it, and tries to run away with it. HUGH grabs him and a short scuffle ensues, which is interrupted by an officer.*]

OFFICER. Here, what's the meaning of this?

TRAMP. (*Whiningly.*) Wasn't me, officer, s'help me. The quarter is mine. It fell out of my hand, and this bloke here tries to take it away from me.

OFFICER. Say, is that your little game! You'll get thirty days on the island for this.

HUGH. It's ridiculous, officer. I tossed the coin and dropped it, and this fellow grabbed it.

OFFICER. Well, I'll take you both to the station, and let the magistrate decide. (*HUGH shrugs his shoulders.*)

LIEBER. (*Who has entered and seen the whole incident.*) That one (*Pointing to HUGH*) is telling the truth. I saw the whole thing.

OFFICER. (*Touching his helmet.*) All right, Mr. Lieber, I'm glad you saw it. Move along there.

[*LIEBER takes MAJOR'S arm and walks on. They look furtively at HUGH who walks up and leans on railing near ticket window.*]

MAJOR. (*To LIEBER.*) Marvelous.

LIEBER. Startling.

MAJOR. (*Looking at his watch.*) The ladies ought to have been here before now.

LIEBER. We shall have time to finish our conversation let's walk round the block again. (*They go out at Left.*)

[*SERGEANT of infantry who has seen the incident touches HUGH on the shoulder.*]

SERGEANT. Hullo, Allen, old chap. You don't seem to have been in luck since you left the old regiment.

HUGH. (*Grasping his hand.*) I am glad to see you Williams. Yes, I have had lots of luck—bad luck—and a man needs lots of the other kind to enable him to make an honest living.

SERGEANT. I thought you'd gone back to Virginia.

HUGH. Virginia—don't remind me of home, old man. They're all dead and gone. I haven't a friend in the world—or a dollar.

SERGEANT. Are you broke, old boy?

HUGH. No, not quite. I've still enough to buy the drinks, but it's my last quarter. Why, the scoundrel got

away with it after all. I was so surprised when the cop grabbed me, that I lost my head and my quarter.

SERGEANT. Well, your luck's bound to turn now; and I'm going to be in on the winning side. So here you are, old man. Let me be your banker. It's only a dollar, but tomorrow's pay day, and I've got enough to see me home.

HUGH. That's very good of you, old chap, but I hate to—

SERGEANT. Don't say a word about it. When you get rich, you know where to send it. Let's go and have a drink, and talk over old times.

[*As they go out, they pass the MAJOR and LIEBER, who enter from Left.*]

MAJOR. (*Standing, looking after HUGH.*) Why, Lieber, it's the most remarkable resemblance I've ever seen. When the officer grabbed him, I could hardly refrain from rushing forward and calling him George.

LIEBER. Yes, he certainly bears a remarkable likeness to your son. But there is a difference which I cannot fathom at the moment.

MAJOR. It's his eyes, man. It's the look of intelligence that he has, and which my poor boy lost that dreadful night three years ago.

LIEBER. Ah, Dinsmere, if it weren't for that, your troubles would be easily ended.

MAJOR. The worry and suspense will upset my mind, Lieber. I think I will throw up the sponge, and let that rascal Davies have the girl and the money; although, as sure as I am of my own existence, it was he who struck poor George that fatal night.

LIEBER. Cheer up, old friend; we've still got a month, and something may happen in that time.

MAJOR. I can't see a ray of light. The latest letter from Smithers shows George to be hopelessly insane; and so violent that he had to be kept under restraint all the time.

LIEBER. You were lucky to get him home before he

became violent. Now that he is locked away in the old West Room, no one need ever know that he is not yet travelling in Japan and the Philippines.

MAJOR. I'm sure that Davies knows, although, of course, he dare not show any suspicion, or ask any questions, as that would show a guilty knowledge of the boy's condition.

LIEBER. Ah, here come the ladies, at last! Let us see them to their seats, and then we can finish our chat between the acts.

[Enter MRS. LIEBER and EVY.]

MAJOR. (*To EVY, kissing her.*) I am heartily glad to see you, my dear; although you have grown to be such a woman I hardly know you.

EVY. I shall be glad to get to the country, dear uncle. This big city overwhelms me, and I was dreadfully frightened by a drunken man while I was waiting for you.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes, I went into a telephone booth, and while I was there, Evy got a scare.

LIEBER. Let us go to the theater, my dear, that will be the best cure for worries. Fifteen minutes of the show will make you forget the worries that exist in this old world of ours. (*All exit.*)

DAVIES. (*Half inebriated, entering with a shabby woman.*) Hang you, will you go away, and not worry me any more.

MARTHA. Oh, Captain Davies, I beg of you in your mother's name to come with me and see my poor sister. She will not be comforted by anyone, and cries out your name in her delirium.

DAVIES. Will you go away? I will come and see her tomorrow or the next day.

MARTHA. She may be dead then.

DAVIES. I hope so.

MARTHA. You wretch. You will be lying at death's door yet, in torments as you have brought that innocent girl. She lies in the agony of childbirth, even now full of faith and love for you, who have blighted her young life.

DAVIES. Damn you, will you shut up! You will call a crowd around us with your cursed noise.

MARTHA. Let them come. I will proclaim my sister's sorrow and your shame from the housetops, and I will follow you wherever you go, until I shame you into doin' what's right by her.

DAVIES. (*To OFFICER who has entered Left.*) Officer, will you send that woman away. She is annoying me by begging. (*Exit.*)

OFFICER. (*Pushing MARTHA.*) Get along, now, or I'll take you to the station.

[*Enter SMITHERS. He catches her as she is about to fall.*]

SMITHERS. Why, hullo, Martha, my girl, what brings you here? (*To OFFICER.*) And what do you mean by pushing a decent girl along like that?

OFFICER. If you know her, you'd better see her home, because if I see her in the street again tonight, I'll run her in.

SMITHERS. Run her in, will yer. I'd like to see yer. Why, what has she been a-doin' of?

OFFICER. She's been begging. A man made a complaint of her.

SMITHERS. I don't believe it. 'Taint true, Martha, is it? Say it ain't, and I'll cop the cop one on the blooming eye.

MARTHA. 'Taint true, Bill. But take me away, please, for I'm afraid I'll fall down in the street.

[*They all go out. Enter MAJOR and LIEBER.*]

MAJOR. I feel mean about sending them to the theater alone.

LIEBER. Well, old friend, we can join them in a few minutes, and I couldn't sit still with this business of yours on my mind. And, besides, I have an idea that may help us.

MAJOR. As I understand the will, Evy must be married before her twenty-first birthday to inherit the fortune.

LIEBER. Yes, and if she marries your son George, you get a legacy of \$200,000, which will enable you to clean up the encumbrance on the place, and realize your holdings.

MAJOR. Yes, and if she should marry Davies, we should lose everything.

LIEBER. Not much consolation to that, is there, Major?

MAJOR. No, indeed; but what if she should marry a stranger?

LIEBER. In that case Davies would get everything, unless he had been married himself.

MAJOR. I wish we could persuade her to marry George. They need never live together.

LIEBER. You don't know the girl, Major. She is far too high-spirited and romantic, in spite of her youth. And, besides, the marriage would be utterly void and worthless.

MAJOR. I can easily understand how desperate criminals are made, Lieber. I feel in a mood to perpetrate almost any crime to thwart that rascal, and save my property at the same time. But you said you have some new plan.

LIEBER. I have an idea, but it is dangerous; and might cost us both our liberty. (*Enter ABRAHAM.*)

ABRAHAM. (*Interrupting.*) Good evening, Major. How do you do, Mr. Lieber.

MAJOR. Hullo, Abraham. How are you?

ABRAHAM. Very well, Major, thank you. I'm glad to see you.

MAJOR. I'm hanged if I'm glad to see you.

ABRAHAM. Vell you vere vonce, and you may be again. When are you going to pay me this note.

LIEBER. I didn't know you owed this fellow anything beside that mortgage.

ABRAHAM. Ah, Mr. Lieber, it's only a thousand dollars.

MAJOR. Oh, I was five hundred dollars short when the interest was due on that wretched mortgage, and he

jewed me out of a note for a thousand dollars. But it is not due for a few weeks yet.

ABRAHAM. Oh yes, ain't it, Major Dinsmere. It were due the day before yesterday, and it must be paid, or I will sue on it right away.

MAJOR. I can't pay you now.

ABRAHAM. I need the money. Why can't you pay me something on account?

MAJOR. I can't do it. I haven't a dollar to spare just now.

ABRAHAM. Major, your mortgage is due in four months from now. How are you going to pay me the fifty thousand dollars?

MAJOR. Go away, man. Time enough to talk about that when it is due.

ABRAHAM. Well, this here note is due. Pay me that.

LIEBER. Bring it to my office in the morning, and I will pay it.

ABRAHAM. (*To LIEBER.*) Oh, thank you, Mr. Lieber. (*Aside.*) Oh, damn you, Mr. Lieber. (*To MAJOR.*) What would you say if I were to give you five thousand for your equity above the mortgage? It would be a pity to foreclose, as it would spoil the market value of the place.

MAJOR. Ha, ha, hear the fellow. You are joking, Abraham. The place has been in my family for two hundred years, and I would rather lose my life, than that it should fall into the hands of such as you.

ABRAHAM. Yes, but times are hard, and money tight, Major Dinsmere; and it wouldn't bring more than that at auction just now.

MAJOR. Go away, man. Your mortgage will be paid when the time comes.

ABRAHAM. (*As he exit.*) Ah, vell, if it ain't, I will foreclose, and get the property any way. But it's a pity. Will you take seventy-five thousand?

MAJOR. (*Walking toward Jew with uplified stick.*) Go away, damn you.

ABRAHAM. Ah, very vell. But my time is coming.
(*Exit.*)

MAJOR. (*Desperately.*) Lieber, you must think of some method of aranging this marriage. I would do anything short of murder to save the old place.

LIEBER. Here he comes again. By heavens, I feel like taking the risk. (*Enter HUGH.*)

MAJOR. What risk—explain?

LIEBER. (*To HUGH.*) Come here, my man. You look like an intelligent fellow. Are you employed.

HUGH. No, sir—I wish I were.

LIEBER. What's your name, and where do you hail from?

HUGH. Hugh Allen of Virginia. The last and poorest of my race.

LIEBER. What can you do? Have you a trade?

HUGH. Trade? Yes, the trade of a soldier. But that's no good except in times of war.

LIEBER. You seem to be well educated.

HUGH. Yes. I am a college graduate, and held the rank of Sergeant-Major in the army.

MAJOR. (*Aside to LIEBER.*) By Geoffry, the resemblance is startling. I never knew of such a coincidence. A little thinner and more upright, but with a few weeks of coaching, and a well-cut suit of clothes, his own mother, were she alive, wouldn't know the difference.

HUGH. I would make a good clerk, sir, and I have had some experience in that direction. In fact, I have had three months' experience as a law clerk, since I left the army.

LIEBER. Law clerk, eh? I am a lawyer, and I have room for another clerk.

HUGH. I thought you were, sir.

MAJOR. (*To LIEBER.*) His powers of observation are good.

LIEBER. Have you any references? Why did you leave your place as a law clerk?

HUGH. The head clerk insulted me without reason, and—

[*Clenches his fist, and makes motion of striking.*]

MAJOR. (*Aside.*) He's got backbone too; oh, George, my boy, wouldn't I be proud and happy if you were only like him.

HUGH. I left the army six months ago, and here is my discharge.

LIEBER. (*Reading.*) Hm! character exemplary. Have you any other employment?

HUGH. No, I have had nothing to do for nearly three months past.

LIEBER. Suppose the employment I were to offer you was something different from a clerkship—something adventurous—dangerous?

HUGH. Danger, adventure, nothing would suit me better.

MAJOR. But would you break the law for a consideration?

HUGH. It depends upon that law. Some laws are morally good—some bad. It is a virtue to break some of them.

LIEBER. Hold on, young man. The laws are made by the majority in their wisdom.

HUGH. Yes, but if the virtuous were in a majority the rest of us would have a hell of a time.

LIEBER. Quite a philosopher, I see.

MAJOR. But suppose it were something now, ahem—not exactly—ahem—what might be considered honorable?

LIEBER. (*Crossing between MAJOR and HUGH.*) Hold on, my friend; I'll do the interrogating.

HUGH. Honor is for the rich, and honesty for the well-to-do. I pawned the only things in the world I valued—my mother's wedding-ring for a few cents yesterday. I have been honorable up to today, and I have been hungry and thirsty, but the day after tomorrow I may be starving. I have starved and suffered in Cuba and the Philippines without a murmur, but it would take

a more complacent philosopher that me to starve in the midst of plenty. I am an honest man tonight, but in a week—who can tell—

LIEBER. By Jove, he's the man for my money. (To HUGH.) Here are a couple of birds that will grant some of your most urgent demands. (*Gives him two ten-dollar gold-pieces.*)

HUGH. All money talks, but the eagle screams (*Jingles the coins.*) and sings the sweetest song on earth when you're broke.

LIEBER. Wait ten minutes, and I think I will be able to give you employment.

[MAJOR and LIEBER walk aside. HUGH looks at money, rattles it, etc. Enter WILLIAMS from Left.]

HUGH. You're the one man in New York I'm glad to meet. Open your hand, old man, and take this. (*Claps one of the eagles into his hands.*)

SERGEANT. (*Astonished.*) What! A ten-dollar piece? Have you found a gold mine since I last saw you?

HUGH. No, I have just met a rich relative. Come along, and have a drink, my friend, and we'll empty another glass to the old regiment.

[*They go out. Enter MAJOR and LIEBER.*]

MAJOR. With your brains, and your knowledge of the law, Lieber, I am sure it would be perfectly safe.

LIEBER. It's just my knowledge of the law that makes me tremble for the consequence of failure. It would be a great game, Major; but the stake is too heavy for me. After all I have no personal interest in the matter, except as your friend.

MAJOR. Not only friendship, Lieber, but half of my share is yours if we win.

[*Enter DAVIES, still showing effects of drink.*]

DAVIES. Hullo, Major.

MAJOR. How-do-you-do, Davies. You know Mr. Gregory Lieber, don't you?

DAVIES. (*Staring LIEBER from head to foot.*) Yes, I think I have seen him somewhere; but I never allow

myself to be introduced to lawyers. All damned vampires; they bleed you, you know.

LIEBER. Not such vampires as men of your cloth and breed, sir; and I hope I'll see the day when you'll need some lawyer to save your wretched neck from the gallows. (*Enter HUGH, who walks up and studies timetable.*)

DAVIES. Oh, damnation, don't bother. Have a smoke. [*Offers LIEBER a cigar. The latter dashes it from his hand, and walks up stage to HUGH. They talk and exit together.*]

DAVIES. What's the fellow angry about? I said nothing to insult him.

MAJOR. Oh no! you're a perfect gentleman.

DAVIES. Yes, I'm always a perfect gentleman. How's George, Major? Still in the Holy Land? Holy fellow, George. He's got a hole in his head, hasn't he?

MAJOR. Yes scoundrel, he has, thanks to you.

DAVIES. Don't get mad, Major. Say, when are you going to bring back my wife from Montreal?

MAJOR. (*With interest.*) Your wife, Davies! I didn't know you were married.

DAVIES. Ha, ha, ha! good joke, old man. You know who I mean. Evy Seacrest, whom my grand-aunt picked out for me. Pretty good of her, wasn't it?

MAJOR. (*With suppressed anger.*) But you haven't got her yet, Davies, and you may never get her. You know that it was her grand-aunt's wish that she should make a choice between you and George, and he will be home in a few weeks to ask her to be his bride.

DAVIES. Ha, ha, ha! that's a pretty good joke. George can't marry anybody. George has wheels—crazy.

MAJOR. That's a strange idea to have, Davies. What made you think so?

DAVIES. You can't fool me, Major. I know all about it. George has been out of the running these three years.

MAJOR. You know that, do you?

DAVIES. Yes, I know, Major—at least I know he was

off his head three years ago, and I have no proof of his recovery.

MAJOR. (*Angrily.*) Thanks to you, damn you, my boy was nearly killed—but he recovered.

DAVIES. All rot, old man. I had nothing to do with it. I was a hundred miles away when it was done.

MAJOR. If you were, you were well served in your fiendish work.

DAVIES. All nonsense, Major. You can't prove I had anything to do with it, but it means much to me whether he's sane or insane now, and I believe he is still a lunatic.

MAJOR. (*Clenching his hands, and showing signs of trying to keep calm.*) Well, Davies, you're mistaken. He's as sane as you are. But even if he shouldn't marry Evy, she may marry someone else—or—she may not marry at all.

DAVIES. Hurrah, all the better, all the better. Then I'll get the old girl's cash. You can have the kid yourself, Dinsmere, and I'll give you a thousand dollars for a wedding present to buy sticking plaster for George's sore head.

[MAJOR strikes DAVIES, and the latter grasps the MAJOR and is choking him when HUGH and LIEBER enter. HUGH runs forward and, catching DAVIES, hurls him aside. DAVIES picks himself up and runs toward MAJOR, but HUGH stands between them.]

DAVIES. (*To HUGH.*) Great Caesar, who are you?

LIEBER. (*Triumphantly.*) Have you forgotten George Dinsmere?

CURTAIN

ACT II.

[*Scene: Drawing-room at DINSMERE'S house. MRS. LIEBER sitting on low chair, embroidering. EVY jumps up, runs to window, peers out.*]

EVY. I think I hear the wheels on the gravel.

MRS. LIEBER. Curb your impatience, my dear. It is not yet four o'clock, and the train does not arrive at the station till three-fifty—so they would not have time to get here yet.

EVY. Oh, I am just dying to see George, and to hear all about his travels. You remember it's over four years since I last saw him.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes, I remember the last time he was here before his injury, poor fellow.

EVY. Oh, yes, wasn't it dreadful. I remember crying and crying until my eyes were sore, and when he was brought back here, I shall never forget the dreadful cries he uttered in his delirium.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes, it was very sad for my old friend, Major Dinsmere, to have his only boy brought back like that. I felt as sad as I would over my own boy.

EVY. It must have nearly killed Uncle George.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes indeed. We thought that for a few days his mind would be unbalanced too; and no wonder, when he had built such hopes on his only boy. And, of course you know, my dear, that not only was the Major's love wounded, but his fortune depended on George being able to marry you.

EVY. Yes, yes, I know; that dreadful will. I hate to think of it. Sometimes, do you know, it almost makes me dislike George.

MRS. LIEBER. Oh, nonsense, my dear; such arrangements are of every-day occurrence, and it would be terrible

if the Major were to lose this beautiful old place that has been in his family for a dozen generations.

EVY. Yes, but one detests feeling like being bargained for and sold in the market.

MRS. LIEBER. Yes, youth and love go hand in hand. But your material welfare, as well as your uncle's and George's, depends upon this marriage.

EVY. Well, I'm heartily glad I didn't know anything about this wretched will until a few days ago, or I am sure I would have hated George. As it is, I have always thought of him as my dear play-fellow and chum; and besides, you know, Mrs. Lieber, he is the only young man I have ever known intimately, for since I have been in the convent, I have hardly seen a man.

MRS. LIEBER. Well you'll see lots of society after your marriage, my dear; and I shall be glad to see the old house lighted up again, and full of gaiety as it used to be years ago.

EVY. Oh, I have been so afraid since I heard about this wretched will, that I shall not like George as well as I used to. If only I had not heard about it, I should be happy at the thought of meeting my old chum. (*Rushes to window.*) Ah, there it is now. Yes, there they are getting out. Yes, there's George. I would know him among a thousand people. And isn't he tall and handsome!

[*Runs to mirror and tidies her hair and dress.*]

EVY. Oh, I am so nervous. Mrs. Lieber, do I look pale?

MRS. LIEBER. (*Laughing.*) Not at all, dear; you look just charming.

[*Enter MAJOR and HUGH, the latter dressed in fashionable attire, but apparently bashful and ill at ease.*

HUGH recognizes EVY as the girl he had seen in the station, and shows it by his manner.]

HUGH. (*Aside.*) It's the angel I saw in the Grand Central Station, the girl of my dreams.

[EVY kisses the MAJOR, and rushes gushingly to HUGH.]

The latter very embarrassed, takes her hand and shakes it extravagantly. EVY appears doubtful.]

LIEBER. (*Whispering in HUGH's ear.*) Call her Evy; and kiss her, man; kiss her.

[HUGH takes EVY in his arms, and gives her a hug that deprives her of her breath. LIEBER pushes in between them and shaking EVY's hand, talks to her, thus distracting her attention from HUGH's awkwardness.]

MRS. LIEBER. I'm so pleased to see you again, George. You're looking in splendid condition after your long tour. Where have you been the last year?

HUGH. Boston and New York.

MRS. LIEBER. Boston?

MAJOR. Hem, Mrs. Lieber said the last year, not the last week, George. The last few letters I had from you were from Manila.

HUGH. Oh yes, of course, I was exploring the islands.

MRS. LIEBER. What struck you as most remarkable about the Philippines, George?

HUGH. Well, I think the grit and fighting qualities of the fuzzy-wuzzies.

EVY. Fuzzies, George, what are those?

HUGH. Oh, that's one of the names we fellows have for the Moros.

EVY. We fellows? What are you talking about, George?

LIEBER. George was a newspaper correspondent for a while, you know, and he lived so much with the soldiers, that he almost came to consider himself one.

EVY. How lovely and exciting it must have been! And I suppose you saw lots of shots fired, and cannons roaring, and Sulus and Moros and that kind of thing.

HUGH. Oh, yes, I was in command of a machine gun for several months, and on one occasion the cartridge jammed, and the devils got right on top of us.

EVY. Awful.

MRS. LIEBER. How dreadful; were you hurt?

MAJOR. (*Aside to LIEBER.*) He's all right on that tack, so we had better let him stay there until we can get him out of the room for a little while.

LIEBER. Devilish close, Major. Too close for comfort.

EVY. (*Excitedly.*) And were you wounded, George?

HUGH. Just a clip under the rib from a spear. Another big devil had a ten-foot spear against my neck, when Sergeant McCarthy shouted "Duck your head, Allen," and down I went, and the spear only parted my hair instead of my spinal column.

EVY. Why did he call you Allen?

[MAJOR grips LIEBER's arm in alarm.]

HUGH. Oh, well, you know, that—that—that's a nickname. We all had nicknames.

LIEBER. (*To MAJOR.*) Phew, I thought it was all over.

EVY. How funny! Is that an army custom?

HUGH. Oh, yes, I got so used to being called Allen, that I would answer to it as readily as I would to my own name. (*To LIEBER aside.*) By Jove, I'd never do it, if she wasn't in the game; and isn't she the gay deceiver! She sure must be a born actress.

MRS. LIEBER. But where did you pick up that accent, George?

HUGH. Oh! I came by it honestly enough.

EVY. It sounds like a Southern accent.

HUGH. That's what it is—the real thing.

MAJOR. (*Hurriedly.*) George has been in the South, you know, recently. He has been studying the agricultural question amongst the Virginian mountaineers.

HUGH. That's what I've been doing.

LIEBER. And he was quartered with a Southern regiment for several months in Cuba.

HUGH. That's true enough, anyhow.

EVY. I think it's a very nice accent; I think I shall try to acquire it.

HUGH. And happy I'll be to teach you. And so there

may be a fair exchange, I'll take lessons from your sweet self to get back the accent I have lost.

EVY. It's a bargain.

HUGH. Sealed by a—

EVY. Handshake.

HUGH. (*To LIEBER.*) I thought I was getting another sweet kiss coming to me.

LIEBER. Cut them out! They're not in the contract.

HUGH. No, but if they come my way I can't dodge them. I must play the part, you know.

MRS. LIEBER. You must be fatigued after your journey, so I will go to the dining room and order tea. You will help me, Evy?

EVY. Certainly, Mrs. Lieber. (*They go out with LIEBER.*)

MAJOR. Now, my boy, you must forget about Allen and the army, once for all. I have spent three weeks with you coaching about your family history, and helping you to forget your past identity, and you must be a fool to make those mistakes.

HUGH. It can't matter very much with the members of the family, when they know all about it, and that I am only acting.

MAJOR. Once again, let me impress upon you, that you must keep up your acting even with me.

HUGH. Oh, it's easy enough with you and the lawyer, but the little girl and her sweet innocence and beautiful eyes disarmed me entirely, and made me feel what a hypocrite I am.

MAJOR. Hypocrite be dashed, man. Evy knows as well as I do that you are acting a part. She is playing a part herself; and her whole future and fortune depend on how well she and you act it.

HUGH. I cannot believe she is acting a part. She looks so sweet and innocent.

MAJOR. Hang sentiment! remember this is purely a matter of business.

HUGH. Five thousand dollars' worth of business. It

is a colossal fortune to me. I'll feel as rich as Croesus, and I need the money.

MAJOR. Yes, and if you play your part well, and make no mistakes, I'll give you a letter of credit payable in San Francisco for five thousand more. That's more than you ever had in your life before, and more than you ever expected to have, and you ought to work carefully and hard to get it.

HUGH. Oh, I'll feel rich enough to pay off the national debt when I get it; and it ought to be easy to play the game when everybody's in it.

MAJOR. Forget your past existence, and try to live and think as George Dinsmere. You must call me father, and speak to Evy as you would had you known her from childhood. The servants are all new with the exception of Smithers, who is in the game. But whether people know the game or not, you must expect to be treated by all as George Dinsmere.

HUGH. Well, it oughtn't to be hard for a few weeks.

MAJOR. You must keep eternally on your guard, and let nothing surprise you, until after you are married and out of New York forever.

HUGH. It's the marriage that knocks me out.

MAJOR. Take that as it comes, like everything. But above all, keep on your guard against Davies. (*Enter Evy.*)

EVY. Tea is ready now, Uncle. Come along, George.

MAJOR. I don't care for any tea, this afternoon. (*Exit.*)

HUGH. Well, now, I'd rather have a chat with your sweet self than the best cup of tea ever brewed.

EVY. How nice of you to say that, George; and I'm simply dying to have a chat with you about the fuzzy-wuzzies and Filipinos, and all the things you have seen on your travels.

HUGH. My, my, but I can hardly believe it.

EVY. Believe what?

HUGH. That you're such a good actress.

EVY. I'm not a good actress; and why do you say that?

HUGH. Never mind—but you certainly have promising talent.

EVY. All our friends have been asking when you were expected back. But you had better come along now, and have a cup of tea.

[As they leave the room, the MAJOR enters.]

MAJOR. When you have shown George into the dining room, come back, Evy. I want to have a few words with you.

[EVY and HUGH go out. Enter LIEBER.]

LIEBER. We must win, man, we can't lose unless some unforeseen accident happens. The resemblance is marvellous, and the fellow has both the wit and intelligence to pull him through.

MAJOR. Yes, but during the past few weeks while I have been coaching him, I have found that he is rather squeamish on certain points of honor, and his conscience troubles him occasionally with the fact that someone is being deceived and wronged in this matter.

LIEBER. He doesn't seem to mind skinning Davies?

MAJOR. Funnily enough, that's one of his points of honor.

LIEBER. Yes, you worked the story of the distressed maiden so well that he thinks that in robbing Davies, he is only preventing that blackguard from robbing Evy.

MAJOR. Yes, that is the point I am afraid of. If these two are together many days, he will discover that Evy knows nothing about this plot of ours, and thinks he is George.

LIEBER. Well, you can't prevent them from being together a lot.

MAJOR. That would be impossible and unwise; but I must invent a yarn for Evy that will prevent her from suspecting anything. And I think we had better rush these marriage preparations, and have the wedding take place in a few days.

LIEBER. I'm afraid any undue haste will cause suspi-

cion, but perhaps it is the lesser of the two evils. By the way, how's the real George.

MAJOR. He is well in health, but extremely unmanageable at times. He is safely locked up in the upper part of the house.

LIEBER. Be careful he doesn't get downstairs, or our castle will tumble about our ears like a pack of cards.

[*Enter EVY. Exit LIEBER.*]

EVY. What is it, Uncle?

MAJOR. I just wanted to ask you my dear, to be lenient with any of George's idiosyncracies.

EVY. Oh, certainly, Uncle George. I have too many faults myself to be critical of others.

MAJOR. I don't mean that only, my dear; but you know, George occasionally suffers from lack of memory, and is troubled with a certain mental confusion.

EVY. Indeed! I hadn't noticed it, Uncle. I'm so sorry to hear it.

MAJOR. Oh, it's nothing serious, my dear. It is only when he is very fatigued or excited; and, of course, it is a legacy left from that dreadful wound he received on his head four years ago. It is nothing serious at all, but sometimes he imagines he is another person.

EVY. How very strange.

MAJOR. Yes, isn't it? He thinks—his name is Hugh Allen or some such name. He gets quite indignant if anyone disagrees with him on the subject.

[*EVY takes out her handkerchief and begins to cry.*]

MAJOR. There, there, my dear, there's nothing to cry about.

EVY. Oh, uncle, I am so sorry he is not well yet. He looks so big and strong, and handsome. It nearly breaks my heart to think that his poor head is still troubling him.

MAJOR. It is nothing, my dear, and it may not occur once a year. In fact, the doctors say that in a little while it will wear off altogether.

EVY. (*Smiling.*) I'm so pleased to hear that.

George was so bright and clever when I knew him before the accident, I can't bear to think of him otherwise.

[Enter SMITHERS.]

SMITHERS. Mr. Lieber would like to see you in the library, sir.

[Exit MAJOR and SMITHERS, and enter HUGH. EVY takes his arm and leads him to sofa and they sit down.]

EVY. Now, George, I want you to tell me all about yourself these last three years.

HUGH. That would be a long story, Miss Seacrest.

EVY. Miss Seacrest, indeed. How ridiculous of you! Why don't you call me Evy?

HUGH. Certainly I will call you Evy if you wish me to.

EVY. Of course I wish you to, silly boy. Haven't I always called you George as long as I've known you?

HUGH. (*Laughing sarcastically.*) It takes quite an effort of memory to cover thirty minutes.

EVY. Thirty minutes—what are you talking about?

HUGH. Well, you've known me just thirty minutes as George Dinsmere. If you heard of me before, it was as Hugh Allen.

EVY. I know all about Hugh Allen. Forget him for today at least.

HUGH. Forget him, oh yes, that's easy while I'm with you.

EVY. I want you to be your dear old self, George, and talk about old times.

HUGH. A kind of dress rehearsal, I suppose.

EVY. I'm not going to talk to you about Hugh Allen, and I'm going to leave the room if you insist on talking about that horrid person—I don't like him.

HUGH. (*Stiffly.*) Oh, thank you, I won't forget myself again.

EVY. (*Making a determined effort to change the subject.*) That's a good fellow. Oh, I so wish you'd been here this morning! I had such a delightful ride on old

Robin. You know, it was on his broad back I had my first lesson in riding. I rode him nearly every day for five years.

HUGH. Lucky Robin!

EVY. I believe he knew me when I went into the stall today. Of course I rushed out to see him the minute I got up, and when I gave him some sugar, he whinnied and showed his pleasure.

HUGH. We must go and see old Robin again by and by.

EVY. Yes, I should like to, and what have they done with poor Kitty?

HUGH. I don't know. I've been away for over three years, you know.

EVY. Kitty was a great favorite with me.

HUGH. Yes, I remember Kitty was a good old mare.

EVY. Old mare! What are you talking about, George? Fancy calling our poor little dog an old mare.

HUGH. That was a joke, Evy.

EVY. I'm glad to hear it. But I don't like you to poke any fun at my pets.

HUGH. I'm sorry, Evy—I won't do it any more.

EVY. And weren't you grieved to hear of poor Jane's death? I cried for two whole days when Uncle George wrote and told me about it.

HUGH. Poor Jane. She died of the mange, and father sent her to the veterinary surgeon to be stuffed as an ornament for his library.

EVY. Oh, George, you shock me. How can you talk about my old nurse like that.

HUGH. Bad luck to me, I'm putting myself in bad.

[Enter SMITHERS. EVY draws away from GEORGE]

EVY. We had a note from Mrs. Cannon today to say that she and the doctor are coming to call tomorrow.

HUGH. Well, what's the answer to that.

EVY. *George!*

HUGH. Oh, I mean I'm very pleased to hear it. I

hope he'll bring his medicine chest, for I certainly shall need something soothing by tomorrow.

EVY. Oh, are you feeling ill?

HUGH. No—only one minute I'm tickled to death, and the next I feel half crazy.

EVY. Oh, poor dear fellow. (*Puts her arm on his shoulder. HUGH cuddles up.*) But what would poor Doctor Cannon have to do with medicine? Oh, I see, you're thinking of Doctor Gunn, who treated your head. Dr. Cannon is the minister.

HUGH. Yes, yes, ha, ha! I thought Cannon was Gunn—the son of a gun.

SMITHERS. Major Dinsmere ordered me to show you to your room, Master George.

EVY. Oh, don't mope away the whole afternoon in your room. It's three hours to dinner time yet, and I've heaps to say to you.

HUGH. All right. Goodbye, Evy, till this evening.

[*Exit SMITHERS. Enter MARTHA excitedly.*]

MARTHA. Oh, Miss, have you seen Master George?

EVY. Why, certainly, he left here only a minute ago.

[*MARTHA rushes out. Enter SMITHERS excitedly.*

Looks behind chairs and curtains and rushes out the other side. Enter MAJOR, who searches excitedly and rushes out.]

EVY. Good gracious, what's the matter with those people? There must be a fire.

[*Exit. Enter SMITHERS and LIEBER.*]

SMITHERS. Well, blow me up a blooming gum-tree, sir, this beats the blooming band. The real Master George has broken out of his room, and is tearing about loose with fire in his eye. If these two should get together, there would be an 'igh old time, and I shall lose my job.

LIEBER. The devil, you say. (*Exit. Enter MAJOR.*)

MAJOR. Have you found him, Smithers?

SMITHERS. Found him, not hI, sir. I wish I 'ad,

cause he's as mad as an 'atter today, and will do some damage unless he's laid hold of.

MAJOR. You son of a fool to let him go!

SMITHERS. Law, sir, 'twarn't my fault. He hauled a blooming bar off the window, and jumped to the blinding ground in a blithering fit.

MAJOR. Where's the other fellow?

SMITHERS. You mean Mr. Allen?

MAJOR. Yes, yes.

SMITHERS. I left him in his room having a shave.

MAJOR. Well, go up and don't let him out of that room till George is locked up.

SMITHERS. Lord, sir, how can I 'elp him from leaving his room? He'd punch my blooming head if I tried to stop him.

MAJOR. Well, tell him I wish to see him on most important business, and not to leave his room for a minute till I come there.

SMITHERS. All right, sir, all right.

[*Exit. Enter EVY, JOSEPH, and MARJORIE MELVILLE.*

JOSEPH says very little during the action of the piece except "How-do-you-do," and walks about looking at things with his cane in his mouth.]

MAJOR. Good afternoon, Joseph. Good afternoon, Miss Melville.

[*EVY rings bell. Enter MARTHA.*]

EVY. Martha, bring some tea, please.

MARJORIE. I didn't see you out on the links yesterday, Major. First rate game, first rate. I hope you'll be out with us tomorrow.

MAJOR. I'm not feeling very fit. (*To SMITHERS.*) Damn golf, I wish I could get away. If George should get in here while these people are here, it would ruin all our plans. Keep a sharp lookout.

[*SMITHERS looks round and exit. Enter MARTHA with tea things. Enter LIEBER, who shakes hands with MARJORIE and JOSEPH.*]

LIEBER. (*Aside to MAJOR.*) Seen anything of him yet?

MAJOR. Nothing.

MARJORIE. (*To JOSEPH.*) I wonder what all the mystery is about.

JOSEPH. Beg pardon, dear?

MARJORIE. (*To EVY.*) I understand that George is back at last. Did you notice any change in him?

EVY. Not a bit; he's the same strong, big, handsome, brave fellow he always was.

MARJORIE. And he's just as crazy about athletics as ever.

EVY. Why, I didn't know you had seen him since his return.

MARJORIE. Well, no, I can hardly say I have met him; but while we were driving up the avenue, he went by like a streak of lightning. He certainly must have broken a record between the house and the lodge.

[MAJOR *drops cup and saucer.*]

MAJOR. (*In whisper.*) Good Lord, Lieber, we are lost.

LIEBER. I'm afraid our finely laid plan is destroyed.

MAJOR. You go to Allen's room and hold him there at all costs, till George is captured. I will go out on the grounds and try to corral him. There is some hope for us, as long as both are not at large together. (*Exit MAJOR and LIEBER.*)

JOSEPH. Devil of a fellow, George, for athletics. Always in training; just like a grayhound.

EVY. Don't you like athletics, Joseph?

JOSEPH. Oh, I like to see other fellows do them. Too much work for me.

MARJORIE. Joseph, will you go into the dining-room for a few minutes, like a good fellow. I want to have a few words in private with Evy before I go.

JOSEPH. Oh, you needn't mind me. I don't mind listening.

MARJORIE. Run along; I won't keep you five minutes.

There are some things which men had better not hear. (*Exit* JOSEPH.) Now Evy, dear, when is the happy event going to be? Because, of course, you and George were made for each other; and when we were all kiddies, he would never look at any one but you.

EVY. Marjorie, dear, you'll be the very first one to hear when anything is settled, but there is nothing definite yet, though Uncle is very anxious for us to be married soon.

MARJORIE. I'm so pleased, dear, and I give you my heartiest congratulations. I'm sure you'll be the happiest girl in New York.

[*Noise outside and cries. Enter JOSEPH on a run, with his clothes torn, his hat broken, hair, collar, and tie rumpled. The ladies appear very much alarmed.*]

MARJORIE. What is the matter, Joseph?

JOSEPH. Something struck me in the hall, but whether it was a madman, or an elephant, I am not sure, as I couldn't see in the semi-darkness, but it felt like a steam hammer. I don't think we'd better make any more calls this afternoon, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Certainly not while you appear like that. We will go home.

EVY. Won't you stay to dinner?

MARJORIE. No, thank you.

EVY. Then won't you promise to come and see me again tomorrow?

MARJORIE. With pleasure, dear; goodbye.

[MARJORIE and JOSEPH go out, but as a voice is heard outside, JOSEPH turns back and gets behind EVY.]

MARJORIE. Come on, silly, it's only Mr. Lieber—goodbye.

[MARJORIE and JOSEPH exit. Enter LIEBER.]

LIEBER. What will you give me if I let you into a secret against your Uncle?

EVY. But I don't want to know my Uncle's secrets, Mr. Lieber.

LIEBER. Yes, but this is a trick that George and his father are going to play on you, and they have made a bet about it.

EVY. Oh, do tell me all about it.

LIEBER. Well, the Major was boasting to George what a plucky little girl you were, and George offered to bet him a box of cigars that he could scare you.

EVY. Oh, really! Well, Master George is mistaken. And how does he propose to frighten poor little me?

LIEBER. He is going to pretend to be mad.

EVY. Ha, ha, ha! I'll show him that two can play that game.

LIEBER. Don't give me away. Good-bye. (*Aside.*) That will prevent trouble in case they should meet. (*Exits.*) *Enter the real GEORGE in dressing-gown without a collar, and hair ruffled.*)

EVY. Oh, he thinks he can frighten me, does he!

[*When GEORGE enters, she turns throwing her hands in the air, and giving an imitation of an Indian war-dance. GEORGE watches her for a few moments, then walks up to her, grasps her wrist, and leads her a few steps.*]

GEORGE. Do you know who I am, little girl?

EVY. Yes, I do, big man.

GEORGE. I am Bluebeard, and I am going to take you to my tower where you will be slave to my seven wives.

EVY. Mr. Bluebeard, I will go with you to your tower some day, but not until you swear to be my slave, and there won't be seven wives if I know anything about it.

[*GEORGE casts her hand aside and strides back.*]

GEORGE. Woman, I am Ivan the Terrible, and I eat little girls like you for dessert.

EVY. Boo, boo, boo,—I am the thirsty tigress from the torrid territory of Terra Del Fuego. Leave my path, or I will strike you down and drag you to my lair.

GEORGE. Ah, you are a brave, fair Queen, and a worthy mate for me, Edward the Black Prince. Wilt

thou not fly with me? My charger waits without, and the drawbridge spans the moat.

[*EVY goes up to him and pats him on the cheek.*]

EVY. I will fly with you, my Black Prince, in a railway carriage of the New York Central Railway in a few days. Till then, be patient. And now, goose, go and put on your coat; you can't frighten me.

[*Footsteps are heard outside. GEORGE rushes to door, stands, and turns back.*]

GEORGE. Ah, the fiends are coming to drag me back to the dungeon. But I will evade them, I will be revenged.

[*Laughs feverishly and exit.*]

EVY. My goodness, but he's a good actor! If Mr. Lieber hadn't let me into the secret, I should have been frightened to death.

[*Enter MAJOR behind EVY. When she hears his footsteps, she again commences to act.*]

MAJOR. Good heavens, are you going insane too? This is the limit.

EVY. Oh, is it you, Uncle George? I thought it was George. I want to make him lose his bet with you, though I hate tobacco and cigars. I hope he'll admit that he never even frightened me a little bit.

MAJOR. His bet with me.

EVY. Yes, his bet that he could scare me by playing the lunatic, but if Mr. Lieber hadn't told me about it, I certainly should have been scared to death.

MAJOR. (*Aside.*) Phew, Lieber has saved the situation. (*To EVY.*) I am pleased he didn't frighten you, little girl, and as I can't divide the prize with you, I must give a special prize for yourself—the biggest and best box of chocolates I can get. But excuse me now, I want to see the rascal. Which way did he go?

EVY. Towards the conservatory.

[*Exit MAJOR. Enter HUGH and LIEBER. EVY throws her hands above her head and repeats her war-dance.*]

EVY. Get thee gone, Black Prince, or I will get my doughty guards to throw thee in the moat.

HUGH. (*To LIEBER.*) By Jove, she must have gone off her head. That's dreadful.

EVY. Know thee that I am Joan of Arc, and my army is encamped beneath the Castle. (*LIEBER chuckles to himself.*)

HUGH. (*Taking her hand and patting her shoulder soothingly.*) Don't take it to heart, Miss Seacrest. Everything will be all right in a few days. I am sorry that something has excited you.

EVY. (*To LIEBER.*) Ah, Master George is forgetting all about the acting, so I suppose I had better pretend to forget too. (*To HUGH.*) Well, George, you'll admit that you can't frighten me very much, won't you?

HUGH. Oh yes, I can't frighten you, and I wouldn't frighten you for the world. Nothing would be farther from my thoughts than to frighten or worry you in any way.

EVY. Don't you think I've acted the part of the lunatic maiden very well?

HUGH. Excellently. But don't do it again. (*Enter SMITHERS.*)

SMITHERS. A gentleman to see you, sir.

EVY. (*Taking card.*) Why, it's Davies. I haven't seen him for years. Show him up, Smithers.

HUGH. Please excuse me as I have some letters to write.

EVY. Oh, of course, I know you have no reason to like Frank and I don't like him very much myself, but I must see him, I suppose. However, I won't ask you to share the torture.

HUGH. I'd like to share the torture with you. I think I'd give him more than his share of it.

EVY. You certainly have no reason to like him, and neither have I.

[*Enter SMITHERS.*]

HUGH. Hadn't I better stay?

SMITHERS. No, no, sir.

EVY. Smithers, you forget yourself.

HUGH. What the deuce have you got to say about it?

SMITHERS. Pardon Miss Evy, but the Master wants to see Mr. George at once. He is sick, dying—

HUGH. Dying! Great Caesar, where is he? (HUGH rushes out.)

SMITHERS. In your room, sir. (*Announcing.*) Captain Davies, Miss.

EVY. (*Starts.*) Oh, horror! It is he who frightened me so badly at the station.

DAVIES. How-do-you-do, Evy. It is quite an age since I saw you. But when I heard you were back, which was this morning, I *hastened* to pay my respects.

EVY. (*Disdainfully.*) It was good of you; but you needn't have come so far on a matter of social duty.

DAVIES. Oh, as you know, I owe you more than a social call.

EVY. I don't understand you.

DAVIES. Well, it's my duty—and a very delightful one, I may say—under the will of our great-aunt to ask you to do me the honor of marrying me.

EVY. Oh, that wretched will! When shall I hear the end of it? Why cannot you take the property, and let me have peace?

DAVIES. I should be delighted, my dear, but the Court of Equity is a stickler for form and ceremony. Mrs. Martin in her will imposed upon me the duty of asking you to be my wife, before you should have reached your twenty-first birthday. If you accept me, we shall be sole heirs to her enormous estates, valued at several millions.

EVY. And suppose I don't?

DAVIES. Well, if you don't, and we are both unmarried when you reach that happy day, we shall inherit jointly and separately, which is not so bad.

EVY. Which is very much better. But there was still another provision wasn't there?

DAVIES. (*Aside.*) Yes, curse it!

EVY. And that is, if I marry George Dinsmere, he and I inherit the estate jointly, and my uncle gets two hundred thousand, and you get nothing.

DAVIES. So I believe. Our grand-aunt must have been insane when she made that will.

EVY. Well, Frank, you know uncle has always been more like a father to me than anything else, and I love him more than I can say.

DAVIES. But you can't love George. His mind is unbalanced.

EVY. Well, I am really anxious that Uncle should get the two hundred thousand, so I think I shall have to marry George.

DAVIES. You can't know what you're risking in marrying George. You know that for months he was a dangerous lunatic and pronounced incurable.

EVY. Yes, and I suspect whose hand struck the blow that darkened his brain.

DAVIES. He was struck down in a Bowery dive. You can't know anything.

EVY. Only what I have heard.

DAVIES. He was drunk, and rioting with a crowd of students, all as bad as himself.

EVY. You can gain neither my respect nor my love by slanderer George.

DAVIES. But, Evy, I love you, and want to marry you.

EVY. I assure you the wish is not returned.

DAVIES. I am a man of the world, and have the entrée to the best society.

EVY. The best society—so called—has no attraction for me.

DAVIES. I can show you life in its brightest colors, and every day and every night would be a round of colors.

EVY. The life you paint has no fascination for me, even if I loved you—which I do not.

DAVIES. Well, you shall choose your own life, and do just as you wish after we are married.

EVY. I don't love you, cousin, I'm afraid I don't even

like you; and I wouldn't marry you if I were compelled to go forth and work with my hands for a living.

DAVIES. But I love you, and you must marry me—it is best for you.

[*Enter MARTHA behind EVY, so that her eyes and DAVIES' meet. She starts back and DAVIES stops short.*]

DAVIES. But I won't speak any more about it now. I will see you again. And now won't you please ask your uncle to see me here?

EVY. With pleasure. Good-bye. (*Exit EVY. Enter MARTHA.*)

DAVIES. (*Savagely.*) What brings you here? Are you spying on me? If I thought you were, I'd settle you.

MARTHA. I am here trying to make an honest living, but I overheard you talking to my young mistress, and I swear you shall not dishonor her.

DAVIES. You don't understand. It is of vital importance that I marry Miss Seacrest. When I do, I will be rich, and I will take care of your sister.

MARTHA. Ah, fair words always came from your lips. [*Enter LIEBER unseen.*]

MARTHA. But there is my sister—still at death's door—still calling out your name in her delirium; and there's your child in the little cradle by her side. There is a monument of your truth.

DAVIES. (*Taking out some money and handing it to her.*) There, there, Martha, I really like your sister very much, and would marry her if I could afford it.

MARTHA. You made that promise more than once.

DAVIES. Curse you, you will drive me insane. She knows I love her. Take this money and send it to her, and tell her I'll come and see her soon.

MARTHA. Ah, your promises are fair and easy.

DAVIES. And when my fortunes are right—they will be soon—I will take care of her and the child, and will give you a thousand dollars to start a nice, snug little business of your own.

MARTHA. Oh, you have a fair word when you want it, but I'm afraid you have a bad heart.

DAVIES. Hush, someone is coming, and mark you! One word about me, and I will expose your past life to these people and get you sent back to the streets.

[*Exit MARTHA. Enter MAJOR. DAVIES holds out his hand, but the MAJOR pretends not to see it.*]

MAJOR. What can I do for you?

DAVIES. I asked to see you as co-executor of the will of Mrs. Martin, and tell you that I have made a formal offer of marriage to Miss Seacrest.

[*Enter LIEBER.*]

LIEBER. As the joint executor of the will of Mrs. Martin, I am interested in that statement, so you will not resent my presence.

MAJOR. There can be no interview between Captain Davies and myself at which I would not wish you to be present. (*To DAVIES.*) But if that is all you wish to say, I will bid you good afternoon.

DAVIES. (*Walks to door, but turns back.*) That is not all. I want to say that I feel sure that George Dinsmere is insane, and cannot, consequently, marry Miss Seacrest.

LIEBER. Why do you say that at this time?

DAVIES. Because I have heard rumors of an approaching marriage between Miss Seacrest and your son.

MAJOR. I take great pleasure in confirming these rumors, and announce that in a few months my son will make Miss Seacrest his wife.

DAVIES. Impossible. Your son is a raving lunatic. I will be present in church and prevent the ceremony.

[*MAJOR clenches his fist and takes a step towards*

DAVIES. *LIEBER waves him back.*]

LIEBER. How do you know that George Dinsmere is insane?

DAVIES. It doesn't matter how I know. If he is a sane man, produce him.

[*Enter EVY and HUGH, laughing and talking.*]

HUGH. (*Ironically.*) Talking of me? (*To DAVIES.*) At your service, sir. Let me show you the door.

[*Takes DAVIES by the collar, marches him to exit, and pushes him out.*]

EVY. (*To HUGH.*) I haven't yet seen the old south shrubbery, where we used to play years ago. Let us visit it, George. (*They go out.*)

LIEBER. By Jove, Major, the plot works like a charm. I believe we'll win, although my nerves are as tight as fiddle-strings.

MAJOR. Keep up your courage, we can't lose, old man. But I can have no peace while George is at liberty.

LIEBER. Any news of him?

MAJOR. Yes, he is perched in a gigantic oak near the stables, with Smithers on guard at the foot trying to coax him down.

LIEBER. I will follow Davies and see him off the place.

MAJOR. Yes, yes. Do, and then see that Evy and Allen are kept out of the way until he is captured. I'll help Smithers to coax him down. (*They both go out.* Enter ABRAHAM.)

ABRAHAM. My! vat a fuss. Everyone seems to be topsy turvy. No servant about the place—and ain't it a lovely place. And it will be mine for only fifty thousand. Five hundred acres within fifteen miles of the city hall. Why in the next boom it will be worth a million cut up in lots. Ah! Abraham, my boy, you will be a millionaire, and my little Isaac will go to Congress and perhaps be Governor. Goot, goot, goot. (*Takes mortgage from his pocket.*) Ah! there is my precious mortgage which makes me lord of all I see.

[*He kisses it. Enter GEORGE. He sees ABRAHAM, pounces upon him, and pommels him into insensibility. Takes mortgage, tears off a piece and commences to eat it. ABRAHAM runs and GEORGE goes after him, then sits down and begins to eat mortgage.*]

Enter MAJOR and SMITHERS who struggle to overpower him. GEORGE throws them off, runs to window, and, with one leg out, continues to eat mortgage.]

GEORGE. Ah, this is simply delicious.

CURTAIN

ACT III.

[*Scene: Dining room at Dinsmere House, three days later. SMITHERS and MARTHA dusting and preparing the room. MARTHA goes to window and looks out.*]

MARTHA. No sign of them yet, Mr. Smithers.

SMITHERS. I hope nothing has gone wrong.

MARTHA. And what could go wrong, you old blitherer? Such a beautiful pair as they are. I never set eyes on the like in all my life before.

SMITHERS. And don't you think we'd make a pretty blooming pair ourselves?

MARTHA. Sure we would. A pair of peaches, only the bloom is off a bit.

SMITHERS. Say, Martha, won't you name the day? The governor has promised to let me have the cottage any day.

MARTHA. I have ideas above cottages, Mr. Smithers.

SMITHERS. Idears is all right, but solid facts is the real thing. And we can be as happy as a pair of squirrels year in and year out, for the rest of our natural lives.

MARTHA. What will you say, Bill Smithers, when I tell you that I lost a thousand dollars this morning?

[*SMITHERS drops his napkin and stops with his mouth open, dumb with amazement.*]

SMITHERS. Lost a thousand dollars, Martha? Have yer been taking of something to make yer dream?

MARTHA. Dream nothing. I swear, Bill, I have lost a thousand dollars this blessed day.

SMITHERS. I wouldn't call it a blessed day if I had lost a thousand, but when did he die, Martha?

MARTHA. You're off the side-walk, Bill; nobody's left me nothing!

SMITHERS. But you said you had a thousand dollars this morning.

MARTHA. I said nothing of the kind. I said I lost a thousand dollars.

SMITHERS. Ho—quit yer kiddin'. I ain't good at guessing, and I'm in no mood for jokin'.

MARTHA. Faith, it's no joke, Bill. I've lost a thousand dollars by this here marriage.

SMITHERS. Well, spit it out. Tell me about it if yer goin' ter. You've got me all on edge.

MARTHA. Can you read, Bill?

SMITHERS. Your insults are un-noticed.

MARTHA. Here, read that.

SMITHERS. (*Reads.*) "Dear Martha: Meet me at the Palm Garden tonight, and don't forget that it's your own fault if you're not a thousand dollars richer within a month. F. D." Ha, ha, ha; so you've been keeping appointments with other gentlemen again. I washes me hands of yer.

[SMITHERS *turns his back and walks with his head in the air.* MARTHA *grabs his shoulder and drags him back.*]

MARTHA. Don't be a chump, Bill Smithers. This was not sweet-heartin'; this was business.

SMITHERS. Out with it, out with it! Who's me bloomin' rival?

MARTHA. (*Looks around, and in a loud whisper.*) Captain Davies.

SMITHERS. The devil!

MARTHA. That's who he is—the devil or one of his imps.

SMITHERS. And did you go.

MARTHA. Yes, I went for the sake of my sister. You know she loves the very ground that devil walks on.

SMITHERS. And what did he want?

MARTHA. Well, the day before yesterday when he was here, I heard him propose to my young lady, and I

ups and tells him I would show him up unless he stopped that game, and he did the right thing by my sister Clara.

SMITHERS. Good for you, old girl.

MARTHA. At first he got mad-like; but when he saw he couldn't frighten me he used the soft words he has so smooth on the end of his tongue's end, and he says to me, "Martha," says he, "there's a thousand dollars in it for you when I marry Miss Seacrest, and five thousand for Clara and the kid, providing you all goes back to England."

SMITHERS. That was the blooming afternoon the Governor told me to see him out the front door—and you should have seen his face. I half suspected he'd come back and burn the house down.

MARTHA. He'd do it. too, the devil! if it weren't for risking his precious skin.

SMITHERS. Well, what did he say to you, when you sees him at the Palm Garden?

MARTHA. He says, says he, "Is there any other gentleman staying at the house at present besides Master George?" And I says, says I, "No, that with the exception of Mr. Wetherby and himself, that there had been no other young man in the house since it was opened three weeks ago." Says he, "How does Master George behave about the house?" I says, says I, "Like a perfect gentleman."

SMITHERS. Ha, ha, good for you, Martha!

MARTHA. Says he, "Has he ever appeared a bit daffy-like?" I says, says I, "Yes, he does, he appears to be perfectly daffy about the young lady," (SMITHERS *laughs*.) says I. And with that, he banged the table as if he was mad about something.

SMITHERS. (*Chuckling*.) Good, good, ha, ha, ha!

MARTHA. When I left, he gives me a five-dollar bill, and asks me to write him every night and tell him whether or no any new person appears at the place, and what goes on.

SMITHERS. Go on with yer yarn.

MARTHA. Well as there's nothing to tell, I did it.

SMITHERS. I knows it; I'm on to his little game.

MARTHA. What are you on to? Now you tell me your story. I've told you all I knows.

SMITHERS. In a little while, my girl—when we're married.

MARTHA. Well, Bill Smithers, we'll never be married, if you act so mean as to have secrets from me.

SMITHERS. Well, don't be so blooming offish about it. There's lots of young ladies that would be glad to throw themselves at William Smithers, Esquire.

[SMITHERS *winks the off-eye, and begins to dust vigorously.*]

MARTHA. Bill, there's something I didn't tell you.

SMITHERS. Well, I didn't ask you to tell me, did I?

MARTHA. I'd like to tell you, because you're the only friend I've got.

SMITHERS. (*With another wink.*) Well, I'm all attention.

MARTHA. Well, yesterday after luncheon Mr. Lieber remained in the dining-room, and says to me, "Martha, I have heard that Captain Davies is acquainted with some member of your family." "Yes, and it's not a bit my sister's fault." "How long has she known Captain Davies," says he. "A year ago last Christmas," says I. "And he promised to marry her," says he. "That he did, sir," says I. "And he even went so far as to fake up a marriage, and it's nearly broken-hearted she is, when she found out how she'd been deceived—and she the prettiest girl in Brooklyn." "Well, Martha," says he, "I take an interest in your case, and I will call and see your sister soon, and talk it over."

SMITHERS. And did he call?

MARTHA. Yes. Ssh, ssh—here's Abraham.

[*Enter ABRAHAM, arm in sling, crutch under other arm, head bandaged.*]

ABRAHAM. Ah, but I'm in the house, though it cost

me a good hammering. But I'm a guest like any other gentleman and I'll own the place yet.

SMITHERS. Here, Master Abraham, you'd better get out. The guests are returning.

ABRAHAM. Ain't I a guest?

SMITHERS. Yes, you're a guest all right, but you're hardly the kind of a spectacle a wedding-party would like to see.

ABRAHAM. Look here, I'm a guest of the house, and I'll be the owner of the place yet, and if you're not polite, you'll lose your job.

SMITHERS. Do you know who's been married today?

ABRAHAM. How could I know who's been married, when I've been in bed for three days? This is the first minute that I could get up and crawl round and look at my estate—that is to be.

MARTHA. (*Laughing.*) Well, it's the man that half killed you, and he'll kill you entirely if he comes back and sees you here. So get out.

ABRAHAM. Oh, won't I make a clean sweep when I foreclose my mortgage.

MARTHA. (*Throwing duster.*) Get out, you scarecrow. Here they come. There are the carriages.

[*Rushes to window, followed by SMITHERS. Exit*

ABRAHAM.]

MARTHA. Ah, there he is! Don't he look noble and handsome.

SMITHERS. Ain't she a queen! What a handsome couple they make. Oh, do name the happy day, Martha.

[*Enter EVY, HUGH, MAJOR, LIEBER, MRS. LIEBER, MARJORIE MELVILLE, and JOSEPH.*]

MAJOR. (*Walking up to SMITHERS.*) Smithers, at the very first opportunity, as soon as Miss Evy has gone to change, present this to Mr. Allen.

SMITHERS. Very well, sir.

EVY. George, this is the first opportunity I have had to speak to you as uncle was in the carriage with us.

HUGH. I am glad it is all over. It was heart-break-

ing; it was so real that I have wanted a dozen times to take you to my heart and tell you how much I love you, though I know how little right I have to do that, and you must despise me for the part I have played.

EVY. I have been very happy through it all, George dear.

HUGH. (*Impatiently.*) Cannot you forget the sham George for a moment? We have only a few minutes together. Speak to me as Hugh Allen—if only once, that I may carry away the memory of it forever.

EVY. Oh, don't get excited, dear boy. I will call you Hugh Allen, or any other name, if it pleases you. Now I must run away and change my dress for the journey. I don't care for anything now.

HUGH. Are you an angel or a demon to speak to me like this? You know in your heart that in a few minutes you will have seen the last of me—in this life at least. You must know that when I have forgotten that I ever posed as George Dinsmere, I will love you as Hugh Allen. You must know, with your woman's intuition, that you have taken a place in my heart that no other woman can ever displace. Cannot you give poor, despised, dishonored Allen one kind and loving thought to take the place of the woman he has allowed himself so foolishly to love?

EVY. Dear boy, I won't stay another moment with you, and you must calm down in time to say good-bye. Au revoir, dearest.

[*As she goes out she calls goodbye to all the other guests.*]

JOSEPH. (*To MARJORIE.*) Now, Marjorie, that's just the kind of wedding I want when we are married—nice and quiet—and only the family and one or two near friends.

MARJORIE. Oh, it would never do, Joseph; what would society think?

JOSEPH. Oh, hang society.

[*Refreshments are being served by MARTHA and SMITHERS.*]

MAJOR. (*To LIEBER.*) Now, Lieber, you'd better send Mrs. Lieber back to the station, so that she can catch the next train back to the city, and as the carriage will be going, it will be a good excuse to get rid of Joseph and Miss Melville.

LIEBER. Yes, that will give you a clear field to get rid of Allen without making too much of a fuss.

MAJOR. I am considerably worried, Lieber, as to how Evy will behave. I'm afraid she's hard hit with the boy, and it will break her heart when we tell her the truth.

LIEBER. Well, it's principally for her benefit, and you must rush her away on tomorrow's boat to Europe. Give her carte blanche in Paris, my boy, and if that doesn't help her to forgive and forget she's different from other women.

LIEBER. (*To MRS. LIEBER.*) I'm afraid I'll have to hurry you, my dear, as you will have barely time to catch the train.

MAJOR. You'll excuse my apparent lack of hospitality, Joseph, but it might be best for you and Miss Melville to take the carriage with Mrs. Lieber, as the happy couple will need the only other available one. Lieber and I will stay on to settle the legal details.

MARJORIE. Yes, that will suit us very nicely, Major Dinsmere, and congratulations.

[*Good-byes are exchanged and MRS. LIEBER, MARJORIE, and JOSEPH go out. Enter HUGH.*]

HUGH. Now, sir, give me the price of my dishonor and depart.

MAJOR. Here you are, Allen. You will find five thousand dollars in bills in that envelope, and a letter of credit on San Francisco for a similar amount. We wish you happiness and success in your new career.

HUGH. A few weeks ago, when I first met you, this seemed a large sum. But today I feel I have lost two things for which this but ill repays me.

MAJOR. Tut, tut, man, you have lost nothing. You have aided in doing a good turn for a pretty and innocent

girl, and the only person injured by the transaction is a scoundrel.

HUGH. The nearness which I have enjoyed to that pure sweet girl, has awakened the finer instincts which lay dormant within me; and worse still, I have learned to love her with a love that will always dominate me, while I hate myself for doing it, knowing as I do that she has looked upon me with contempt through it all.

MAJOR. Nonsense, man. You were doing it for her sake.

HUGH. Often when my heart has melted, and my love surged forth to meet her winning, winsome smile, the thought that she was acting a part, and perhaps considered me a mere weak tool in the commission of this crime, has served to rouse me to rebellion almost, against the whole plot; but heaven knows, in spite of all, I love her, and I will always think of her, not as the half adventuress which you have painted her, but as a pure, sweet, innocent girl—the highest ideal of my imagination.

MAJOR. Come, my good fellow, this romantic nonsense is entirely out of place. You were engaged for a certain service, and you have your pay for it. Now, the sooner you complete your contract by leaving this house and the state, the better.

HUGH. Very well. I will change my clothes into something more suitable for travel, and get out.

[Exit MAJOR and HUGH. Enter EVY.]

EVY. I wonder where George is. I suppose he is busy with Uncle and Mr. Lieber. But what does it matter? I will have him to myself for days, and weeks, and months, and years. I am so happy. I love him so much. (*Looks at her watch.*) Still two hours to wait for that wretched train. I hope he won't stay with them all that time.

[Enter the real GEORGE, hair and clothes disarranged as before.]

EVY. Ha, ha, there you are! and what a perfect fright you look again. What have you been doing to yourself?

Now none of that nonsense about Allen, or I won't speak to you for a week.

GEORGE. (*Laughing uneasily.*) Ha, ha, I see by your smile that I am still your favorite and as sure as my name is Walter Raleigh, I'm ready to lay my body in the mud-covered street to keep your fairy feet from dampness.

EVY. (*Marching right up to him, and looking him in the face.*) Now, I won't have any more of this nonsense on our wedding day. I've just been dying for you to come in, and now you're playing. (*She stops suddenly.*) My God, what is this dreadful thing? Those eyes, that mouth, this is not acting. He is mad, mad, mad.

[*She buries her face in her hands and sobs.*]

GEORGE. (*Soothingly.*) Don't cry, little baby. I won't hurt you. I'm not angry with you.

EVY. Even his voice is changed. Those tones that had such power to thrill every fibre in my heart, are gone, gone, gone.

GEORGE. (*Pathetically.*) I am not angry with you, little baby, only with Smithers for locking me in that cold, ugly tower for days and days, when I long to be out in the green fields.

[*EVY starts up, and, looking in his eyes for a moment, studies every line of his face.*]

EVY. Oh, my poor darling, how changed in one short hour. What are those sunken cheeks, those heavy lines? It is not George. It is not my darling, and yet, oh God, I am going mad myself. Save me, save me, save me.

GEORGE. I can't save you—dear one—I wish I could. I can't even save myself. They are running after me again.

[*Runs out. Enter SMITHERS, looking excitedly around. As he is about to rush out EVY calls him back.*]

EVY. Smithers, come here.

SMITHERS. Excuse me, now, Miss, I'm in a great hurry on important business.

EVY. (*Commandingly.*) Smithers, come here instantly.

SMITHERS. Yes, Miss, but I'm in a great hurry, and I will send Martha to you.

EVY. Smithers, answer me truly and without equivocation. Where is George?

SMITHERS. Which of them?

EVY. What?

SMITHERS. I means Miss—really Miss, let me go, or I shall be a losing of my job.

EVY. Smithers, who is the lunatic who frightened me so badly just now?

SMITHERS. Excuse me, Miss, that was your husband. There he is now, and I must catch him or I shall lose my place. (SMITHERS *exit*.)

EVY. I am a child no longer. I will solve this mystery.

[*Goes after SMITHERS. Enter HUGH and MAJOR.*]

MAJOR. You will find the carriage ready, and I need not say, that if you meet Miss Seacrest, you will refrain from speaking to her.

HUGH. I won't need the carriage. The distance to the station is only a few miles, and the walk will help to calm my mind, and to get me used to the new order of things.

MAJOR. How about your baggage? You haven't all your new things in that bag, surely?

HUGH. No, only my old things. Perhaps the real George will be able to fill them better than I filled his shoes. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

MAJOR. By Jove, the ordeal is over, and nothing remains but to tell the girl that her husband has got a little bit daft with the happiness and excitement.

[*Enter LIEBER.*]

LIEBER. Well, Dinsmere, the worst is over, and the game is almost won. I saw Allen from the window striding along the avenue, as if he were anxious to leave the house behind him as soon as possible; and, by George, I feel half sorry for him; he's a fine fellow.

MAJOR. Ah, yes, I wish he were indeed my son. I have learned to love him as such.

LIEBER. Yes, but the only safe way is to get him out of this part of the country. We've been engaged in a dangerous breach of the law, my friend, and exposure means the prisoner's dock for both of us.

MAJOR. Yes, I know, and the worst is not yet over.
[Enter Evy.]

EVY. Uncle, what have you done with my husband?

MAJOR. Why, my dear, I have done nothing with your husband. He got one of his old attacks directly after he got back here and went straight to his room; but I presume he will be ready to catch the Western train as arranged.

EVY. Uncle, who was the madman who came into this room a few minutes ago, and nearly frightened me to death?

LIEBER. Is it as bad as that?

MAJOR. Yes I'm afraid he's got a bad attack this time.

LIEBER. I'm dreadfully sorry, I'm afraid we'll have to lock him up in the tower for a few days.

EVY. I suppose that's the best thing to do.

MAJOR. I'm exceedingly sorry, my dear, that your honeymoon should have such a poor beginning, and I think it would be best for you to take a short run over to Paris with your uncle until George recovers. The excitement was too much for him.

EVY. No, if my husband is to be locked up in a tower, you must lock me up with him and let me nurse him back to health.

MAJOR. But that is impossible, my dear; he is a lunatic—dangerous sometimes—he might injure you.

EVY. If he is a lunatic, why did you let me marry him?

MAJOR. To save your fortune, my dear; besides, he was not a lunatic when you were married.

EVY. I'm sure of that! Although he acted queerly sometimes.

LIEBER. Now, be reasonable, Evy. The marriage has taken place, which was to prevent your grand-aunt's mon-

ey from falling into the hands of that rascal Davies. In a little while, a year perhaps, if your husband does not recover his mind, we will get you a divorce without scandal or undue publicity.

[*Enter MAJOR.*]

EVY. Oh, you are cruel, pitiless, thus to crush a poor girl. Even if your intentions were of the best, your view-point was only money, while, alas, I am to suffer in mind and heart. Oh, uncle, how could you, how could you. Please give me back my husband, and take the money, take everything.

[*Enter HUGH.*]

EVY. Ah, George, my husband, I knew you would come back to me.

[*Runs to HUGH who holds out his hand against her.*]

HUGH. Pardon, Miss Seacrest, I'm not George as you know; I'm Hugh Allen.

EVY. You're the man I love. I am your wife. Oh, don't turn me away from you.

HUGH. You must be mistaken. You love George Dinsmere. I am only a poor adventurer, a soldier of fortune, not of your class.

MAJOR. (*Taking her arm and trying to pull her away.*) Have you no shame, niece? He has not come back for you, but for his money, the price of his work here, which will enable him to marry some sweetheart of his own class, who is, no doubt, waiting for him now in some Sixth Avenue restaurant.

HUGH. That is an unnecessary lie. Miss Seacrest is not of my station of life, but I love her, and her only.

EVY. (*Flying to his arms.*) I am your wife; don't let them separate us, it would kill me, I will be proud to bear your name, whatever it is.

HUGH. Then you are mine, and I am yours till death and they shall never part us with my consent.

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

[*Scene: same, an hour later. LIEBER and MAJOR sitting at table as curtain rises. Enter EVY.*]

MAJOR. Well, my dear, I am glad to see that you have pulled yourself together. The trip will do you good, and you will soon forget all the excitement in constant travel.

EVY. I shall never forget it, Uncle, and I'm afraid I shall never forgive you for causing me this great pain, and for driving the man I love from the house.

LIEBER. But it was the only thing to be done, my dear. The marriage was not a legal one, and you could not, under the circumstances be permitted to see him again.

EVY. If you were as anxious to bring us together, as you are to separate us, you would—you could—find a way.

LIEBER. There was only one way, and that was to send Mr. Allen away.

MAJOR. You must try to forget all this, my dear. We acted for the best in this matter, and now that our plot has failed, we must all try to forget it, unless, indeed, you will be reasonable, and consent to keep up the deception.

EVY. I cannot do it; I cannot.

LIEBER. Now, listen to me, Evy. I see a way out of the difficulty. You write to Mr. Allen and ask him to leave New York for three years, and at the end of that time, if you are both of the same mind he can come back and pay court to you in due form.

EVY. Three years. I cannot think of it. It is eternity.

MAJOR. Yes, Evy, for my sake, and poor George's, do this. Let the announcement go forth, as we originally planned, so that the estate can be distributed. We can go abroad and travel the greater part of that period, and Mr. Lieber can attend to the details of a quiet divorce from your husband George, and then you can go abroad and marry Mr. Allen under his own name.

EVY. I suppose it is the best thing that can be done, and if you will permit me to see Hugh, I will ask his advice about it, and if he consents, I will.

LIEBER. No, no, you had better not see him any more; but you can write to him if you wish.

[Enter SMITHERS.]

SMITHERS. Captain Davies wishes to see you at once, sir.

MAJOR. I will not see him now; tell him to come some other time.

SMITHERS. But he insists he must see you sir. He won't be put off.

MAJOR. Tell him to go to—

[Enter DAVIES.]

DAVIES. Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen, and you, Mrs.—. By the by, what is your name?

MAJOR. Mrs. George Dinsmere, sir, my son's wife.

DAVIES. Ha, ha, ha, that's funny; I didn't know you had twins.

[MAJOR *appears dumbfounded.*]

LIEBER. What do you mean, sir, by intruding at this time?

DAVIES. Ah, you're the scoundrel that got up the conspiracy to defraud me. What is the punishment for conspiracy to defraud?

MAJOR. What do you mean sir; what do you know?

DAVIES. I know that your son, George, is confined in the house, a hopeless lunatic. I know that this minute, his double is in the village followed by two of my men. Your coachman, who is a spy in my employ, informs me

that the other is still a prisoner in the house. Tomorrow you will all be in jail.

EVY. Oh, Hugh, my darling.

DAVIES. You will stand by your darling in the criminal dock.

EVY. I care not where I stand, so long as I stand by his side.

DAVIES. I give you one chance, my lady; and that is that you marry me at once.

EVY. Never. I would suffer any punishment rather than become your wife.

MAJOR. Quite right, Evy.

DAVIES. I will give you until tomorrow to make up your mind. Be my wife or go to jail with this band of criminals.

[*Enter HUGH.*]

HUGH. (*Lightly.*) How can she become your wife, when she is mine already?

EVY. Oh, darling, I'm so glad to have you back again. Don't leave me.

DAVIES. Oh, you are the fellow who posed as George Dinsmere to defraud me of my rights. Well, it's just as well you came back as you couldn't escape.

HUGH. Escape from what?

DAVIES. Escape arrest on the charge of conspiracy, perjury, and forgery. My men were on your shadow; there they are.

[*Enter SERGEANT and WILLIAMS in plain clothes.*]

HUGH. Well, I wouldn't escape if I could; and I'd cheerfully enter the blackest dungeon in Siberia to be near my little wife.

EVY. I'm not your wife yet, dear, really, but I'll be no one else's if I can't be yours.

HUGH. Yes, you are, my darling, just as solid as the law can make us. I never spent five dollars so well in my life, as the five I gave a lawyer just now for that piece of legal information.

EVY. (*Running to LIEBER.*) Oh, is it true? Tell me it is true.

LIEBER. Yes, that's a good law. He's your husband sure enough, and I hope he'll be worthy of you.

DAVIES. And you'll spend your honeymoon in a cell with the rest of this gang of swindlers.

HUGH. If there's anybody that will have to go to a cell, I think it will be you, Mr. *Thug*.

DAVIES. Ha, ha, that comes well from a man who has tried to rob me by impersonating a lunatic.

HUGH. And who made him a lunatic. Who muddled him with drink, and then lured him into a blind alley, to strike him down in the dark? Who drank his wine one moment, and left him weltering in his blood the next?

DAVIES. (*Worried.*) You're crazy as he, my man. I know nothing of what you say. I was at Boston at the time.

HUGH. You were supposed to be in Boston, but you returned secretly and met him by appointment. And the crime was not without a witness, as you know.

DAVIES. (*Very nervous.*) Ridiculous, my friend. No judge would listen to your story.

WILLIAMS. (*Stepping forward.*) But they would listen to mine, Captain. I was your servant then as I am now; but I've done your dirty work too long, and when it comes to injuring my old chum, the limit is reached.

[*Shakes hands with HUGH.*]

DAVIES. Damn you! It's a lie, it's another conspiracy.

HUGH. We will see about that later. And now the air would be purer and fresher for your absence.

DAVIES. Major Dinsmere, and you, Mr. Lieber, I notify you as trustees that I had complied with the terms of my aunt's will, that I had asked Miss Seacrest to be my wife, and she refused, so you will oblige me by paying me the half of the estate at the earliest convenience. I

am entitled to that anyway. Whether I am entitled to Miss Seacrest's share we will let the courts decide later.

LIEBER. When did you ask the young lady to be your wife?

DAVIES. Three days ago in this house. She will not deny it.

LIEBER. Were you legally entitled to ask her to be your wife at that time?

DAVIES. What do you mean? Certainly I was.

MARTHA. (*Stepping forward.*) It's a lie. You're my sister's wedded husband, God help her.

SMITHERS. And God help you. You know what I mean.

DAVIES. Nonsense; the ceremony with your sister was only a joke.

LIEBER. A pretty expensive joke for you, Captain. I have here a certificate of marriage, in good form before a magistrate, with Clara Jackson, and that marriage was a perfectly legal one in every way—unless you had another wife living at the time.

DAVIES. You win the trick, gentlemen, but if there are any trumps left I will get them out and win the game.

LIEBER. Unless you sail for Europe within two days, I will have you arrested for having attempted to murder George Dinsmere.

DAVIES. Hang it. I cannot leave New York; my last dollar is gone.

LIEBER. If you care to go to the Argentine, I will book your passage by the next steamer, and give you a thousand dollars to drink yourself to death with when you land there.

DAVIES. You have cheated me out of a fortune. Make it ten thousand. That is the least the Major can do.

EVY. Let him have it, uncle dear, please.

LIEBER. Yes, Dinsmere, let him have it.

MAJOR. Very well; call on Mr. Lieber tomorrow.

HUGH. And now, darling, we will continue our honeymoon as first planned, although I feel a terrible thief to be running away with so much beauty and riches.

EVY. Your love repays me a hundred-fold for everything.

CURTAIN

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